

今非昔比 Jīn fēi xī bǐ

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今非昔比 Jīn fēi xī bǐ

by [XieJianRou](#)

Summary

Shoved back to his nearly dying 17-year-old past self just after the siege in Burial Mounds (for god's sake he just wanted to rest!), Wei Wuxian had realized that (WAIT!) he needs to seize this opportunity to redeem himself and prevent bad things from happening again.

But disguising as a female demonic cultivator was surely not part of the plan.

An AU where Wei Wuxian chose to act behind the scene of the Sunshot Campaign without anyone knowing that he's very much alive and unknowingly widowing and pushing some ice-cold statue into unnecessary mourning.

"Excuse me, I didn't know that I am married!"

Notes

I have been reading time travel fix it MDZS fics and it really infected me deeply, pushing me to write my own. I had finished reading more or less 50% of the works under this tag, but I'm not sure whether there's a fic out there so much similar to what I am going to write, so I will be apologizing in advance.

No beta, full of typos and tense error hehes

Jinxi - Yesterday and Today

AU:

YOU SEE, I TAGGED CQL, NOVEL, AND ANIME SIMPLY BECAUSE I WILL GET IDEAS FROM THESE THREE MATERIALS. ANYTHING SWEET ENOUGH TO INCLUDE, I WILL INCLUDE.

REMINDERS,

- YIN IRON WILL BE HIGHLIGHTED HERE.
- EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED IN THEIR GUSU STUDY WAS BASED ON THE LIVE ACTION. MEANING, THE LEADS FOUND THE YIN IRON AND MET LAN YI. EXCEPT, LWJ DID NOT SEARCH FOR THE REMAINING PARTS, WWX WAS ALSO EXPelled SOON AFTER, AND WEN QING WAS ONLY THERE TO OBSERVE BUT HAD NO PROPER CONTACT WITH THE OTHERS SUCH AS WATERBORNE ABYSS ARC.



今非昔比 *Jīn fēi xī bi*

The present cannot be compared with the past. Times have changed.

[**PROMO VIDEO**](#) <<<Click Here

Prologue

How beautiful, this life of living towards death...

The moment he stepped on this path, Wei Wuxian knew that he would eventually have to pay, and he was in fact more than willing. He was ready to exchange his life to protect the people he loves, to exact revenge to those that had killed his family, and to win the war with lesser stake.

It didn't matter if he had to walk on a single-plank bridge on a dark narrow river. He could afford.

It's indeed beautiful, living a life towards death and knowing that this would result to the peace seek by everyone. What a fair trade.

Howbeit, throwing one's life would never be the same as throwing one's principle. He fought against the Wens with his army of dead, but never would he harm those that are innocent.

On his way towards death, he had made sure to save the lives that were put against injustice. Saved those that were condemned by mortals with shrouded beliefs and own standard of right and wrong.

Turning his back from his past life, detaching himself from his love ones and making sure that they wouldn't be pulled along to the pit of pressure that fell upon him, Wei Wuxian decided to shelter those that he had saved.

Suddenly, the feeling of walking on a single-plank bridge till it's dark didn't feel so bad. Having the company of the Wen remnants (Wen Qing, Wen Ning, Granny, Uncle Four, the other aunties and uncles and of course, A'Yuan) made his road towards death a little less lonely

But never...never did he put his shijie's husband...his shijie...and Jin Ling's future with his parents on the stake of walking this single-plank bridge. Never did he plan to save the Wen remnants just so they could accompany him to his own death.

Suddenly, it's not a fair trade anymore. That even his death couldn't atone the things that happened afterwards, and the lives that were paid for it.

Three months. Three months had passed since Wen Qing and Wen Ning sacrificed themselves for the false promise of the orthodox sects that caused his outrage and consequently, the death of his own shijie. In the span of three months, he had been mourning

though he knew that he didn't have the right. In the span of three months, he had been blaming himself. Many factors were odd. Many things were suspicious. But he didn't care. He couldn't wash his hands of all his deeds. No matter who's behind, he was still the one to be blamed.

Lying on his back against the cold stone floor of the Demon Slaughtering cave, the hems of his robe tattered and tainted with dark dried blood and fresh ones from the aggravated old wounds, Wei Wuxian exerted his remaining energy to hold the Stygian Tiger Amulet towards his heart with a bitter smile on his face.

Ah, he felt bad for the person that had saved him. After his shijie took the strike meant for him, Wei Wuxian had long since abandoned the desire to live. Sending him back to the Burial Mounds was that person's biggest mistake.

Maybe what he was going to do would be selfish. Maybe he didn't even deserve a peaceful death. He should die from Lingchi or worse. He should be tortured, chopped into pieces and be thrown to a place where no one could recognize him. Never to enter the cycle of reincarnation.

But leaving this dangerous unholy artifact for those with evil greed would make him even guiltier. So tonight, he would make it perish together with him.

Hearing the heartbreakening cries of the Wen remnants against the eerie laughs of the oh so righteous sects, knowing that his weak body couldn't do anything to save them, a single drop of tear slid through the feared Yiling Patriarch's cheek. Wei Wuxian took a last look towards the inconspicuous corner where he had set an array to protect and hide A'Yuan before he closed his eyes and concentrated the little power that he was left with to destroy the artifact on his hand.

Stretching his limit this far, it would be a surprise if he didn't receive a spiritual backlash. But hearing the cracking sound, as the Stygian Tiger Amulet was reduced into dust, was worth the pain that had struck his body and spirit. Wei Wuxian vomited a rich amount of blood, spraying all over him and the floor, flowing towards the center of the Demon Slaughtering cave, triggering something that was dormant for millennia, and awakening something that had long been hibernating.

From the slits between the uneven stone floor of the cave, where the crimson fluid seeped, suffused a deep red glow of light seemingly rising from the depths of hell. A mixture of black and red miasma engulfed the one that was lying on the floor, shedding his mortal shell into pieces, shaking the whole mountain in the process, and enraging the army of dead into attacking the one that once command them. The truth that their master's body vanished before they could gnaw it, only these dogs would know. But the pool of blood on the floor and the chunks of flesh scattering all over the cave was enough for others to assume that the Yiling Laozu's ghost soldiers chewed him to death.

“Yiling Laozu, Wei Wuxian has died!”

Nobody doubts the fact that the Yiling Patriarch has the power to move the mountains and empty seas. So who could predict that Yiling Laozu, Wei Wuxian wouldn't come back to

life?

Fearing this, the various clans set one hundred and twenty stone beasts on the top of the Burial Mounds and initiated frequent soul-summoning rituals, followed by heightened vigilance and searches for strange occurrences from all over the world.

But how could they trace his soul when it already crossed the passage of space and time?

The Yiling Patriarch indeed came back to life, but in the way that no one would have expected.



Chapter One

“Wei Ying!”

Who?

“Wei Ying stay.”

Lan Zhan? Lan Zhan, what are you doing here?

“Wei Ying?”

No, no, you can't be here. You will die like Shijie. “Get lost!”

“Situation changed. Wei Ying must trust me.”

What do you mean?

“It's not that simple. It's not Wei Ying's fault.”

No, it can't be! It's all my fault! It's my fault that Jin Zixuan died! It's my fault that Shijie's dead! Lan Zhan, I don't want you to be the next. “Get lost! Get lost! Get lost!”

“Wei Ying I...”

Stop pouring your spiritual power to me Lan Zhan. It's useless. “Get lost!”

“Must protect Wei Ying...”

“No, get lost!”

“I'm here. Wei Ying is not alone. Love... love Wei Ying...”

“Wangji what is this?! Stop protecting that evil!”

“Lan Wangji, get lost!”

“Lan Zhan!” With a sharp intake, Wei Wuxian’s shout echoed through the burial mounds, disturbing the crows resting above the black bamboos covering the vast land of death, so that they scattered as if some powerful evil incarnate rose from the dead.

His head swirled and ears buzzed with the loud raspy rattles and caws of the birds flying above him. Their calls sent a bell-like signal for his mind to fully awaken.

His chest that seemed to had just risen from previous shutting down ached unbearably, as if thousands of needles were pricking his heart and thorns were the ones flowing in his lungs instead of air. It didn’t help that something on his chest was causing external sting and a bite to his lower lip wasn’t enough to ease it.

Wei Wuxian tried to readjust his body to find a comfortable position. He deeply regretted doing it though. It turned out that no part of his body was unscathed.

His one hand was crippled, as though someone crushed it with their foot. Half of his face felt sore; he bet that he looks worse compared to when he had punched Jin Zixuan when they were studying in the Cloud Recesses. All in all, it felt like a group of bastards, who were tired of living, hit him to death but failed to kill him at the last moment.

The familiar sky of Burial Mounds appeared in his sight, or maybe not so familiar. As far as he could remember, the Burial Mound’s miasma has never been this thick since he invaded it with his presence. And the last time he remembered, he was lying on the floor of his Demon Slaughtering cave, not basking in the nonexistent moonlight of the Burial Mounds.

Sense coming back to him; doubts about his situation started to invade his mind. Wei Wuxian forced his less injured hand to trace the wound inducing pain on his lower dantian. Sure enough, it was fresh. Then he moved upward and pulled his lapels down. He tested if he could lift his head so he could get a better look at his chest wound, thankfully he could. What welcomed him was a freshly toasted skin in a Wen sect brand shape, overlapping with the previously healed one.

“You got to be kidding me!” he exclaimed despite the previous experience from his damaged air passage, sending him into endless coughing.

Great! Just great! The will of heaven is unpredictable? Ah yes, very very unpredictable.

Ah, do heaven really hate him for taking the easy way out so it sent him back to the past? Yes, he had realized that he was thrown in the past. Because that deep red light that shone right before the miasma of resentful energy consumed him could be nothing but a light from an activated array, and his situation right now was something that he would never forget happening in his previous life.

Damn it! He just wanted to die!

“Should I just let myself rot?” he absentmindedly asked regardless of the fact that he was alone. He lived in this graveyard before alone, so there’s no reason for another being to join him now and answer his question. Unfortunately, there is.

“You better not,” said the eerie voice beside his ear.

The Yiling Patriarch loves the company of inhuman beings more than anyone else, but he felt strangely disturbed right now. Slowly turning his head, Wei Wuxian finally noticed the creature that accompanied him right from when his spirit landed to his past self’s body.

Two pair of eyes met. The red ones squinted into obvious mischief. The grey ones dilated in shock and fear.

It was as if Wei Wuxian’s heart jump out of his chest the moment he had a clear picture of the black creature beside him.

“Ahhhhhhh!!!!” he shouted as his body regained a strength that he would never have thought he still have at this moment. It was as if he was injected with super high dosage of anesthesia, allowing him to move and distance himself from the menace...maybe minus the drowsiness caused by normal anesthesia.

“Dog!” Wei Wuxian yelled in a high-pitched voice, without thinking about his status as one of the most feared evil incarnate. It had always been hard for him to bring it up, but although the Yiling Patriarch was known for being ever-so invincible, he’d become a coward whenever he faced a dog, deeply rooted from his childhood trauma during his stay in Yiling as a street rat.

“Lan Zhan!” he hadn’t notice what he had said until the demonic being, well he was truthfully a demonic beast given his ability to talk, laughed at him.

“Lan Zhan here, Lan Zhan there. When you wake up, you called his name. When you became afraid, you call for him,” the demonic beast ridiculed.

“St-st-st-st-stay away from me!” Wei Wuxian embraced himself as if it would give him protection.

The demonic beast just snickered with this unreasonableness. He was clearly not moving from his place. “Ah, even when you were in a three-month-self-persecution, you still call his name in your dreams, or was it nightmare?”

Wei Wuxian was surprised, “H-h-how did you know that? But first distance yourself from me!”

“You invaded my cave, and disturbed me from my slumber? It’s not like I was given a choice to unhear your rumblings. If I was fully awake back then, I would surely gag your mouth.”

Wei Wuxian, “Okay? W-why are you not distancing yourself?”

“Shouldn’t you be surprised that there’s an owner to the place that you had invaded? Why are you focusing on things like distancing?” the demonic beast said in exasperation.

“I-I am afraid of dogs,” Wei Wuxian admitted.

“Oh?” the other thought it was funny how the feared founder of diabolism is afraid of dog, not to mention, even in a relatively small dog as him. “Sorry then, my injured body cannot move.”

That’s when Wei Wuxian noticed that the thick black fur of the talking dog was drenched, probably by blood. Added with injury, the small size and full of meng look of the beast would normally induce pity from humans, but Wei Wuxian’s trauma was an anomaly.

Hearing no answer from his deliberate pitiful act, the beast sighed, “Are you not going to dress my wound? Even just to repay my kindness of bringing you to the past?”

“You’re the one that brought me here?” Wei Wuxian angrily asked. Sometimes anger could be a cure to stuttering.

“Normally, you should be happy,” the beast stated.

“Instead of helping you, I might just kill you,” Wei Wuxian declared as a matter of fact, failing to remember that he couldn’t even stand this relatively far distance between them.

Demonic Beast, “That’s if you could go near me.”

Wei Wuxian, “You’re right, then I’ll just let you die on your own!”

“Let’s calm down, can we not?” the talking dog pacified. “I didn’t send you here.”

“So now your washing your hands of the deed?” Wei Wuxian laughed bitterly. He didn’t want to be here and now the perpetrator that threw him in this mess was treating him dumb.

“I was indeed the reason, but you were just caught,” the demonic beast explained.

“Of all the times your array could be triggered, why then?” He was really becoming braver and braver the longer the dog and him converses.

“First, it is my dead friend’s gift to me before he succumbed to the cycle of reincarnation, not mine. Second, I couldn’t control when it would be activated. You know what a sacrificial ritual is, right? The number of lives needed was reached, with your blood as the catalyst, the ritual was completed. Maybe it was all coincidence, or maybe yours and the Burial Mounds’ fate are really connected.”

“Why travel through time?” Let’s say that what the dog said was reasonable, Wei Wuxian would first believe in him.

“Oh that? It’s...it’s also a by-product,” he guiltily admitted.

“What?”

“Hahaha. You see, you see, the power used to trap me was anything but weak, so the power needed to lift it should be also tremendous. Well, the clashing of two powers might have ripped a passage in the space and time. Since your blood was what mainly powered the array, we were sent back to when you first stepped on the Burial Mounds.”

“This...” Wei Wuxian couldn’t believe that he was really someone that would always bring trouble upon himself.

“Now, now, shouldn’t you be happy? You freed me, and in exchange, you get the chance to save those that could still be saved,” the dog talked sense and that woke him.

Jin Zixuan was still alive. His shijie was still alive. The Wen remnants were still safe.

He indeed should be thankful.

Unwillingly dragging his injured body towards his most hated creature, Wei Wuxian faced his fear to help the dog with his injuries.

And that’s the start of Wei Wuxian’s cynophobia rehabilitation and his journey of changing the future with a dog friend.



Revisiting the Past

Chapter Notes

I thank you all for the warm reception of the first chapter. It's a great boost in moral for an independent author like me! Anyways, I was not active for a week in social media so I wasn't able to reply with the comments, but I really love reading such. And Carmencita, I love your bookmark note, I laughed so hard when I read it.



Chapter Two

“Wei Ying! Look at the hostile and resentful energy here. Through the ages, hundreds of cultivation clans tried to purge it. But all failed. If the living entered here, both his flesh and soul would never come out again. You! Will never come out of here either!”

Shaken and puzzled, Wei Wuxian snapped his eyes wide open to break free from a traumatic nightmare. He dreamed of Yunmeng Jiang Sect drowning in flames, of Uncle Jiang and Madam Yu's death, of the piles and piles of blood mixed with purple, of the nerve-wracking feeling of being hunted, of the days and nights of painfully watching the golden brilliance being removed from his body, and finally closing his eyes to accept his demise.

The terror of falling into the land of no return still lingers, sending shivers through his spine, a *deja vu* that took away all his reasons. Noises came like a tidal wave, flooding through Wei Wuxian's ears. It was like an ocean of whispers, rustles, and giggles, loud and soft, circling and penetrating, from front and behind, above and below.

Eyes bloodshot with madness, Wei Wuxian's malicious laugh suddenly resonated like a call for hostility and resentment to twist and coil upon him.

He hated Wen Chao to the core and if given a chance, he would kill him over and over again. He vowed to hunt him down, to torment and torture him, to make him see what it's like to run for his life, that death is better than living! He vowed to pull Wen Rouhan from his seat, to wreak havoc and destroy Qishan, and turn the Nightless City into a burial mound by massacring all the Wens!

He...he needs to kill them. No, not all the Wens!

He bent over, mindlessly rubbing his palm over his chest with strong strokes, hoping to bury the pain of losing his family. The Jiangs? Not them...if not them, who?

Don't...don't go!

At some point, it was like he was suddenly back in the Demon Slaughtering cave, reaching and pleading for the two backs to not go, saying that the righteous sect would never uphold their promise, and helplessly crying for the foreseeable fall of the two people dear to him like siblings.

His mind buzzed. Wei Wuxian grunted his teeth, as he clutched his head with both of his hands, nails threatening to dig through his scalp, as if doing so would finally ease the uncomfortable confusion and nausea that he was feeling. Vivid images plunged his mind like an opera where the villain was played by different faces, sometimes the Wens, sometimes the greedy hypocrites of the orthodox sects, and most of the time him. It was like a never-ending dream.

Now, was he still the Wei Ying dreaming of the future? Or was he the Yiling Patriarch who travelled back to the past?

But, does it matter? He will still protect those that he wanted to protect and save those that he wanted to save!

Wei Wuxian woke up, beads of sweat decorating his forehead. His pitiful grey robe soaking wet, clinging onto his body, and reawakening the pain of the achingly familiar wounds. He slowly opened his heavy eyelids, revealing a pair of listless silvers, a window to the soul that had experienced too much suffering. This time, there's no violence, there's no madness, only weariness. Wei Wuxian was tired. That dream loop took away all his spirit. The revisiting of his past life felt like a never-ending race of pure torture, confusing and forcing him to reflect upon the things that had happened.

He inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly, attempting to calm his ragged breathing, and untying the knots within his heart. His whole life felt like a nightmare, and he selfishly wished that it was completely so. But the burden and ever so painful scars in his heart could never be erased and would always remind him, that no matter how tragic, it was all real.

Wei Wuxian sighed. He's back, leaving the empty life behind to face this stormy past all over again. Being given with this opportunity, he vowed to redeem himself, and prevent the tragedies that would befall upon his love ones.

Wei Wuxian let a sorrowful smile to graze upon his face, as he let the Wei Ying of this timeline to sink under the ocean of his consciousness.

He was him, yet will never be the same copy of him.

To the Wei Ying of this timeline, every wound was still fresh and bleeding. But to him, it already felt like a life time. His soul, though even in his own timeline was still young, had experienced burden more than it could shoulder, leaving just a withered soul. The Sunshot Campaign was just half of what took the youth away from him.

Wei Wuxian could never be the same demonic cultivator with a single-minded conviction to take revenge and pull every Wens as his funeral bed. His old soul was already tired of taking revenge. His hatred for the Wens, though still present, was no longer his priority.

He would still kill Wen Chao and his dogs, but he could no longer act careless and reckless. He needed to see the bigger picture.

In his past life, his arrogance and great fanfare had caused him more trouble than good. Showing what he could do had ignited the greed, if not fear, of the orthodox sects, leading to his empty end. No matter how brave and heroic his actions were, no matter how just his intention was, it was all in vain.

After a fateful life experience and three months before death self-reflection, Wei Wuxian had realized many things. Not all the Wen's are like Wen Rouhan, and not everyone from the orthodox sects are righteous. The just and evil is hard to measure, just like how the line between love and hate are interwoven. Who is a friend? Who is the foe? He now knew that the answer could be bended base on what people see fit for their interests.

Finally locking the pieces of the puzzle to its rightful places, Wei Wuxian had successfully regained his control and was able to contain the resentful energy that he had not noticed was swirling around him, leaving him flabbergasted and frozen from what he had discovered after the surrounding blanket of fog was cleared away.

Lying on his lap was a creature that made his heart stop beating and his recently dried sweat to resume sliding. He shakily poked the ball of black fur resting and snuggling on his body, as if making his lap a cushion was the most normal thing to do. To his adversity, the ball of fur moved and when it raised its pair of round red eyes to meet his, Wei Wuxian had thought that maybe this day would be his demise. Forget about the future, he might just die right now!

“Brat, you’re so out of focus. See the resentful energy leaking out from you...ah, so untamed!” the threat reprimanded.

He had already contained it; your presence was the one causing him to be out of focus!
“What? Why? How did you get onto my lap?!”

“Relax, relax! See, you’re no longer stuttering!”

“I...yes, but you should get off me,” Wei Wuxian paled, as if he was going to lose his consciousness in any moment.

But the previous exchange had in some ways lifted the gloomy aura around Wei Wuxian.

“Okay, okay,” the black dog laughed in fulfillment. Perhaps making the Yiling Patriarch to shudder in fear was really entertaining.

Walking away and stopping on a distance that wasn’t so near yet was also not as far as their safe distance last night, the demonic beast audibly scoffed before turning around to face him. No one could prove if he did it intentionally to help the traumatized child to adapt.

“You’re healed,” Wei Wuxian felt cheated. He remembered treating the dog’s injury last night with blank mind, gushing sweat, and shaky hands. Maybe it’s even the reason for his nightmare! Looking at the fully healed body of the creature, his unwilling confrontation with his fear seemed somehow unnecessary.

Fully understanding the accusation underlying behind that simple sentence, the demonic beast tried to explain, “I just woke up after the seal within my body was lifted, had to straight away broke from my prison, and search for the one that helped me to lift my seal because he might need an explanation. Of course, I needed time to recover. And when you’re in your weakest, asking for help is the most normal thing to do.” He’s really not referring to some selfless idiot with a hero complex.

Wei Wuxian was somewhat curious, “Where did your injury came from?”

“My spirit is no longer sealed, but my body was. And that includes chains! So yeah, not using your power for so long and suddenly doing something big afterwards is never advisable which would give you a minor spiritual backlash and some backstabber spirits’ attacks,” he retorted in a self-pitying way.

“Oh!” Wei Wuxian nodded in understanding. He still had many things to ask though, like, who was the one that sealed this powerful beast?

“We have a situation,” the demonic beast suddenly turned serious, earning a raised brow from the Yiling Patriarch who was just recovering from being tired of living and was not yet ready to labor himself. He was planning to sit down and make a list of his plans.

“It’s urgent and I will need your help,” he added.

“Ah, little black. I think you’re overestimating my ability. This one’s mortal shell is still being held back by injuries,” Wei Wuxian pouted.

If it’s really urgent, why did he wasted his time in sleeping on his lap and scaring his poor heart? And if he could really jump around, he might as well do his own thing like visiting the Wen siblings, not wasting his time to do the unknown.

Wei Wuxian forgot that the poor demonic beast also needed time to recover from his own injuries, the reason why he had to postpone mending the serious trouble that the two of them unintentionally brought upon the humans.

The said demonic beast raised his head on the side to show his distaste, “I have a name and I’m too ancient to be called little! And one more thing, if you’re injured, you can heal yourself!”

Wei Wuxian laughed at the Old dog’s sudden outburst, who was saying that he’s old but was acting otherwise. “Then you must tell me your name Old Black! And were you not aware that I can’t use spiritual energy?”

The beast scoffed, “This teacher is called Heiying, the one who will teach you that resentful energy is in no way less compared to spiritual energy! Humph! Simple healing and you can’t do it?”

“Oh?” Wei Wuxian’s love for knowledge was ignited. The absence of injury on the demonic beast was really terrifyingly amazing!

He had no background of this demonic beast, but a beast that could talk was sure to have a high cultivation. If it could really provide him guidance, then forget about calling him master, he could even call him forefather!

“Ha! What grandmaster of demonic cultivation? You are clearly a novice!”

When one’s ego was uplifted, information could be easily gathered. Wei Wuxian let the beast to be full of himself while internally scoffing.

“Then Elder Heiying must educate this ignorant one!” he saluted.

“Given that you helped me in lifting my seal, fine I will educate you.”

Wei Wuxian sneakily snorted and rolled his eyes, “Thanking teacher in advance!”

“All right,” the demonic beast was more than happy to be recognized as a master of the Yiling Patriarch, though, he would never say it out loud. “Why is spiritual energy able to heal those orthodox hypocrites? Is it or is it not because the essence of cultivation is to blend oneself with nature? Thus, cultivators are able to manipulate spiritual energy so that it can be used to cope with their needs. For example: not only it can be used in healing but also in killing. Two opposing things and yet both can be done using the same type of energy. Now, your nature is resentful energy, I think you know what to do when...”

“I understand!”

Demonic beast, “.....” He still had many things to say, but his good student already ignored him.

With the sudden epiphany that struck upon him, Wei Wuxian felt jittery and yet excited. He had never thought about this before, considering the two energies’ nature. One was naturally constructive and the other was by nature destructive. But well, spiritual energy could help the orthodox cultivators to heal themselves because their essence was compatible in nature. Following this way of thinking, resentful energy could be also used by demonic cultivators in any way that they wanted because they, too, were compatible in nature. Had he not mended Wen Ning’s soul before? Though primarily summoning, at some parts, it’s also another way of healing.

Sitting in lotus position, Wei Wuxian started drawing resentful energy towards his body by breathing through his pores. He concentrated in refining this energy, letting it flow through his meridians, concentrating around his dantian, then guiding it to his injuries. Wei Wuxian could feel his wounds closing in, the bleeding stopping and the pain lessening. It’s working, surprisingly, faster than the effects of spiritual energy. Resentful energy is indeed brute, even in healing.

The demonic beast was slack-jawed for what he just witnessed. Aside from being irritated for suddenly being ignored while he still had many things to say, he was also surprised by the ability of the Yiling Patriarch. He even planned to offer Wei Wuxian that he would be the one healing him for now, but the man suddenly closed his eyes. Who would have thought that he

would get it in his first try? Truly prodigious! But there's no way that he will admit it. Humph!



The sun had already risen from the east, but in this uncanny day, the land of Yiling was seemingly covered with gloom and depressing cold air, preventing the rays of light from reaching in. Evil spirits were running rampant, terrorizing the town, forcing the residents to lock themselves inside their houses, making the already gloomy town to appear ghostly with the lack of life.

The ominous sound of flute scattered, mysteriously reverberating from the Burial Mounds throughout the town of Yiling, sending shivers to those that could hear it. In the foot of the hill, a man could be sighted standing on the tip of a tall bamboo, his robes fluttering along the waves of the hostile and resentful energy. His eyes flickered red as his hands brushed along the black dizi in composure. Under the shades was another figure, a creature as dark as the night with eyes in the color of blood. Both had the same troubled look on their faces, as they watched the turbulent and disarrayed flow of resentful energy surrounding the mountain, leaking from the broken barrier set by the Qishan Wen sect, and infesting the town in a way that was visible to the naked eye.

The last note resonated like a sharp whistle, berating and commanding, giving the dark energies no choice but to follow. The leaking black miasma slowly withdrew from the town, uncovering the town like a moving cloud, retiring back to the place that cages them for too long.

Wei Wuxian gravely pressed his lips into a thin line. Tucking his new Chenqing in his belt, he gracefully jumped down, precisely landing in the epicenter of the largest hole on the barrier. He formed a hand seal, and smack the land below. The mountain shook, sending ripples of dark energy. The sight looked even worse than earlier, but the dust soon settled. A mixture of reddish and blackish transparent barrier rose from below the ground, stretching from as wide as the hole, combining with the old one and mending it.

Watching his barrier work, a satisfied smirk flickered upon Wei Wuxian's face. It was really convenient that demonic cultivation doesn't follow "the ways of cultivation". You don't cultivate it, you master it. So no matter what body he used, it will be all the same.

But thinking about the large encompassment of the Burial Mounds and the number of holes on its barrier, Wei Wuxian's head started to ache. Not to mention that this would only serve as a first aid.

The Burial Mounds was now in shambles. The hostile and resentful energies contained within it were like prisoners rioting to create a way out, bombarding the barrier until they break it. Even if he continuously repaired the barrier, time was only needed for it to completely shatter.

He blamefully glared at the menace who was just watching and relaxing under the shade while he does the hard labor. If only he could go near him, he would surely strangle him to death!

The demonic beast just chuckled and instead said, “Do you know why no one can purge the resentful energy in here?”

Through the ages, hundreds of cultivation clans tried to purge it. But all failed.

Wen Chao’s words echoed through his mind, with the vision of the person’s greasy being. Wei Wuxian shrugged, focusing on the current situation. He would deal with Wen Chao later.

Seeing that the Yiling Patriarch was listening, the beast continued, “Within this hill was a formation specifically made to harness resentful energy. It was what binding it together, guiding it towards the center of the array where the seal within my soul acted as a vessel. Simply, it’s the one powering the shackles within my soul.”

Wei Wuxian squinted his eyes in distaste, his face hollering with the words, *I knew it’s your fault!* He knew that their return was in some ways related to the current situation of the Burial Mounds. More so, it was related to the menace. Without the seal acting as a pulling force, the resentful energy lost its path, so instead, it started to break free.

Wei Wuxian, “You, the one that sealed you, and your friend who started a sacrificial ritual for you are really...something.”

Elder Heiying, “Hehe...” You have no idea how crazy those two are, was left unsaid.

Wei Wuxian sighed. If only those orthodox sects knew that there are beings better than him with regards to the crooked and improper means, then maybe they wouldn’t single him out as their only enemy to kill.

Anyways, things are different now. Let’s see what he could do in order to contain the resentful energy within the Burial Mounds once again. Wei Wuxian started to mumble his ideas, “We just need something to replace the seal. Something that is good in absorbing resentful energy, or something so powerful that could balance it out.

“You *had* it,” Heiying reminded.

Wei Wuxian blurted out, “You mean?”

“Yes, none other than your unholy artifact.”

Wei Wuxian tried to consider it. He had planned to never let the Stygian Tiger Amulet see the light again, but he couldn’t deny the fact that something as powerful as this could really balance out the energy in Burial Mounds. Maybe they could even eliminate each other. The only problem was that; Stygian Tiger Amulet would always tempt those that are greedy with power. This reason alone would make it calamitous enough.

“There’s a chamber below the Demon Slaughtering cave, as what you like to call it. It’s where I was sealed. Conveniently, it’s also where the array was drawn,” Elder Heiying provided, understanding Wei Wuxian’s concern.

Now, Wei Wuxian, though a little unwilling, had no reason to reject the idea of recreating his infamous artifact. He would just make sure that this time, it would be used for common good.

He needed to make a quick trip to the Dusk Creek Mountain to retrieve the Yin sword. He also didn't want to let it land on the wrong hands.

But that could still wait. For now, he would just continue to repair the barrier. It would probably last long enough for him to do his things first.

Wei Wuxian was someone that couldn't shut his mouth, especially when doing something. So as he did the hard labor, and Forefather Heiying idled around insensitively, he tried to know things about the dog.

"Anyway, the array to harness this tremendous amount of resentful energy is really powerful. I wonder how powerful is the one that trapped you? And what did you do to anger him this much?" Wei Wuxian curiously asked, while caressing the nonexistent beard under his chin, things he loved to do during his youth as he tried to imitate Old Man Qiren.

Wei Wuxian thought that the beast would hide it away, but he was surprisingly easy going about his past. "Ah just some demon who has the ability to rip space and time, and has a habit of throwing his disobedient subordinates to other realms. But maybe I infuriated him that much, so he added some seal, with a pretense that it would help me to self-reflect."

Demon? As what he could understand, this old dog's definition of demon was unlike this world's standard of mo. Demon in their world must be something powerful enough to annihilate humans of this world. Maybe, the type of his power also played a hand in their traveling through time! Interesting, interesting. There are really mountains beyond mountains, and heavens beyond heavens!

"So what have you done?" Wei Wuxian probed.

"Well, I...I introduced him to a look-a-like of his deceased lover," Elder Heiying bitterly said. It seemed like he had not done his self-reflection during the millennia of being sealed and still think that he had not done wrong.

Wei Wuxian, "I think, imprisonment had not affected you even a bit!"

Ah, he felt bad for that fella! That must be painful, seeing someone that looked like your lover, but would never be him! –or her? Whatever, he felt like it's a him!

Elder Heiying, "Ha! It's better than being around someone who has a weird obsession with hugging a dead body in his sleep."

"What?!" Wei Wuxian grimaced. That's...that's quite hardcore!

Instead of answering him, Elder Heiying snapped his head towards a certain cluster of bamboo where he just heard a rustle clearly created by a living being. Wei Wuxian had also noticed the intruder. Killing intent flashed before him, his eyes turning red for being alarmed. He instinctively pulled his new Chenqing from his belt, ready to attack at any time.

Wei Wuxian, "Show yourself! I will just kill you if you don't!"

“Y-young Master Wei, it’s m-me!” It was the voice of a boy, very familiar to Wei Wuxian, splashing him with the sorrow of the past.

Wei Wuxian felt a lump in his throat, his tears threatening to fall as he tentatively asked, “Wen Ning? Is that you?”

The intruder slowly walked out from his hiding spot. He was dressed in the sun-and-flame robes, but Wei Wuxian knew that he’s not an enemy, he will never be. It was a boy with delicate features. A youthful handsomeness surrounded him. So unlike the gloomy charm that he had when Wei Wuxian last saw him.

Wen Ning, Wen Ning. It really is Wen Ning, a very much alive Wen Ning.

“Y-yes, Young Master Wei, t-that’s m-me!” the person hurried.

The corner of Wei Wuxian’s lips unconsciously curled up. Dead or alive Wen Ning would still be his shy stutter, Wen Ning.

“What are you doing here?” Wei Wuxian bewilderedly asked, as he shoved back the Chenqing in his belt and walked towards the youth.

Wen Ning, “I...some disturbance is reported in the Burial Mounds. I...I came to c-check.”

“No one wanted to come, so you did,” Wei Wuxian berated. He knew that Wen Ning has an attitude that could easily encourage bullying!

Wen Ning nodded helplessly. What a poor boy!

“Does Wen Qing know this?” Wei Wuxian bet not.

Sure enough, Wen Ning’s already bowed head drooped even more, “I...I only wanted to look and r-report my findings, b-but I saw you.”

Wei Wuxian chuckled, “Wen Ning ah Wen Ning, are you not afraid of your sister? What if something happened to you? You know that you can be easily affected by Yin energy and yet you came here?”

Haha! Wen Ning really seemed afraid of Wen Qing. He couldn’t blame him, even he is afraid of the doctor’s needles!

Wen Ning, “H-how did you know of my c-condition?”

“It’s a secret! Come on, I’ll bring you back home!” Thankfully, Wei Wuxian had already finished repairing the holes.

Wen Ning suddenly panicked, “Y-youngest Master Wen is in the s-supervision office.”

“Oh? Very well!” That save him from the efforts of finding his whereabouts!



I to Him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Three

Wen Qing parted the curtain of the carriage with her slender hand, revealing an empty and ghostly street. Empty of living, but not of the undead.

No one noticed when it started. It was so sudden and before they knew it, Yiling was already shrouded with thick miasma of resentful energy, invaded by large amount of corpses, and plagued with evil spirits. Reports proved that this all started from the Burial Mounds. Actually, it wasn't a surprise.

As a result, non-cultivators were forced to stay inside their houses to avoid being haunted. Even they, cultivators, only came out today because it's urgent. They needed to restock some of the herbs that are commonly used in concocting medicine. It just so happened that Wen Qing also needed a medicinal herb that only grew in specific areas and delicate enough that she had to personally pick it, so she came out with them.

“Is it him?” Wen Qing mumbled, surprising even herself.

Thinking that the superior was asking for something, the disciple outside asked, “Office Leader?”

Wen Qing, “Nothing.”

She also didn't know why she said that. Why did she even entertained that thought?

Wen Qing had heard that the head disciple of Yunmeng Jiang was caught by Wen Chao and was thrown in the Burial Mounds; he must be dead, but she doubted. It might not be a coincidence that the strange phenomena in Yiling started on the very same day Wei Wuxian was reportedly thrown in the Burial Mounds.

She knew that no one had ever came out alive from that place, but what if? Impossible as it might seem, but the determination and courage within those silvery eyes as *he* gave up everything for his shidi was something that she wouldn't forget. Someone with that kind of spirit would do everything for his loved ones. Undead or not, she felt that he would come back to support, if not take revenge for his family.

Wen Qing wanted to laugh at herself for caring about someone she's not so familiar with. They studied in the Cloud Recesses in the same year before, but she really had no clear impression of him. There were many times they had encountered each other in the back mountain of the Gusu Lan, but they hadn't really talked. Their true acquaintance was when

her brother saved him with the Jiang heir and that also was just a patient to doctor relationship.

She sighed. Though unfamiliar, she genuinely wished him well. Perhaps it's a sentiment. She and Wei Wuxian are the same; they would do anything for their family.

Wen Qing was about to withdraw her hand when an eerie sound of a flute scattered to the wind. The disciples outside started to panic, stopping their carriage, and unsheathing their swords.

Hand left parting the curtain of the carriage, Wen Qing witnessed how the mass of black clouds danced with the tune sounding from faraway. Her eyes widened. How could this happen? How could someone gain a great control towards resentful energy? Nevertheless, the scene in front of her was the evidence that it's indeed happening. Someone was controlling these resentful energy, drawing it to somewhere.

Wen Qing raised her head, staring at the distant mountain surrounded with thicker miasma of resentful energy. The Burial Mounds, that person was calling back the resentful energy to the Burial Mounds.

The dark energy in the mountain was becoming thicker and thicker; consequently, the mass of black clouds covering the town was thinning visibly. Like things under a spell, the corpses also started walking back towards the mountain where they were originally shackled.

“Quick, go back!” Wen Qing ordered hurriedly. This should be a good omen, but she didn’t think so. Someone so powerful enough to manipulate resentful energy, and command legions of evil spirits and corpses was in the town; she wouldn’t be at peace until she saw her brother unharmed.

She deeply hoped that her hunch was wrong, and so when they arrived at the supervision office, it was as if all her calm melted down.



The formerly extravagant and busy residence, seized by the Wens to be their supervision office in Yiling, was now deafeningly silent. Its vermillion gate was tightly closed with no presence of the disciples usually standing on guard beside each of its pillars. One look, and it would make one feel a strange feeling of oppression and suffocation, even comparable to the fortress of Qinghe Nie.

If it was Cloud Recesses or the town outside, Wen Qing wouldn’t be surprised, but her hold had never been silent since Wen Chao had decided to temporarily stay here.

Wen Qing skeptically stepped out of her carriage, timely being assaulted by a bone-chilling wind like some kind of bad omen.

On her signal, one of the disciples knocked the vermillion gate using the energy of his sword while the others stood back. The door swung open, unceremoniously hitting Wen Qing’s

entourage with a surge of dark energy, and slamming some unfortunate ones to a few paces away.

Wen Qing stilled. In her dark ink-colored eyes reflected the equally dark miasma of resentful energy ominously hovering and fluctuating in the entire residence like stormy clouds. This aside, the courtyard was also suspiciously deserted. She just remembered that she left this yard earlier with much displeasure, seeing the other disciples running around, doing chores for Wen Chao and his bitch, and now there's not even a single presence of those boot-licking disciples.

She surveyed the surroundings for any abnormalities, but what she discovered had made her even more suspicious. The yellow, red-painted talismans stuck in every corner of the supervision office were still present. These repelling talismans should ward off the evils, but it had somehow failed to work this time. More so, the town outside was already cleared of resentful energy; it's a mystery that the supervision office became the opposite.

Wen Qing's brows knitted in a frown as her mouth turned grim for the foreboding feeling that spread within her heart. This isn't simple. She had to find Wen Ning, she had to find her brother. She didn't care for what had exactly happened here, as long as she could see that her brother is safe. After confirming that no one was seriously injured, she rushed inside with the others.

They had just stepped inside the courtyard when a familiar sound of flute suddenly echoed throughout the residence, exactly what they had heard on their way here, an eerie lull piercing through the miasma of resentful energy, manipulating and commanding it.

Wen Qing's eyes darted in search for the master behind this anomaly. At the same moment, she heard an ear-piercing shrill coming from the main hall of the residence, the place that Wen Chao personally appointed as his own office.

“Ahhhhh!!!” The cry was so thin and so sharp, making the hair in the back of one's neck stand.

Wen Qing wasted no time and immediately run towards the sound of the commotion. It might not be where her brother was staying; howbeit, since the intruder must be in there, she had to see.

Heart pounding with her every step, Wen Qing with the others finally reached the main hall. Contrary to the deserted and clean courtyard, this one wasn't. In fact, it's too much crowded.

Wen Qing couldn't believe her eyes. Words were stuck in her throat, witnessing the scene in front of her. The main hall...it was filled with piles and piles of lifeless disciples wearing sun-and-flame robes. Crimson gushing below this mountain of corpses, emitting a thick smell of death.

She immediately noticed the three familiar figures in the center of hall. Standing was Wen Zhuliu who despite looking strong was now tied with formless dark energy. In front of him was Wen Chao, kneeling on the ground, or precisely, his body was cut from the knees. Now, firmly attached to it was a pale child, chewing the remaining flesh with much enthusiasm.

Blood continuously spewed from his wound, creating a gory scene that would make one's stomach to revolt.

Beside Wen Chao was a woman. Her features were all distorted, as though they had been smashed and then pieced together again. The woman was holding a piece of meat, frantically stuffing it into her mouth while laughing hysterically. Wen Qing had managed to recognize her from her rather revealing clothes. Wang Lingjiao! What she was eating was a human leg. One need not to think, it's Wen Chao's leg!

A needle fell on the ground, creating a clang that was easily drowned in the waves of wails from Wen Chao and maddened laughs from Wang Lingjiao. Still, the man behind a screen of dark clouds and was languidly sitting at the foremost seat lowered his eyes to scrutinize the needle before raising his head to stare at Wen Qing, as if he had heard it.

The man smiled regretfully, "Ah Wen Qing, I contained the scene here for you but you just have to come back right now!"

Wen Qing snapped her head towards the source of the voice. Her eyes widened as it crossed with a familiar pair of silvery eyes smiling at her. No, it wasn't familiar at all. Though it was the same bright features, there's seemed to be a shadow shrouding it, like an icy mist in a cold silvery river.

Wen Qing, "Wei Wuxian?!"

The man requited it with a friendly smile, "Wen Qing, it's been a while."

It was indeed Wei Wuxian! Even though Wen Qing could not understand why Wei Wuxian was speaking with her like an old friend and why he would treat days of separation like a lifelong parting, she still had to focus on what was important.

She had hoped the best for the man, but not at the expense of her brother's safety. Needing to know where her brother was, she shouted, "What do you want? Where is my brother?"

Wei Wuxian scratched the back of his head and pouted. This had somehow thinned the cold air surrounding him, "Ayo! Wen Qing! Do you really think that I would repay my benefactors' kindness with ill?"

Wen Qing squeezed her palm into a fist until her knuckles turned white, as she impatiently forced for an answer, "I'm asking you, where is he?"

"Wen Qing, Wen Qing, still hot-tempered!" Wei Wuxian chuckled amusedly, but funnily surrendered when she glared at him, "I promise, I would never harm Wen Ning. See!"

Wen Qing raised her head on a relatively clean corner where Wei Wuxian had pointed his black dizi. There she saw her unconscious brother, hugging an unfamiliar black dog. The dog raised its head, revealing a crimson pair of eyes. It was as if she was looking into a pool of blood yet also into the depths of hell.

Wen Qing unconsciously staggered backward as though she was pushed by an invisible power, a pressure from a being who no one would dare to provoke.

“Wei Wuxian! What have you done?!” Wen Qing panicked, seeing her vulnerable brother in the presence of an unknown demonic beast. She frantically ran towards Wen Ning despite the possible danger. She didn’t even have time to confirm if her mind was playing tricks on her when she seemingly heard the beast sneered the moment she snatched the arm of her brother hugging it.

Only when she checked the pulse of Wen Ning that she finally heaved a sigh of relief and had time to think. Just in time for her to notice that the disciples following behind her were now all lying on the floor, unconscious.

Wei Wuxian immediately explained, “No worries, they just fainted.” The man then shifted his angry glare to the beast, “Old black, do you really have to do that?”

“Brat, you already fell into the pit once, quite deep at that, but there’s still no gain in your wit! I must remind you, we don’t need them to tell on you,” the black beast scoffed in disdain.

Wei Wuxian only rolled his eyes in unwilling defeat. While on the side was Wen Qing, horrified yet amazed, “This beast could talk?”

The black beast glared at her, as though it was terrified of her stupidity, “Obviously?”

Wen Qing was flabbergasted. She didn’t know whether she should feel insulted or to straight away fear her distance from the powerful being, which she just noticed was nonexistent. Thankfully, an ear-piercing call had distracted her from her dilemma.

“Wen Qing, Wen Qing help me!” Wen Chao deliriously pleaded.

Wen Qing could finally take a better look of the man, and she was more than horrified. She had witnessed more painful torture while being under Wen Rouhan, but this was something that not many would be able to stomach. If Wen Rouhan’s ways was frightening, this one was nauseating!

The child eating Wen Chao’s knee had now reached his waist, leaving the parts below with only bones and few left over flesh. Wang Lingjiao had, at some point, also devoured his leg and moved on to his own body. On his cheeks, on his arms, on his exposed chest, chunks and chunks of flesh were eaten away. Wen Chao was akin to a helpless prey being gnawed by the wolves.

Wei Wuxian who was seemingly unaffected by this sight spat, “Hey, Wen Zhiliu couldn’t even help you and you dare to ask others?”

Wen Chao had lost it, “Wen Qing, my father will surely kill you if I die here!”

Wei Wuxian agreed, “That’s true.”

Wen Qing stared at Wei Wuxian in disbelief. Though it was indeed the truth, but to hear him easily agreeing to Wen Chao after acting so familiar with her was really...making her speechless.

“Wen Qing, tell me, are you going to help him?” Wei Wuxian turned to her in all seriousness.

“Will you let me and my brother go?” Wen Qing instead asked.

Her every way out had been cut-offed. If Wei Wuxian really wanted to eliminate every single soul in this supervision office, he could really do so. How could she think of helping others if she couldn’t even guarantee her and her brother’s life? Not to mention that Wen Rouhan would definitely kill her no matter if Wen Chao came out alive or not, given that everything had happened under her watch.

Her last hope of survival was if Wei Wuxian was really going to stick on treating them as the benefactors he was indebted with.

“After I discuss you some things,” Wei Wuxian replied in understanding, much to Wen Qing’s relief.

Wen Qing lowered her eyes with a sigh, “Very well then.” How to hide from Wen Rouhan’s wrath would be a later problem.

Wen Chao, “Wen Qing you!”

Wei Wuxian coldly laughed as he shifted his cold glare towards Wen Chao, “Wen Chao, Wen Chao, accept your end here. I truly want to keep on torturing you, but seeing your sorry face is last in my priorities.”

Wen Qing frowned in confusion. Wei Wuxian’s gaze and tone wasn’t maniacal, was but not overly blood-thirsty, wasn’t like Wen Rouhan’s sadism, nor of someone taking pleasure from torturing others altogether. This should be a revenge, she knew. However, she could not see any mirth in the other’s eyes. It was as if he was just removing some thorns on his road, and less of avenging.

But she wouldn’t doubt that he was truly going to end Wen Chao’s life in the next moment.

“No, don’t kill me!” Wen Chao panicked the moment he saw Wei Wuxian raised the black dizi on his hand and playfully twirled it between his fingers.

Wen Chao desperately crawled on the floor with his fleshless lower body, leaving a bloody trail, as he pleaded for Wen Qing’s help with his shrill voice. Wen Qing as a doctor was aware that some part must have been removed for his voice to become like this.

She couldn’t even look at the man, let alone want to hear his pleads. She looked away, firmly deciding to cut ties with the main family.

Wen Chao wasn’t aware that she had already abandoned him, so he still continued, “Wen Qing! If you can take me back to my dad, I’ll let him recognize you into the main clan! From now on, you’ll be my elder sister! You can even include Wen Qionglin!”

Wen Qing would never want that, and Wen Rouhan would never reward the office leader who let his son to become like this under her watch. It seemed that even Wei Wuxian knew it, seeing that he was laughing amusedly.

Wei Wuxian waved his hand, ominously brandishing the black dizi with it, as to dismiss her curious stare before speaking in riddles, “Don’t mind me. It’s just that he also said the same words before, but it was spoken for Wen Zhiliu. I understand that he won’t do that now, given that the core-melting hand is also as hopeless as him.”

Wen Zhiliu squeezed his eyes shut and gritted his teeth. The dark energy restraining him was visibly tightening, but he could not even curse at his misfortune. Wen Qing had not noticed it before, but it was now obvious that an invisible hand was preventing the man from uttering a word.

“Don’t waste any more time!” the demonic beast on Wen Ning’s lap interjected with clear annoyance, startling Wen Qing who was sitting on the floor with her brother.

“Alright! Alright!” Wei Wuxian laughed exasperatedly, placing the dizi in front of his lips, and gently caressing it with calm demeanor.

The sound of his flute started to circle the miasma of black energy, calling for something unknown. A strong cold wind blew over, causing the candles to flicker, as though to welcome a dark being who had finally grace their little gathering.

Wei Wuxian smiled unsmilingly at Wen Chao before cupping his hand to bow towards the unknown hiding in the shadow. His voice was the only one that could be heard as he enunciated an order, “Finish it quickly.”

A slender figure of a female ghost in red unceremoniously came out from the shadow, launching herself towards Wen Chao in an inhuman speed, grabbing his neck with her pale hand, and dragging him outside the hall in quick succession. Sound of miserable shrills accompanied the two figures, numbing Wen Qing’s mind with an unexplainable feeling of terror. She knew that Wei Wuxian was being considerate in not letting her see the actual seen, but she really didn’t appreciate the sound much. This torture continued for some time before it stopped, indicating the end of Wen Chao’s life. Consequently, Wen Qing sighed in relief. But she shouldn’t have had, because it wasn’t the end.

The female ghost returned to Wei Wuxian’s side, waiting for another command. Wen Qing lamented that the ghost must have been a goddess among the folks when she was still with the living, however, the dripping blood from the palm of her hands to the tip of her knife-like nails made Wen Qing to immediately reconsider it.

“Wen Zhiliu, you said that you cannot fail to repay the debt you owe their generosity, right? You wanted to protect Wen Chao’s dog life? Now now now, see how your master had died under your watch? Don’t worry it will be your turn now...” Wei Wuxian spoke too calmly for someone who was doing a killing spree, and it made him even more terrifying.

Wei Wuxian didn’t ask for the female ghost to torture Wen Zhiliu. With a twirl of his dizi, he called upon his dark energy. A thread of black shadow, akin to a long piece of black silk,

wrapped around Wen Zhiliu's neck, lifting him into the air, and slowly depriving him of the ability to breathe.

Wen Zhiliu struggled arduously, veins popping on his temple, and sweat soaking his sun-and-flame robe. But to no avail, it's the first time that the core-melting hand felt powerless. The man who in most of his life had witnessed other's pleading for his mercy could only helplessly watch how the sword like resentful energy mercilessly stabbed into his lower dantian, feel the unbearable pain when it pulled his gleaming golden core, and finally pulverized it in front of his very own eyes.

Robbed with the right for his last cry, Wen Zhiliu's lifeless body fell on the ground with a thump, and Wei Wuxian didn't even glanced at it.

"Take care of that bitch," he gave the female ghost a sideways glance before turning to Wen Qing, "Let's go to somewhere clean to talk, shall we?"

Wen Qing nodded with much appreciation. Who would have thought that the indifferent and arrogant Qihuang healer, the dexterous Wen Qing, would someday face a situation where she would be terrified?

A short moment after recovering from shock, Wen Qing supported her brother by the arm and stood up. The demonic beast, which was currently misleadingly looking harmless, mindfully jump out of Wen Ning's embrace. Wei Wuxian descended from the foremost seat to offer a help. Wen Qing knew better that it would be more convenient for Wei Wuxian to support her brother, and she indeed let him to do so.

One skill she learned from staying beside Wen Rouhan was how to calmly act in the face of great power. They could kill you with just a snap of their fingers; you should be careful but need not to be paranoid. Again, they should've had killed you sooner if they really wanted your life.

Wei Wuxian sincerely smiled at her, as if to assure her that he didn't have a plan to harm them. Wen Qing stared back at him, only to be taken a back as their eyes crossed. Seeing those silver pools closely made her rethink of her earlier assumptions. It wasn't at all cold, it's withered. There's a mysterious sadness in the depths of the other's eyes. Though, what's more evident was how Wei Wuxian's subtle actions screamed exhaustion. What could have made a bright spirit like Wei Wuxian like this? Was it the Burial Mounds?



Wei Wuxian thought about this through and through, racking his brain all day on ways to convince Wen Qing to join his camp. In the end, he just settled on deciding to take the easiest path, and that's to tell her the truth about his time travel.

Actually, it was Elder Heiying's idea that asking for help was the most normal thing a person who wanted to change the future should do and abandoning the *role of a lone hero* is a must. If it's just him, he would probably just offer to protect the old Wen remnants and not include them in this looming war.

Well, it turned out that the old demon was an advisor before and just wanted to apply his work experience to Wei Wuxian's affairs. In addition, the old fox -ah dog- has some really strong persuasion skills that got Wei Wuxian nodding after a long arduous discussion of pros and cons.

So now, sitting in front of Wen Qing in some randomly chosen chamber was Wei Wuxian who had a lot of explaining and persuasion to do but didn't know where to start. And when he does, it was a complete failure.

“That’s impossible,” Wen Qing chuckled incredulously the moment the words, *I came from the future* came out from his mouth. Maybe she was thinking that the resentful energy had finally gotten inside his head, affecting his sanity.

Wei Wuxian quickly retorted, “Nothing is impossible, Wen Qing. Hadn’t they said so before that no one can survive the Burial Mounds, but am I not here?”

Wen Qing kept her silence, neither countering his statement nor showing her trust. Wei Wuxian understood that she was giving him a chance to explain.

“You know that it’s impossible for me to stay alive after being thrown in the Burial Mounds, let alone master the dark arts in just a day. Wen Qing, it’s because I’ve done this before. I came from the future, a future that had given me many regrets. Yes, it might be bizarre. I, myself also had no idea why the heaven is playing with me and threw me back in here, but this is the truth,” he slowly enunciated every words, as if this would help him to convince the doctor.

Wen Qing lowered her head. Her silence made Wei Wuxian think that she wasn’t yet convince with his few words, so he hurriedly tried to recall few personal things about Wen Qing that only those close to her would probably know. Ah, damn his poor memory!

Yet Wenqing, in a way that was foregoing with her previous careful front, suddenly asked, “How long?”

Wei Wuxian opened his mouth stupidly, “Ah, ah?”

“How long had it taken for you to leave the Burial Mounds before?” Wen Qing raised her head and stared at him with a hint of pity. Wait pity?

“Oh! Three months,” Wei Wuxian scratched the back of his head, not really expecting that kind of question. But wait, “So you believe me?”

“Perhaps,” Wen Qing smiled before she calmly added, “Why are you telling me this?”

“...the future is dark and bleak for you and your family,” Wei Wuxian said in a quiet voice.

Because the future would never be fair with those bearing the surname Wen was left unsaid.

Wen Qing gravely nodded in understanding, “Then, I guess Wen Rouhan died and the Wen Sect fell.”

“Yes,” Wei Wuxian nodded.

“Why do you care?” Wen Qing asked.

“I owe you and your brother a gratitude. You saved our lives. You gave Jiang Cheng a new hope,” Wei Wuxian answered honestly.

“I will repeat it; why do you care so much about my family?” Wen Qing corrected.

Wei Wuxian sighed, “You and your family, we had gone through some ordeals together.”

Wen Qing, “Are you planning on telling me the events of the future to prevent these ordeals from happening?”

Wei Wuxian paused before he decidedly answered, “Yes.”

“You’re going to change the future,” this came out more of a statement than a question.

“I do want to,” Wei Wuxian nodded in determination.

On his deathbed, there were times when he would wish to go back in time and make things right, that even if it’s just a dream, he wouldn’t want to wake up. Now that he was given a second chance, he would make sure to make use of it. Not doing anything would be an utter foolishness. Yes, he was foolish back then when he thought of letting himself rot after waking up as his younger self. He was thankful of Elder Heiying’s intervention but that would remain unsaid.

Wen Qing studied him with piercing scrutiny. The doctor then sighed helplessly before reminding him, “There’s a price in changing the future. Aren’t you afraid that your intervention may cause a greater chaos?”

Wei Wuxian couldn’t help but laugh bitterly, “There’s nothing worse than our future, Wen Qing. I’m telling you, in the fall of Wen Rouhan comes another one.”

Wen Qing tilted her head as though she was considering things carefully. A few moments had passed before she shifted her calculating gaze towards Wei Wuxian and asked, “Do you have a way to give me a vision of it?”

He understood where Wen Qing was coming from. Though she chose to be more inclined in believing him for some reason, she wouldn’t just believe in baseless facts. And one would always prefer the more believable vision over a mouth that could easily lie. Visions might also come as illusion, but it’s easier to see what’s fake in it.

However, he had no choice but to give her a blatant lie, “There’s none.”

“There is,” said Wen Qing without a room for denial.

Wei Wuxian heaved a heavy sigh. How come this Wen Qing could still easily read him even without their life together in the Burial Mounds?

Wei Wuxian unrelentingly shook his head as he retorted, “It’s risky. I won’t risk you.”

Wen Qing crossed her arms over her chest and as if reprimanding a child had said, “Let me know what it is first.”

“Empathy,” he answered gravely.

“You’re going to leave your body and possess mine,” Wen Qing easily saw the logic.

“I’m not going to do it! It’s dangerous,” Wei Wuxian immediately dismissed the idea and even elaborated, “Empathy heavily relies on the ability of the empathizer to resist the possessor’s emotions, else they will easily lose themselves in the process. No offense Wen Qing, but I believe that you haven’t done an empathy ritual before? More so, I’m most aware on how severe my emotions were back then. A simple miscalculation and even the best result will be you going crazy. I was a complete psycho back then, you know? It’s definitely not worth it. Why don’t you just try to listen to me first?”



Wen Qing was not an unreasonable person. What Wei Wuxian had said, she took no offense and indeed understood. In fact, the vision wasn’t important at all because she wasn’t even doubting him; for some weird reasons she wanted to trust the man. It might be because she could see her younger brother in the brat. Her brother and Wei Wuxian seemed a different matter altogether in the surface; howbeit, look into Wei Wuxian closely and you would see how piteous and in need of affection he was.

This unexplainable familial bond was why she wanted to understand things on her own perspective. Not to mention how obvious Wei Wuxian cared for her family. There must be a close tie with them.

Yes, it would be limited with Wei Wuxian’s experience, but she still wanted to personally go through it. She wanted to *empathize* with him, to feel his emotions, to experience his suffering, to see why he had become the person he was right now. It’s a pity, but guess she could only settle for Wei Wuxian’s narration.

“I can pull her into your dream,” the sneering voice of the demonic beast suddenly echoed amidst the silence.

Wen Qing’s eyes secretly brightened. If one wasn’t available, there’s should always be another way!

Wei Wuxian, “Wait, you can do that? I thought you can only make people faint on the spot. Don’t tell me they’re now dreaming?”

“Humph! What do you think of me? I’m one of the demon race’s outstanding senior expert!” the demonic senior raised his head in cockiness.

“Then let’s do it,” Wen Qing cut in. After observing how the beast acts, she was now less intimidated of him. Let’s say that the respect had gone to rock-bottom.

“You really wanted to see the future? There are things that are better off as words than pictures.” Wei Wuxian turned to her with obvious concern.

The more she sees this version of him, the more she wanted to witness the future in actual. Wen Qing determinedly nodded and gave Wei Wuxian no room for rejection.

Wei Wuxian could only give in with a sigh. She noticed that he has a strange obedience and submission towards her. Wasn’t he supposed to be so powerful and almighty? Never mind, she would find out later.

The three settled themselves after setting a ward. The demonic beast could actually pay attention towards any intruder during the enchantment, but it’s better to be careful.

“Girl, are we going to include your brother?” the beast asked.

Wen Qing firmly denied, “No.”

It’s enough that only she knew about it; she didn’t want her brother to be in any distress.

“Let’s begin then,” the demonic beast forewarned before Wen Qing felt an irresistible desire to sleep. This was even better than the effect of the strongest sedative that she knew of.

Wen Qing opened her eyes, but it was no longer the chamber in the Yiling supervision office that they occupied. She stood in the middle of a chaotic and chromatic space of nothingness. She calmly surveyed her surrounding and immediately caught sight of Wei Wuxian standing a few paces away from her.

“Where is Old Black?” Wei Wuxian loudly wondered as he walked towards her.

“You know that I don’t need to show myself, right? If I don’t want you to see me, then you don’t have any hope of seeing me.”

The disembodied elderly voice of the demon echoed through their heads before the actual figure showed up with showy dark energy surrounding him. Definitely, boasting his might.

The dark energy thinned, revealing an old man in luxurious clothing comparable to those from the Lanling Jin Sect, white haired and bearded, with eyes like that of a hawk. He produced an equally luxurious seat, sitting on it cross-legged and looking at them loftily.

Wei Wuxian sneered, “But you showed yourself in the end! Wait wait wait! You’re not a dog after all!”

The old man proudly replied with his usual sneering tone, “This one’s corporal body was destroyed during a tribulation, you understand?”

“In short, you failed to ascend,” Wei Wuxian laughed hysterically.

The veins in the old man’s head bulged, “You! Even worse than my *ungrateful* student who transferred me into the body of a demonic beast after learning my magic!”

Wei Wuxian once again played with his nonexistent goatee as to match the demon's oldness, "Let me make a guess. You latched and became a parasite in that *unlucky* student's head, right? When he was strong enough, he of course got rid of you!"

"Brat, anger me more and you will never get to get out of here!" the old man angrily pointed.

"Ayo! Elder Heiying, Teacher Heiying, Forefather Heiying, Master, don't be angry. Let's start, shall we?" Wei Wuxian's attitude amusingly had undergone a quick reversal. He even clasped his fist to give respect.

"May elder assist us," Wen Qing followed. Her reverence for the demon once again rising...insincerely.

"Humph, brats should know their places!" said Forefather Heiying and continued after a pause, "You, boy! Remember not to attack anything in this dreamscape if you don't want to be impaired after. Everything in here is your own consciousness and heart."

"Understood!" Wei Wuxian saluted.

"You're on your own now," Elder Heiying said before vanishing into thin air. Wen Qing couldn't help but notice the little mischief in the edge of his eyes.

The two stood for a while before the scene in front of them started to morph. The previous kaleidoscope melted down like inks, forming a realistic vision for the two to see omnisciently.

At first, it was the fast forward of the *Sunshot Campaign*. The sun fell down and raised multiple times within their watch as they witnessed the war in the upcoming years, the blood on Wei Wuxian's hand, the number of people he had killed. It should be accomplishing for a young hero, but all she could see from Wei Wuxian was burden.

Then, came the monster hunt organized by the Lanling Jin Sect. It was without a doubt full of extravagance. Tents were decorated with golden threads displaying a magnificent Sparks Amidst Snow, their crest symbol. Inside were the sect leaders, and womenfolk happily chatting with each other in front of complete refreshments. Whilst, those that were part of the competition stood in line on the large field.

The Wei Wuxian of the illusion was in front with the other young masters, full of arrogance she must say. The emotionlessness of the man beside him was even highlighting this unlikeable attitude.

Other disciples were bustling behind them, and it was quite horrifying. Simply because this people have no faces that was probably the down side of a dream enchantment. After all, it was based on the dreamer's memory and only few have that gifted great memory.

"What's going to happen in here?" Wen Qing asked the very same man standing beside her, only lacking in arrogance and enthusiasm.

Wei Wuxian pried his odd gaze from the front group and replied gravelly with a steely glint in his eyes, “Better not to see.”

“This year we have a special event to make things more interesting,” an amiable looking man they called Jin Guangyao said.

That’s when Wen Qing understood what Wei Wuxian meant when he said that it’s better not to see.

Men and woman, some were even part of her branch family was being pushed by the Jin sect disciples towards the target!

“With someone in front of the targets, aiming at the targets will be more difficult. It will test your precision and accuracy,” Jin Guangyao continued.

“What? Why would the other sect leaders even agree to this?” she angrily said between her gritted teeth. It was her family they were going to use as entertainment! What hypocrisy was this?!

“In the fall of Wen Rouhan comes another one,” Wei Wuxian icily repeated the words he said earlier and Wen Qing could already get a glimpse of it.

Wen Qing fought the urge to attack those Jin disciples, especially when that Young Master Jin took a target without a second thought. They couldn’t afford hurting the people in this dream, she reminded herself.

It was a good thing that Wei Wuxian brazenly show off his skill to shoot the remaining targets; though she was enraged at this madness at first. Wei Wuxian apologetically explained that he was also confident of his skills that time.

The scene suddenly morphed into another one. They now stood outside the banquet hall of the Koi Tower. This was not much different from what the Jins have today. It seemed like the Langling Jin Sect had not suffered a great loss during the war. How ingenious!

A familiar figure in black suddenly walked passed them. The two followed him inside, only to witness a Jin disciple with a vermillion mark pushing a cup of wine on Lan Xichen’s hand. Then, he refilled and offered it to Lan Wangji, more like forcing him.

This was a blatant coercion and disrespect towards the rules of Gusu Lan! Did the Jin Sect think that they could replace the Wen Sect now that the war had ended?! Indeed, in the fall of Wen Rouhan comes another one!

Wei Wuxian appeared calm, but she could feel the anger in those silver pair of eyes as he stared at that Jin disciple and the coldness in his voice when he spat the man’s name, “Jin Zixun.”

His name came out like a bad omen in Wei Wuxian’s mouth. One look and she could tell that this man was part of Wei Wuxian’s misfortune.

Jin Zixun was still forcing Hanguang-Jun -as what he had called him- when suddenly, the figure in black snatched the cup and drank the wine in one shot.

“What a gentleman,” she couldn’t help but nudge the man standing beside her even amidst the heavy atmosphere. The black-robed man who drank the wine for Hanguang-Jun was no other than Wei Wuxian himself!

Wei Wuxian coughed awkwardly with a red face, his previous anger visibly quenching. Who would have thought that he and the second young master of the Gusu Lan had a close relationship, to the point that the future him and the current him could be easily affected by other’s bullying the white jade.

Their small teasing abruptly ended when the future Wei Wuxian mentioned a name that rang in both of their ears. It turned out that this Jin bastard would really be a bad omen in the future. He’s a remorseless man who used her branch family as a live bait during the monster hunt and obviously the main culprit why her brother and his group was missing.

Wen Qing witnessed how the orthodox sects treated the lives of the Wen remnants so lightly, at how they didn’t care that *just some* prisoners of the war were missing, how they pressured Wei Wuxian to surrender that thing they called Stygian Tiger Amulet, and how they downright assumed that he took the last piece of the Yin Iron.

Wen Qing felt Wei Wuxian’s pain in fighting alone against the world, fighting for her family’s right, fighting for what’s truly right.

“Hypocrites!” she sneered.

The third scene was with her own self, a pitiful maiden crouching in some corner of the street, waiting nervously for Wei Wuxian’s news about her brother, afraid for someone to notice her. She looked pale, thin, and malnourished. She was full of bruises and wounds and her once elegant sun-and-flame robe was now tattered, unrecognizable because of the dirt.

How did she fall this far? Would she really gonna be this woman? But this wasn’t the worst. Her heart broke even more when they reached the Qiongqi Path and saw the condition of her family...and the lifeless body of her brother among the corpses of her other family.

“A-A’Ning,” Wen Qing cried with her future self. She knew that things were still of the future and she would surely never let this to happen either, but the pain of seeing her own immediate family not breathing was as if she was killed multiple times herself!

“Wen Qing...” Wen Qing raised her head in askance when Wei Wuxian suddenly cut his sentence midway, only to find him stupefied by the sight of a white-robed figure standing amidst the heavy rain, stopping the future Wei Wuxian from going with the Wen remnants.

“Wei Ying, think about this carefully,” the second jade spoke, and despite his stone face, Wen Qing could detect the concern in him.

The other Wei Wuxian laughed bitterly, “Do you still remember the promise we made together? I wished for being able to fight the evil and help the weak. So tell me, on what

point should I rethink? Are you now telling me what's strong, what's weak, and what's black, what's white? Is this the promise we made together? Do you expect me to let this people die? How righteous of you Hanguang-Jun!"

Wen Qing winced with those piercing words. It was obvious that the man was concerned for Wei Wuxian, but his hand was tied because of his sect. Wei Wuxian shouldn't have had said those hurtful words... even if it was for her family.

Wen Qing looked up and saw that the very man was also wincing because of his own words.

"I was an idiot," he said exasperatedly.

His realization was like the keywords that caused the scene to change again. This time, it was an unfamiliar place. However, Wen Qing could already assume which place was this, seeing the presence of thick miasma of resentful energy.

Wen Qing scanned the place. So this was why the man had said that they had undergone an ordeal together? They actually lived as a community. Seeing her family finally safe, she couldn't help but smile, "You saved them...they are happy."

"They also made me happy," Wei Wuxian smiled back. "Let me take you to him for you to see," he added, leading her into a cave.

A fang of guilt hit her when she saw the man's living space. Happy? It was clear that he gave up everything for them!

"Very gloomy," someone spoke what's on her mind, followed by a sight of a cold beauty.

"Him again?" Wen Qing finally became suspicious. Why was it that in every scene, showed the second jade?

"I remember this time. It was when I met Lan Zhan in the town!" said Wei Wuxian.

Wen Qing, "And why was he in Yiling?"

Wei Wuxian ignorantly answered, "Night hunting."

Wen Qing, "And you believed that?"

Wei Wuxian, "Now that I think about it...Gusu is indeed too far from Yiling. For him to night hunt nearby..."

"He just wanted to see you," Wen Qing supplemented. "And here I thought why he's always part of the vision. He definitely affects your emotion. You even called each other by birth names! Do you still not understand what that Second Young Master Lan is to you?"

Wei Wuxian stared at the apparition of his beloved with a red face, "I don't."

Wen Qing, "What?!"

Wei Wuxian, "...I don't before, but in my death bed I...I keep on dreaming of a scene that I wasn't even sure if real or not. It made me realize that I to him...he helped me a lot...apart from thank you...towards him...I feel..."

"You like him," Wen Qing finished like a final judgement that made the man still and then she asked, "In that scene?"

"...he saved me from a battle against the sects. He hid me into a cave. He said, *I'm here. Wei Ying is not alone.* That he..." Wei Wuxian looked like he was about to explode.

Wen Qing couldn't help it anymore, "He said he loves you."

Wei Wuxian slowly nodded in full embarrassment, looking at anywhere except the figure in white.

Wen Qing took a heavy sigh before she continued, "It's probably the truth. I remember seeing you and him in a not so compromising position when we were still studying in Cloud Recesses. I never gave a deeper meaning into it because it wasn't my concern, but of course I had doubts. He tied his forehead ribbon to your wrist. There might be another reason; however, based on what you said he did and said, everything made sense. Tying his forehead ribbon to you means you're his significant other." The deeper meaning of it was stuck in her throat. She didn't think she had the right to break the news to Wei Wuxian. Him not knowing even after a lifetime was probably because Lan Wangji didn't want to pressure him. How... how sweet!

Wei Wuxian, "When was that? The forehead ribbon has that meaning into it?"

Wen Qing, "Idiot! At the back mountain, when the two of you went missing."

"Oh! The time we got a piece of Yin Iron. I was expelled not long after that, maybe that is why I had forgotten," Wei Wuxian said in remembrance.

"But that does not mean anything. He only did that to protect me from some protective mechanism against those without the forehead ribbon. He was still angry at me that time. Even when we met again in the Qishan Discussion Conference and Archery Competition, he still looked like he's going to murder me at any moment," Wei Wuxian mumbled.

Wen Qing could only shake her head, "How did you even know that he was angry? When did you think he fell for you? During the Sunshot Campaign when you came out as a demonic cultivator? As a strictly rule abiding Lan, Lan Wangji will not tie his forehead ribbon to just anyone."

Wei Wuxian, "I don't know. I don't really think he really felt that way towards me."

Wen Qing, "No one would also think that you will like a stone-faced man like him, but had you not?"

Wei Wuxian's face turned even redder, "...I do."

Wen Qing, "See? I pity the both of you."

Wei Wuxian, “Wen Qing, you, you!”

“A’Jie,” called a familiar voice, cutting their delicate conversation.

Wen Qing turned around and saw her other self in a better condition than the last time she saw her. Beside her was Wen Ning! It was the same but also a different Wen Ning. Her brother was so pale, looking more of a fierce corpse than that of a living. Nevertheless, he could talk, he could smile, and he’s still shy.

Wen Qing didn’t know what to feel. She was happy that her brother didn’t completely perish. But she felt a deep stab in her heart knowing that in another world, she would resort to prevent her brother from resting in peace just because she wanted to be with him.

She would never let her A’Ning to be like this again, she promised.

“He’s the first corpse with cognition,” Wei Wuxian said in a tone of reminiscence.

She turned to the man apologetically. Not only she did not let go of A’Ning when needed, she even impaled an innocent man to her family’s mess. She couldn’t be any guiltier.

“Thank you and...I’m sorry,” Wen Qing sincerely said, eyes glistening with unshed tears.

In the passage of time that the both of them watched, these two words were all she could think of. When Wei Wuxian massacred the orthodox sects after hearing her and Wen Ning’s demise, when the others sieged the Burial Mounds, when the man died, all she could think of was thank you and sorry. Thank you for saving us, for giving us a home, for protecting us, for fighting for us. Sorry for ruining your life, for taking you from your family, for making you walk in a single-plank bridge on a dark narrow river.”

Wen Qing knew that they had somehow indirectly caused the man’s end and she was more than sorry for that.

“Even if there’s no Wen remnants, others would still find reasons to kill me,” Wei Wuxian just laughed it off.



Wei Wuxian woke up lethargically. Revisiting the past-future was really stressing! He promised to never do this again. Twice was enough, more and he wouldn’t be able to take it.

Speaking of his dreams, they were suspicious, weren’t they? Dreamers should be able to control what’s happening in their dreams and dreams were hard to remember after waking up. It’s also a mixture of memories and imagination. Otherwise, it’s a doing of external power!

Wei Wuxian suddenly turned to the beast on the other end of the room, “Was it you or was it you who gave me those dreams?”

The dream demon did not even make an effort to deny it as he loftily retorted, “I only helped you to sort things out, you should be thankful instead! As you know, time travelling is a dangerous thing. Have a weak mind and you will be lost in the memories of the past.”

“Then, thanking Master for his assistance,” Wei Wuxian saluted insincerely. However, Elder Heiyi wasn’t offended at all. After all, his former student did not even call him *master*.

“How was your heart ordeal?” the demon asked.

Wei Wuxian, “You! You intentionally brought out the scene with Lan Zhan in it!”

The dream demon laughed heartily before lying blatantly, “No, it’s about the Wen Remnants. It’s not my fault that the ice-cold statue is also part of it.”



Chapter End Notes

Hehes, need not to mind the references. Just treat them as a gossip with no importance. It was supposed to be how in the canon Wifi talked about some drunkards (w/c was Binghe himself) but didn't name him. In my fic, I would loved my references to remain unnamed.

But here's Elder Heiying's Background:

An ancient dream demon who lost his corporal body in a tribulation, weakening his spirit in the passage of time. He lives off other people's dream realms, absorbing spiritual power and refined energy to survive. He met a powerful demon and made him his permanent host and disciple. Through that demon, his spirit recovered to it's peak. He also became the demon's advisor.

In this AU: Elder Heiying recovered his spirit to it's fullest; the powerful demon transferred his soul into a powerful beast. He made a mistake by presenting a look a like of the demon's deceased lover. The powerful demon, then, sealed him.

I misspelled it quite a lot but it's Heiying (shadows)

Bloody Cold Pond Cave



Chapter Four

“I will not decide for you, persuade you, nor force you to do things against your will. I will give you two choices, to hide or to fight. In either way, I promise to support you.”

Wei Wuxian clearly knew that what he just said wasn’t part of the plan. He was also well aware of the chilly glare coming from the other side of the room because someone like him couldn’t make himself stick with what was agreed upon. Wei Wuxian was and still a reckless man who would instead follow his heart than use measured steps and logic which moral basis is as shrouded as the Burial Mounds. After all, he was never a politician.

Persuading Wen Qing to join his camp was a good move, albeit was also what Wei Wuxian deemed as inappropriate. She was basically a sibling to him, and he wanted to give her the right of being his elder sister, the right to stand beside him with equal footing and make her own choices. Wen Qing could choose to continue turning a blind eye and he would still protect her and her family without further questioning her decision. Deciding the destiny of these people was what he did once; it all ended up falling into damnation, was not it? Now, it was up to Wen Qing if she would choose to hide or to fight. As he said, he would support them under any circumstances, doing everything so they could stay safe.

“Wei Wuxian, I’m a healer, not a warrior. More so, I already have no future on Wen Rouhan’s side. I will not make a good spy. So what do you want me to do if I choose to fight?” Wen Qing calmly asked with her very present probing astute gaze.

Wen Qing’s question was somewhat harsh, but it also showed that she’s still undecided.

Wei Wuxian winced a little but decided to answer anyway, “You’re a diplomat, reputation always been good. I heard people wanting you to take over...that...is what I want you to do should you choose to fight.”

“You mean to make me the new sect leader,” Wen Qing sighed, massaging the bridge of her nose as though she was contemplating in exasperation. Clearly, this burden was something that she was expecting for Wei Wuxian to come up with though not what she would easily embrace with open arms.

“I don’t believe that every Wen has the same ideology as that Sect Leader Wen, your family as the best example. Girl, you should not be selfish, only thinking about your family and not giving the others a way out,” the all-knowing elderly voice of the demonic beast resounded.

Wen Qing looked up with a glint of annoyance in her eyes, annoyed because he said it so acidly, all the more, had in some ways made her guilty. Elder Heiying was right. Not all the Wens had the same ideology as Wen Rouhan, not even some of the warriors she saw fighting in the conflagration in Wei Wuxian’s timeline.

Besides, what Wei Wuxian had said wasn't a complete nonsense. There were indeed many cases that people wanted her to take over, many people who hoped for a way out. They had voiced it out, even at this moment, even before the war.

Wen Qing understood why in that timeline, her other self didn't dare to hear the voices against the current regimen. She had experienced it, the pressure and fear when someone would take the courage to pull her into the shadows to plead for her to act, how scared she was inside, how she could only care for her family that Wen Rouhan used as her shackle, how she wished for things to turn better but didn't have the courage to start it with her.

Elder Heiying's words had slapped her with the truth and guilt, the vision even so. Had she tried, what would the outcome be?

She knew she was wrong. Now that she was made aware that the road of indifference was a dead-end, that the Wen Sects fall was already set in stone, and if she didn't act now, those innocent Wens would also die, why not try the other path? Why not be proactive this time?

Thinking about this, hiding wasn't also that appealing. She had seen it; how difficult life could be while avoiding the eyes of the cultivation world. Had they chosen to hide, they would be robbed of freedom, abandoning their past, isolating themselves, and throwing their names. Maybe not under poverty or immediate life threat but it's also not so different from how they had lived in Wei Wuxian's timeline.

"How?" She could try, right? "How am I going to lead a rebellion?"

"Wen Qing you?" Wei Wuxian finally reacted after some delay in absorbing what she had just said.

Wen Qing covered her quiet chortle with a hand, amused at how someone with a frightening ability could be idiotic at the same time.

"Tell me first, how do you plan for me to lead a rebellion?" she repeated exasperatedly.

Wei Wuxian muttered a series of *ohs* in understanding before the tentative blueprint of the plan finally came out from his mouth. "In a few weeks from now, a campaign to shoot the sun will be led by the four major sects. You need not to swear allegiance with the other sects. You've seen it yourself, no one would trust you given that you are a high ranking -no, extremely high ranking official directly in the service under Wen Rouhan. Forcefully joining them will only mean walking on pins and needles, and compromising to their unfair demands. If you choose to fight, I will support you in the shadows to do your own campaign. The sun doesn't need others shooting it down; the heat should only be abated, the power to be redirected."

Wen Qing nodded, contemplating but mostly convinced. There's no question how Wei Wuxian could help her with only the single him, or plus the demonic beast (should he choose to help).

She had decided, "I will fight, but I must first make sure that my family will be safe."

Wei Wuxian smiled reassuringly, "Of course, I said that I will support you no matter what. I have a place that can shelter them temporarily, I just don't know whether you will like it or not."

Wen Qing chuckled knowingly, "You mean the Burial Mounds? You had seen it yourself how my family lived in there contentedly; it will be no different this time."

"Then, I will prepare it for them. This time with money!" Wei Wuxian stood up, as though he was ready to set off at any moment.

Wen Qing's lips curled up at the first genuine happiness from the time traveler. It was the nearest she had seen him act like his old animated self. "Fine, let's empty the vault of this supervision office before going."

"Ah, Wen Qing, how practical! But we should burn this place after. Let the others first think that you and the others died with the rest. This will give us more time to relocate your family before Wen Rouhan realize that there's something amiss."

"I will be informing them to secretly move in by small groups," Wen Qing nodded.

"That will do. But make it quick." Wei Wuxian paused, "We are not just trying to outrun Wen Rouhan; Zewu-jun is now on his way in gathering those that were forced to be under the Qishan Wen Sect. We only have limited time before the orthodox sects raise the banner of the Sunshot Campaign. Before that, you have to persuade and bring together the genuine Wens who are also discontented with the current regime, especially, those who believe that you should take over. We should make it big, make the major sects see that not all the Wens are in support of Wen Rouhan."

"Hmmn?" Wen Qing looked at him in askance. Why should they need to act before the other sects?

Wei Wuxian scratched the back of his head and pointed at the dog in the corner. It was obvious that he was aware of the implications behind this plan but choose to throw the responsibility to the elder. It seemed like the demonic beast was his advisor and probably the one that made this whole plan.

True to her guess, Elder Heiying eloquently explained it, "You cannot initiate an allegiance, but it will be different if they are the ones to offer it. Your campaign should start before the Sunshot Campaign as to create an opportunity to be invited in the gathering of the sects. The doubts about your motive will be lesser by then should we release the news that you machinated the death of Wen Rouhan's youngest son and successfully formed a group of freedom fighter. With this, they cannot force you to compromise in unfair conditions, or to agree in unreasonable request for the compensation after the war."

After listening to his talk, Wen Qing noted that she should reevaluate the elder; maybe she should add some respect points for he was a great advisor.

"What if they didn't buy it?" Wen Qing asked.

“Then we shall continue to act independently.” This time, it was Wei Wuxian who answered with a determined and confident conviction. “As I said earlier, forcefully joining them will only mean walking on pins and needles. We cannot afford to let the greedy bastards to take advantage of your unfavorable situation.”

“Sounds good to me,” Wen Qing nodded in agreement, smiling fondly at the man who in another timeline stood to protect her family when others chose to turn a blind eye.

Wei Wuxian was her brother; it wouldn’t be different in this timeline. This time, it wouldn’t be just him protecting her family; she would also do anything to bring back the smile on the brat’s face. Should she invite the second jade?



When Wei Wuxian was living in the Burial Mounds in his past, he thought he had already searched its every nook and corner. Who would have imagined that under his very own home was a chamber caging his most feared creature? A dog! He was still disbelieving about this fact until he saw it for himself.

“This...” Wei Wuxian couldn’t help but be flabbergasted.

“Felt familiar?” Elder Heiying chuckled.

Wei Wuxian nodded, rubbing his arms to counter the cold. How he regretted coming here so late in the night.

This chamber surely felt familiar, or should he say that the atmosphere and stench it was emitting were the ones not new to him. The Bloody Pool. Wei Wuxian was certain that it’s the extension of the Bloody Pool above.

Wei Wuxian inspected his surroundings with a fire talisman in hand. Seeing a torch nearby, he snapped his fingers together, sending burst of energy. The torches latched on the chamber walls lit up one by one, illuminating the whole place and allowing Wei Wuxian to see its entirety. His eyes wandered around, absorbing every details of the chamber. After realizing the general architecture of the chamber, his eyes suddenly widened. He felt a pang of nostalgia, reminiscing a billowing white robe from his distant memory.

The chamber actually looked more of a cave, similar to the underground cave below the Cold Spring of the Gusu Lan. Funnily, it was as cold though the kind that was gloomy cold. The difference was that this Bloody Cold Pond Cave was literally bloody. The moist rocks, the ice, and the pond itself was crimson red. It even smelled like blood.

At the center of the bloody pond was a circle platform supporting a crimson crystal coffin which size could only fit a dog.

Wei Wuxian curiously walked towards the crystal coffin through the stepping stones similarly coated with deep red ice, careful not to fall in the damn freezing bloody water. He was only looking at it and he could already imagine the numbing sensation of bathing in the pond in this ungodly hour.

Wei Wuxian carefully circled around the coffin, mindfully avoiding the nodes and veins of the array carved on the platform. Wei Wuxian shivered as he caressed the edge of the crystal coffin, immediately withdrawing his hand, and blowing his fingertips which became red and numb because of the unwanted frostbite. Leaning over to inspect the inside, he was amused to find out that there were indeed chains in the crystal coffin. The chains and the inside of the coffin were stained with dried blood which obviously came from the one who forced to free himself from it.

Wei Wuxian bent down, turning his attention to the array below his feet, earnestly studying it with mixed curiosity and weight.

After some time, he straightened up, nodding with a hand below his chin, and said, “This should work. The idea is mostly the same with my restriction seal used to confine the Stygian Tiger Amulet before. Since the Stygian Tiger Amulet feeds on resentful energy just like the seal in your soul, using it to replace the seal as the vessel wouldn’t be a problem.”

“As it should be,” the elder sneered.

Wei Wuxian’s eyes wandered around once more, stopping as he noticed that the lid of the crystal coffin had been discarded, floating on the surface of the pond, wrecked and unusable.

“You’re really quite strong Old Black!” Wei Wuxian looked behind and regretted it afterwards, immediately looking at anywhere but the dog. Knowing that he’s really not a dog had made Wei Wuxian to tolerate his presence. He was now not in the point of fainting, but Wen Qing said that he still looked constipated whenever his eyes would land on the threat.

“Wait! Is that? Are that? What...was this really constructed based on the Cold Pond Cave?” Wei Wuxian jump into the cluster of huge stones in the corner of the cave, causing the herd of adorable fluffy balls to scatter in fear.

There were rabbits everywhere with very adorable lop-ear and equally obsidian round eyes! Only with fur as dark as the night matching the color of the old dog’s fur, instead of Lan Zhan’s herd of snow as white ones.

Wei Wuxian was very skilled and easily caught one, even though these creatures were more lively and not as docile as those in the Cloud Recesses.

Wei Wuxian happily hugged the creature, borrowing some of its warmth, “Ah I’m going to roast you later! If I had known, we would have not starved before!”

“You!” the dog growl which sent shivers towards Wei Wuxian’s spine, causing him to loosen his hold on the poor rabbit and giving it the opportunity to jump away.

“Ahhhhh! I’m joking! It’s a joke, a joke!” Wei Wuxian laughed nervously. He shouldn’t have had let this menace be near him!

“Stop fooling around,” Old Black berated before turning into a much serious topic. “You said you want to move in the shadows throughout the war?”

“You said it’s more ideal,” Wei Wuxian pointed out.

“Is it not?” the elder scoffed.

“It is, it is. Now, now, you have a way?” Wei Wuxian asked.

Elder Heiying, “Lift that smallest stone on your right.”

Wei Wuxian pouted but followed, lifting the quite heavy rock and finding a black qiankun pouch underneath it. Wei Wuxian put down the rock, conveniently using it as a seat before inspecting the highly regarded pouch which would apparently help him to easily move in the shadows.

“How did you hide this in here when you were sealed and naturally couldn’t move?” Wei Wuxian inquired without prying his gaze from the black pouch. The demon might have a consciousness, but there should be a second person doing things or hiding things for him.

Elder Heiying, “It’s not mine.”

Wei Wuxian, “Your disciple’s or your dead friend’s?”

Elder Heiying sneered, “Obviously the second one. He lived here for a while before deciding to dissipate.”

“I just gave your disciple the benefit of the doubt. What if he’s not that cruel and expected you to unseal yourself on your own, leaving this here in case?” Wei Wuxian defended.

“Unfortunately not. Now, pour the contents of that damn bag,” Elder Heiying ordered.

“Grumpy! Grumpier than Jiang Cheng,” Wei Wuxian grumbled as he emptied the contents of the qiankun pouch.

It contained quite a variety of items. There were crystals, golds, silvers, potions, male clothes (so his friend is a male?). Together with this richness and necessities was a suspicious looking medicine bottle with a black and white pill inside.

Wei Wuxian picked up the medicine bottle, shaking it in front of his face as he pondered, “I haven’t seen such gross looking medicine before.”

“Black for the yin, white for the yang,” Elder Heiying informed the ignorant one. “You eat the black one.”

Wei Wuxian poured the black pill on his palm, picking it with his index finger and thumb and bringing it near to his nose as he complained, “What’s this? This smells like shit!”

Elder Heiying, “It can turn you into someone unrecognizable.”

Wei Wuxian, “You’re sure it’s not poison?”

Elder Heiying, “Why would I want to poison you?”

Wei Wuxian, “I don’t know. Maybe you’re just that cruel.”

Elder Heiying calmed his breathing before he continued, “Will you just shut up and eat that pill?”

Seeing the dog growling at him had took away Wei Wuxian’s every ability to resist. Waving his free hand to surrender, Wei Wuxian unwillingly brought the pill inside his mouth, immediately pinching his nose in the hopes of lessening the awful taste of the medicine.

He felt a foreign heat spreading from his stomach throughout every part of his body, causing unbearable pain on his joints and bones, muscles and skin, worsening in every passing second.

“W-what d-did you do to m-me?” Wei Wuxian shot a last betrayed glare towards the demonic beast as his vison blurred and finally turned black.



Wei Wuxian woke up feeling strange. His body felt light, his skin softer, and he couldn’t pinpoint what was it, but something was definitely missing while something present felt like it shouldn’t be there.

He brought his hand in front of his face, keenly inspecting it. It was thinner, smaller, paler.

Wei Wuxian clumsily touched the other parts of his body in panic. There’s two lump on his chest making it heavier; it should be the foreign feeling he was trying to ascertain. His hand travelled from his chest to his waist which strangely appeared curvy. Then to his lower part.

“Where is it?!” his panicked voice thundered, echoing throughout the cave, and scaring away the group of rabbits surrounding him.

Elder Heiying, “You should relax.”

“You! You! You! What have you done to me? What did you turn me into? What kind of sorcery is this?” Wei Wuxian bellowed as he sat down, pulling his robes together which had slid down because of the sudden change in his body size.

Elder Heiying chuckled, clearly unconcerned. “Beautiful isn’t it? Now, no one would ever dare to think that you are Wei Wuxian.”

“How am I supposed to bath?” His concern was definitely something else!

“C’mon, as if you’re not a fan of erotic illustrations!” Elder Heiying retorted.

Wei Wuxian tried to calm himself down, inhaling deeply and exhaling slowly. He momentarily fell into silence, absorbing this absurd situation he was caught into for trusting someone he shouldn’t have had trust. “Is this permanent?”

If it’s permanent, the demonic beast should not hope to see the rising of the sun tomorrow.

“Well, no. The white one is the antidote. Yin to be a female, Yang to revert into a male,” Elder Heiying answered honestly.

Wei Wuxian heaved a sigh of relief. He didn’t pour his blood and sweat to earn his chiseled muscles just to lose it in a flash.

Wei Wuxian, “Time limit?”

Elder Heiying, “Retains unless you drink the antidote. Don’t you dare to eat the antidote now. There’s only one pair of that yin-yang pills in this realm!”

“Alright, alright,” Wei Wuxian surrendered, retracting his hand reaching for the medicine bottle on his side.

As if being a girl mattered to him; As if he had not tried this before. With how shameless he was, of course he did try. It’s all good since he knew that there’s an antidote. Old Black was correct. No one would recognize him had he turned into a girl.

Eyyy! He wondered how would Lan Wangji react seeing him as a woman.

“Stop day dreaming, the sun had already risen,” Elder Heiying mercilessly destroyed his pink bubble. “Wen Qing will be here in any moment, you go and meet her.”

“Grumpy old dog with weird disciple and ghost friend!” Wei Wuxian murmured as he tried to stand up with his new smaller body. “Anyway, how weird was your ghost friend to have such bizarre gender changing pills? Don’t tell me that his hobby is to play as a girl?”

Elder Heiying almost fell from the stepping stone after hearing Wei Wuxian’s allegations. “How would I know?”

“You know about the pills!” Wei Wuxian defended his claim.

“He listed down the things in the pouch,” Elder Heiying answered in irritation, but Wei Wuxian just raised an elegant eyebrow at his retort. “He said it’s a memento from someone, not his, happy?!”

Wei Wuxian snickered, “How sure you are that it’s not his?”





Not long after, Wen Qing came with some of her branch family members, dropping the herbs she was holding as soon as she saw Wei Wuxian walking over with his demonic beast friend.

Wen Qing, “Elder Heiying, you asked me to bring female robes because...”

“Ah Wen Qing, no need to ask. It’s me,” Wei Wuxian laughed cheekily.

“Ah...let’s go inside. You don’t look respectable with that messy loose robe,” said Wen Qing, glaring at the others looking at Wei Wuxian with silly worshipping eyes.

The beautiful immortal was already pulled inside the Demon Slaughtering Cave before he could even reply. Wen Qing threw pieces of clothes on his face and asked him to *immediately* change because according to her, his current appearance was a sin to the eyes.

“You’re really a sin. Looking at you is a sin,” Wen Qing sighed and Wei Wuxian couldn’t distinguish if it was exasperation, insult, fondness, or admiration.

“Should I only wear this three layers?” he asked, uncomfortable with Wen Qing’s stare.

Wen Qing gave him a double-layered cross-collar outer robes to wear, a red ankle length under a plain black sheered one, both with arrow sleeves. Basically, it didn't amount to something when layered with his red inner robe.

"What's the use of this see through fabric anyway?" He pouted, pinching the pitiful deemed as useless sheered black robe.

"Aesthetics!" Wen Qing proclaimed as a matter of fact, throwing another piece of black sheer fabric at him, "If you're uncomfortable, why not wear some overcoat?"

He did wear an overcoat in his timeline as the Yiling Patriarch, but seeing another sheer fabric made him turn down the idea, "No, so much hindrance. Only those in Gusu Lan who love to dress as immortals will wear overcoats."

Wen Qing chuckled, "It's because it's cold in Gusu."

Wei Wuxian, "Exactly! Look at this thin sheer overcoat! How can this shield me from cold?"

Wen Qing shrugged her shoulders, and amusedly replied, "At least it will make you look like an immortal."

"Me? Immortal?" Wei Wuxian asked in disbelief. He knew that he's good looking but not to the point that a simple dressing up could make him appear as immortal. That could only be Lan Zhan.

"Have you not seen yourself in the mirror?" Wen Qing asked.

"No," Wei Wuxian answered.

"Then see for yourself," said Wen Qing, pushing a copper mirror on his hand. Wei Wuxian had no idea where it came from.

"I think I'm in love," Wei Wuxian foolishly mumbled the moment he saw his appearance in the mirror, much to Wen Qing and Elder Heiying's disgust.

Staring back at him was the same silver eyes with the same lips, the same nose, but everything appeared different, the sharpness gone, leaving a sweet yet seductive looking face paired with a slender body. Wei Wuxian knows what's beauty when he sees it and the face on the copper mirror was definitely a beauty! A fairy!

"Beauty is a trash when carried with vanity," Wen Qing chided.

"You still have something to do, right?" Elder Heiying added.

"Ahhh, okay, okay!" Wei Wuxian whined, knowing that the two weren't serious at all. Ah, maybe Elder Heiying was serious. He indeed needed to go to Dust Creek Mountain and get the yin iron sword. Wen Qing's family members were starting to move in the Burial Mounds; he needed to immediately forge the Stygian Iron Amulet to stabilize the energy in the Burial Mounds.



[A/N: Reference-photo not mine (cto)]



Extra:

WWX: I'm rich now! Thank you whoever ghost you are! Eh? (Picks up a fan with faded ink).
Empty words truth immortal, black water mysterious ghost? Ayo! What a scholar! Thank you black water whatever whatever for the crystals, golds and silvers!

Clarity Bell



Chapter Five

The fairy whose appearance was a sight to behold, whose presence could unsurprisingly attract the attention of the people inside the tavern she had graced a visit, was ironically covertly staring at someone who had no interest in her. The fair maiden lifted the porcelain cup to her dainty lips, sipping an alcohol that wasn't strong enough for her taste, but her pair of crystal orbs had never once averted from its original subject of interest and were still reflecting the purple clad man hidden under a cape in the inconspicuous corner of the tavern.

There were no tears in her eyes, no fault on her beautiful smiling face, and not even a little trembling in her pale slender hand caressing a ball of black fur resting on her lap. However, one should look closely to see that this was only a façade. Deep within those crescent sultry eyes was sorrow, guilt even.

Wei Wuxian shouldn't have come here. He shouldn't have let himself be distracted, letting his feet to walk on their own. He was supposed to go back to the Burial Mounds to start forging the Stygian Tiger Amulet; but his feet brought him here, in the very tavern where Jiang Cheng was enduring his meaningless wait because he, Wei Wuxian, would never come back to his side again.

It pained him. It was painful to once again see the man whose death of the family he had brought upon, and whose face would only remind him of the thousand years' sorrow of his other lifetime. But all he could do was to look at him from a far. He couldn't talk to him, couldn't apologize, couldn't say that his waiting is pointless, and couldn't confess that this fair maiden is him, Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian had decided to walk in the shadows. The reason was not only for his self-preservation but mainly because others should not associate themselves with the evil like him. The world would only know that a female demonic cultivator had decided to support the campaign against the oppression of Wen Rouhan and not the head disciple of Yunmeng Jiang Sect, Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian could only hide behind his new appearance until the dust settled. He...he had to endure being afar from his family. Actually, he wasn't even sure if he still had the heart to face them even after the dust settled down. He didn't know if he still had the right after everything that happened in his past life.

The beautiful maiden stood up with a sound of silver being placed on the table, turning her back to the purple clad figure who missed the chance to see the drop of tear finally falling from the familiar pair of silver orbs. Nevertheless, there's a big possibility that he wouldn't recognize the identity of this beauty had he seen her, not just because she's a woman but because of the creature she was holding in her arms.

It wasn't the first time that Wei Wuxian had left Jiang Cheng's side; but every time was for a greater good—or so he thought. No matter what, this time, Wei Wuxian would make sure that leaving Jiang Cheng's side, and once again walking on a single-plank bridge would be worth it.

"Thank you for coming beautiful maiden!" the waiter bid *him* goodbye with a smile, but Wei Wuxian had no time to notice it as his attention was already caught by the approaching white clad figures wearing the official cultivation robes of Gusu Lan.

What are the Gusu Lan disciples doing here? Wei Wuxian thought, bowing his head and giving way to the said people.

It could be that their intention was to see Jiang Cheng. Strange. The Gusu Lan had no reason to care for the orphan of Yunmeng Jiang Sect, especially when the three survivors still had bounties on their heads. They shouldn't draw the ire of Wen Rouhan when their sect wasn't in any better situation.

But in his past life, Wei Wuxian indeed heard hearsays saying that Gusu Lan Sect had sent disciples to search for him and the Jiang siblings. Who would have thought that hearsays weren't just hearsays but the truth? Just how righteous and benevolent the Lan people could be?

Wei Wuxian tried to listen to their conversation without attracting unnecessary suspicion towards himself but all he could hear were parts that had somehow gave him the basic idea of their reason for coming here in Yiling. "Help...Young Master Wei? Second Young Master...."

Second Young Master? Wei Wuxian couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. Consequently, he realized that him standing near the entrance of the tavern without moving had actually drawn unnecessary attention upon himself. This face...why was it that when he was a man, it wasn't as severe as this?

Smiling pleasantly at the crowd, the beautiful maiden finally headed out of the tavern, walking towards the Mount Yiling nearby. He just remembered that he had other reason for coming here.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but ponder while eating some tang hulu he had bought on the way. Was Lan Wangji really the one who sent help for them? Gusu Lan was still recovering and he dared to ignore the blatant warning of Qishan Wen? Wasn't he aware that sending help would only draw fire upon themselves?

Ah Wei Wuxian, stop day dreaming. What if it's not him?

There's only one person who would stay by his side in dire situations though and coincidentally, it's also Lan Wangji. More so, was there really anyone else who would willingly send help to the Yunmeng Jiang Sect survivors? Maybe Lan Xichen but he's still on the run.

Lan Zhan, is it really you?

This was quite daring, quite silly, and quite unlike Lan Wangji the obedient Lan disciple (he bet the Lan Elders would scold the poor man). Ah but it's cute! Ah what should he do? Lan Zhan is such a lovable person!

“*You look silly!*” the elderly voice sneered in his head.

“*What?*” Wei Wuxian was rudely awakened from his stupor.

“*You look like a maiden in love, blushing and everything,*” the elder elaborated.

“I...,” the maiden in love patted *his* burning cheeks consciously. This would appear so adorable in the eyes of others had there been people in the foot of the mountain he was currently in.

“By the way, when are you going to get off me?” Wei Wuxian looked down at the creature in his arm. It was alright when the beast wasn’t talking; he could ignore the fact that there’s a menace in his arms. Now that he made Wei Wuxian aware of his presence, the man with a trauma was once again looking constipated.

“Had we not talk about this earlier? I’m a part of your disguise so you should get used to my presence,” the elder reminded.

Wei Wuxian pouted. Why did he even agree into this? It was clear that the demonic beast only hated walking that’s why he suggested this torturing idea! Actually, Wen Qing only forced him to agree to this!

But truthfully, Jiang Cheng and his Shijie knew him too well; if they see him with a dog, even if they find his features familiar, they would probably not doubt his identity.

“Fine, just don’t talk!” Taking a deep sigh in defeat, Wei Wuxian tried to ignore the threat he was holding in his arm and started to search the foot of the mountain.

His reason for coming here was for his Clarity Bell. He couldn’t just let it to collect mud in here. The last time, he also searched for it but somebody already picked it up and it never came back to him. He wasn’t planning to come back to Yunmeng Jiang Sect now and he even cut-offed his relationship with this very own sect in his past life; but he’s still a part of Yunmeng Jiang in his heart. The Clarity Bell was still very important to him.

Thanks to his poor memory, Wei Wuxian had to circle around a certain area in the foot of the mountain before finding the familiar rock he had sat on where Wen Chao had caught him. He didn’t know what to feel as he picked up the silver sphere decorated with a purple tassel embedded in the soil, looking so pitiful as it had obviously endured the rain and heat of the sun.

“We already found Young Master Jiang...” Wei Wuxian snapped his head, hearing voices from afar.

They were obviously talking about Jiang Cheng. Were the Wens still searching for them here in Yiling? Wen Chao was already dead, however, eliminating all the members of Yunmeng

Jiang Sect was an order decreed by Wen Rouhan himself.

Wei Wuxian decided to find out for himself. Not because it didn't happen in his timeline, doesn't mean it could not happen now. He had already changed the sequence of events. What if killing Wen Chao earlier than the original would result into raising the ire of Wen Rouhan, causing him to suspect them escapees? Not that he would be wrong if he did.

Wei Wuxian hid his breath, holding Chen Qing tightly incase. He hid behind a bush, quietly parting the leaves blocking his sight, and carefully trying to sneak a peek. Though what he saw had made him heave a sigh of relief instead of fear. Talking amidst the greeneries of Mount Yiling was two Lan disciples. One was giving the other an account of what had happened earlier. It wouldn't be a surprise that they were talking about Jiang Cheng; he was just being paranoid.

The maiden chuckled as she stood up and turned around. However, how could she prepare herself from bumping into something in the act of withdrawing from dishonorable eavesdropping?

“Ouch!” Wei Wuxian whined, holding his forehead which hit a block of something. Was it a tree? As far as he could remember, there's should be no tree behind him!

“Eavesdropping is prohibited,” a deep voice of a man resounded and Wei Wuxian would swear that this caused tingling in his ears.

“We're not in Cloud Recesses!” Wei Wuxian pouted as he raised his head with too much confidence that immediately vanished into thin air as the entirety of the person registered in his mind.

Standing before him was a man in his youth. He was dressed in all white. Wearing a forehead ribbon with the pattern of clouds which ends swept behind him along with his hair. His face, more handsome than anything, was as fair as jade. Under the bright sunlight, Wei Wuxian thought that he could lose his vision because of his blinding brilliance.

The man's eyes slightly widened as their eyes met, but Wei Wuxian knew that it was already big for a reaction when the basis was this man.

Lan Zhan! It's Lan Zhan!

Wei Wuxian's mind stopped working at that moment. He didn't even notice that his hold on the poor demonic beast had tightened to the point of bone-breaking. He also didn't know that he had unconsciously staggered backwards, hitting the bush. It was too late for him to save himself from humiliation when his brain started working again. He closed his eyes tightly. It was over. He would surely fall in the bush and not only his Lan Zhan would see him, even the two disciples on the other side.

“Eh?” Wei Wuxian slowly opened his eyes, feeling the lingering warmth on his back left from the touch of the palm that had brought him back to his feet.

“L-Gonzi...t-thank you,” he awkwardly saluted, heart pounding and face burning.

Lan Wangji, “...”

It seemed like he was also surprised with himself. Lan Wangji would never touch those that are unfamiliar to him, but he had done so just to save this fair maiden from a humiliating situation. Was it the famous, the heart would always win over reasons. Wait! He didn't know that it's him. So was it the mind reasons, but the heart just knows?

“Uh...umm...Gongzi?” Wei Wuxian tried to get the man's attention.

Lan Zhan looked at him with his impregnable impassive face. However, Wei Wuxian had noticed the dimming of the other's eyes after he finished sweeping his gaze to him in the most proper and decent way possible. Wei Wuxian also had no idea how he could be so righteous even when checking someone out.

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Good. This coldness meant that he had not recognized him, right? But why did he feel disappointed? He should be happy that even the astute Lan Wangji could be fooled by his disguise; however, a part of Wei Wuxian wanted the second jade to recognize him. Was this the byproduct of being a female, thoughts just so complicated? No, it's Wenqing's fault! Had she not told him about Lan Wangji's feelings, he wouldn't expect for the man to immediately know that it's him.

“A-ah-ha-ha-ha,” Wei Wuxian winced at how that sounded so awkward. “Thank you for your help, Gonzi...and I apologize for eavesdropping in the conversation of your sect disciples.”

Lan Wangji swept his eyes to his robes, probably looking for a sect motif.

Wei Wuxian laughed mirthfully, “I'm a rogue cultivator! Really Gonzi, I'm not a Wen. I'm just passing by and got curious why Gusu Lan disciples are here in Yiling. Has it something to do with the burning of the Yiling Supervision Office?”

Lan Wangji's eyes slightly twitched after hearing this news. He asked Wei Wuxian with his very level tone, “Burning of the Yiling Supervision Office?”

So they weren't aware? Had the Wens covered things up? That's possible. The news about the massacre of a whole supervision office in the span of a single night, including even his youngest son, the core melting hand, and the most skilled Qihuang healer would be a blow in Wen Rouhan's ego. Not to mention that the culprit seemed to vanish into thin air, leaving them with no lead to follow.

Wei Wuxian, “The Yiling Supervision Office was indeed burnt to ashes two days ago. No survivors were left! I heard that the Wens couldn't find the culprit, isn't that fishy?”

Lan Wangji nodded, “Mnn.”

Ah Lan Zhan! No wonder others see you as arrogant and uncaring. Could you please add some comments?

“Second Young Master!” voices behind him resounded followed by two approaching figures. Wei Wuxian turned around and smiled brightly, a mark of mischief brewing inside his head.

“I’ll see you again, Gongzi. If you may excuse me then?” Wei Wuxian turned to the Second Jade with an easy to misunderstand tone. Laughing at how Lan Wangji visibly frowned after hearing this. “Young masters,” he then saluted to the two newcomers.

The poor Lan disciples didn’t know what to do or what to think. The eyes of the Second Jade were now the epitome of a warning reminding them that *gossiping is prohibited*. But they couldn’t just ignore the red as beet ears of their second young master!!!

With a last warning look from Lan Wangji, one of them finally broke from stupor. Clearing his throat, he pulled his companion into saluting back.

Wei Wuxian laughed in fulfillment before he started walking away. He was afraid that he would reveal who he was even without Lan Wangji asking had he stayed a little longer.

Lan Wangji, “...Guniang”

“Anything else?” Wei Wuxian turned around and gave him a forced smile, all his joy from bullying Lan Wangji suddenly vanished because of that single word. This solidified the fact that Lan Wangji had not recognized him, right?

Lan Wangji, “Are you the one who picked up the clarity bell nearby?”

Wei Wuxian frowned. Was Lan Wangji planning to rob him of his own Clarity Bell? Wei Wuxian laughed awkwardly while unwillingly bringing out his Clarity Bell. “Are you talking about this? Apologies. I so happened to pick it up on my way. If it is yours, I will willingly give it back, but you clearly look like a disciple of Gusu Lan.”

Lan Wangji, “It belongs to my friend.”

Tsk! Tsk! Tsk! Since Lan Wangji was going to rob him of his Clarity Bell, might as well tease him more in exchange!

“Eh? Just a friend? You seem like treating that friend as more than that~” he said in a sing-song.

Lan Wangji, “...”

Wei Wuxian laughed heartily, using all his will-power not to reach for the second jade’s bright red ears.

“Oww, kidding! Here take it,” he stretched his arm to offer.

Lan Wangji opened his hand, waiting for Wei Wuxian to drop the Clarity Bell on his palm but that would be too easy. Wei Wuxian with his evil motive hidden behind his sweet smile didn’t just drop it, he handed it over, quite literally.

Lan Wangji's eyes widened as the maiden's light-feather touch lingered on his skin. It must be the first time he was scandalized by a woman. The only person who had the audacity to do this to him is Wei Wuxian.

The two Lan disciples were visibly panicking. The more rational one manually turned the other's head to look away. They were now the witnesses of their second young master's secret love affair and it made them afraid more than thrilled!

"I hope you don't mind keeping that Clarity Bell for me, Lan Zhan," the laughing voice of the indecent maiden faded together with her disappearing back. She probably thought that she was already out of Lan Wangji's hearing range, forgetting that the Second Jade's ears were trained through musical cultivation from when he was young.

"Wei Ying?" Lan Wangji mumbled, only audible to himself, as he tightened his grip on the Clarity Bell. He took a breath that was slightly deeper than usual, his own version of a sigh, before he added, "Ridiculous!"

What was ridiculous? Was it the idea of the maiden being Wei Wuxian or just the entirety of that person was the one that was ridiculous? Only Lan Wangji would know.



Baba

Chapter Notes

Reread this for many times now but still there are errors every time. If you still find some, I apologize for I'm tired rereading Hahahaha!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Chapter Six

Xuanzheng era, year twenty. Qishan Wen Sect's flames of arrogance burned even brighter, putting a massive show of force to assert its indisputable position as the head of the cultivation world.

Corpses covered all lands. Blood flowed like stream. The peace that the predecessors had once thrived to give the Wulin was now dishonored like dirt by the overbearing Wen Sect, with the lead of the great oppressor, Wen Rouhan.

The burning down of Gusu Lan Sect did not satiate the hunger of Wen Sect for dominance. Soon enough, the Yunmeng Jiang Sect was next exterminated. Two great sects were made as examples to repress the voices of resistance. Many other sects, no matter how large or small, were also cracked down upon and turned into Supervisory Offices, making no effort to even give fake justifications.

What could they do? Those who tried to defy the will of the sect that deemed itself as the absolute power only brought about the calamity of annihilation upon themselves, hadn't they?

This time, the cultivation world that once provided the ordinary people with peace and order was thrown into mayhem, a damnation that would leave no one unscathed.

But did Wen Rouhan really expect for others to stay forever mute under his tyranny? To succumb in this injustice without a fight? Didn't they say, corner a dog in a dead-end street and it will turn and bite? People who have nothing to lose, robbed of ways to retreat, and pushed to a point of desperation, will eventually retaliate even if it kills them in the process.

It didn't take long for the first arrow of desperation to be fired. Just when others were losing hope after the decimation of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect, news about the burning of an entire Supervisory Office in Yiling, though tried to be suppressed by the Wen people, had reached the ears of the other sects. It was said that the massacre left no survivor, including the

youngest son of Wen Rouhan, Wen Chao; the infamous Core-melting Hand, Wen Zhiliu; and the dexterous Qihuang Healer, Wen Qing. What's more interesting was the fact that the culprit seemed to vanish into thin air. Even the powerful Wen people had no ability to catch them let alone know their identity.

This successful assassination had brought upon a great boost in the morale of the resisting factions, prompting the Gusu Lan Sect to immediately organize a meeting to discuss about the sects' next step.

Many people speculated that it was the Gusu Lan Sect who obliterated the Yiling Supervision Office. They believed that it was the sect's act of revenge and a plan to lure more people to their faction in preparation for the looming war.

Then, if it's the act of revenge, why not kill Wen Xu who led the attack against them?

This caused another conjecture, saying that it was the Yunmeng Jiang Sect who did this for revenge. It was actually more believable, only if the Jiang Sect wasn't the most laughable among the victims of the current oppression, leaving only three survivors whose whereabouts were unknown.

However, the truth was what no one had ever once saw coming. Wen Qing who was supposed to be dead emerged as the mysterious culprit who machinated the Yiling Supervisory Office massacre, shocking the whole cultivation world! She brought under her banner the majority of Wen Sect's branch families, leading a campaign to overthrow the regimen of their main clan!

Who would have expected the first action to come from within the ranks of the Wens, that the Wen Sect people would be the one to start the war against their tyrannical ruler?! The most astonishing part was that the head of rebellion was Wen Rouhan's trusted aide, his personal healer and favorite niece Wen Qing!

This principal subject of the current talks in the taverns, streets, and even the meeting rooms of various cultivation sects wasn't really shaken by the uproar that her faction had created. What's important to them was the end result of this commotion.

Wen Qing entered the Bloody Cold Pond Cave with the awaited result in hand, smoothly maneuvering to cross the stepping stone floating on the surface of the crimson pool. With the number of days that Wei Wuxian had locked himself here, therefore forcing her to personally bring his necessities, Wen Qing would really become an expert in traversing this bloody path.

“We got the invitation,” Wen Qing placed the letter on the stone table, carefully pushing aside the varying weird inventions rudely thrown by its creator.

The invitation was bound in a spotless and sophisticated white brocade cover that was imprinted with the Lan Sect's flowing clouds insignia, clearly a sight when placed on the bloody red stone table.

“You're bringing your advisors?” the one reclining on the low wooden divan in front of the stone table asked.

Wei Wuxian did not even look up, retaining his focus on the weird item in his hand while stroking his chin in contemplation.

“No, I’m coming alone,” Wen Qing answered decisively. Wen Rouhan had placed a bounty to hunt them down; bringing a large group of people would only draw unnecessary attention and trouble.

“I’ll come with you,” said Wei Wuxian, placing down the item in his hand and consequently picking up the invitation on the table. He traced its silvery blue cloud pattern with his fingertips before he continued, “We had quite drawn the ire of Wen Rouhan, you specially. I will be your escort in case something happens.”

Wen Qing surveyed Wei Wuxian’s female figure with a frown, bringing a looming cloud of disapproval.

With the maiden’s raven hair falling freely over her shoulders, her red lips unconsciously bitten in the act of contemplation, and her uncaring slouching posture, she could indeed pass as a succubus fresh from the demon realm.

But Wen Qing did not live as a woman for many years just to see someone acting like this. Turning as a woman without his consent wasn’t an excuse for Wei Wuxian to act so unrestrained! Even as a man, it’s still not appropriate!

“You’re going to come with me with that hair?” Wen Qing raised an elegant eyebrow towards the wild man or should she refer him as a woman?

“Aiyo! Wen Qing, I’m inside my work room and its cold in here,” Wei Wuxian pouted, reaching for his red ribbon from the piles of weird stuffs, and crudely tying his hair in a high ponytail.

“That won’t work. I can’t believe you faced Lan Wangji with that look,” Wen Qing said, shaking her head helplessly.

“What’s wrong? Do I look ugly?” Wei Wuxian reflexively freaked-out.

Wen Qing faced him with a sigh, pulling some hair ornaments from her sleeves, “Girls should not settle for just whatever. You should be at your best appearance, especially in front of the one you love.”

“Wen Qing!” Wei Wuxian squeaked in embarrassment but soon interestedly stared at her before whispering, “What do you suggest then?”

His rubbish had awakened the sleeping old beast on his side. Elder Heiying irritably snorted, “I thought you are shameless? Are you aware that you’re really playing the role of a maiden now, quite skillfully at that?”

Wei Wuxian fanned himself with the invitation letter as he beamed, “Hehehe, I’m just a skilled actor!”

“Skilled actor? If you’re really confident with your acting skills, you wouldn’t refuse to go down the mountain,” Wen Qing exposed him as she walked beside his divan, “Come, I’ll do your hair.”

Wei Wuxian had not locked himself away from the civilization just because of his inventions. If he really wanted to go out, he was free to do so. The Stygian Tiger Amulet had been successfully forged and sealed on the center of the array binding the resentful energy in the Burial Mounds. The mountain was now stable and little by little healing. But Wei Wuxian wouldn’t go down the mountain no matter what, and the reason was some jade’s regular visit in Yiling.

Wei Wuxian adjusted, turning his bundle of hair towards Wen Qing before he complained with a pout, “Is it my fault that Lan Zhan is such a...”

“Dedicated man,” Wen Qing completed for him.

“Right! Is it my fault that the fuddy-duddy is such a...dedicated man, treating Yiling as Caiyi Town? Does he not have his own sect? I don’t like Old Man Qiren, but I pity him for being left on his own by his most cherished disciple, nephew at that,” Wei Wuxian criticized but he couldn’t completely hide the hint of amusement in his tone.

“So you’re now seeing how bad of an influence you are?” Elder Heiying mocked, earning a shove from Wei Wuxian.

“Why am I always the bad one? Lan Zhan is clearly a scary man!” Wei Wuxian protested, clearly remembering something embarrassing that made his cheeks flush in a lovely shade of pink.

“That young man is indeed quite obsessive... why are you blushing?” Elder Heiying asked with disgust.

“Last night! You made me dream of the...Phoenix Mountain!” Wei Wuxian accused the beast in embarrassment though was actually lacking of anger.

Last night’s dream was so embarrassing but quite amusing and warm, making his heart to flutter unreasonably. Really, it was like the feeling of eating too much sweets!

Remembering the scene on Phoenix Mountain’s hunting grounds, how he had thrown a flower towards Lan Wangji and how he asked him for his forehead ribbon, had filled his heart with shame. Though he now understood that he did all those things because he truly felt something for the man.

And the strong yet shy maiden he had encountered on the Phoenix Mountain...this time, Wei Wuxian was left with no doubts about the Second Jade’s feelings for him.

“You’re just shock that the brat had stolen your first kiss,” Elder Heiying sneered.

Indeed, Lan Wangji was that strong maiden who nervously stole a kiss from him when he was blindfolded. Who would have guessed that Lan Wangji would do such a thing? Wei

Wuxian recalled how Lan Wangji broke a tree in half alone in the woods when he later found him. He probably went mad after losing control. Hahahahaha! Such effect he had on the Second Jade!

Wen Qing just laughed at their nonsense, leaving the lovelorn maiden with the care of the beast as she braided *his* long silky hair into half bun using his red ribbon, letting the remaining half down to lay on *his* back with few locks resting on both sides of *his* chest. Finally, she used a simple blue orchid flower pin made of silver as Wei Wuxian's hair ornament.

“Alright, it's done,” Wen Qing slightly moved away, appreciating her artwork.

Wei Wuxian also checked himself in the copper mirror, bobbing his head like an idiot, “Thanking the dexterous Wen Qing!”

“Shut up!” Wen Qing bellowed, fixing a strand of Wei Wuxian's hair a little roughly, causing the man in a female body to yelp.

She only let him go after she's satisfied with the beauty's current appearance, “You're really a sin to the eye, aren't you? I wonder how Lan Wangji managed to control himself after seeing a female version of you?”

“What do you know? He looked at me from head to toe, then the beautiful glass like eyes of him flashed with displeasure, dimming and turning even colder as though he was looking at some sort of criminal, as though I killed his wife!” Wei Wuxian pouted as he stood up and dusted his robe with the invitation letter.

Wen Qing snatched the poor invitation letter from him as she turned to leave. Wei Wuxian beamed as though he did not do anything wrong, picking the black dog up before following her. With the beauty and the beast trailing her, Wen Qing started to cross the bloody pond while continuing the conversation.

“He's always like that, right?” Wen Qing shook her head in amusement. “And he's probably heartbroken for your disappearance; seeing that familiar but feminine face of yours might have given him disappointment instead of relief.”

“Is that so?” Wei Wuxian pondered before nodding in epiphany, “He probably hates my feminine appearance. Well...Lan Zhan is supposed to be a cut-sleeve, right? What a fuddy-duddy! Couldn't appreciate what's beauty!”

Wen Qing rolled her eyes in exasperation, “I'm pretty sure, Lan Wangji is a Wei Ying – gay. Had he known that it's you, he wouldn't treat you so coldly.”

Wei Wuxian sighed, “But he didn't and he shouldn't.”

“How sure you are that he didn't recognize you?” Elder Heiying had given them with something to ponder.

Truly, they couldn't be so sure. Lan Wangji might have suspicions. If that's the case, they could only hope that his suspicions remain as such. But actually, even if Lan Wangji knew, he would definitely not do something to harm Wei Wuxian. Wen Qing even personally preferred for the Second Jade to know. Wei Wuxian deserved to be happy and Lan Wangji's presence could give that happiness he needed.

Wen Qing sighed for the man's situation, "All right, let's not ponder about this for now." Wen Qing emerged from the tunnel and turned around to give the man a reassuring smile before changing the subject, "I could already hear the cries of A'Yuan. He's probably looking for you."

Hearing A'Yuan's name accompanied by what indeed seemed like familiar cries from afar, Wei Wuxian automatically brightened up. He immediately ran towards the direction of Wei Yuan's chamber without a care for etiquette. Wen Qing was about to scold him but stopped midway, realizing that the man needed this. She waved her hand to dismiss the inquiring looks of the aunties and uncles that Wei Wuxian had disturbed along the way to Wei Yuan's chamber.

The recently turned one-year-old adorable child carried in the arms of the very much alive Wen Ning was indeed named Wei Yuan. Wei Wuxian had once joked for Wen Qing to let him adopt Wen Yuan, but Wen Qing surprised him by seriously allowing it. Wen Yuan, now Wei Yuan, had lost his father even before he was born while his mother had died soon after giving birth to him, leaving him under the guardianship of Granny Wen. Granny Wen, no matter how much it pained them, didn't have too many years left to live. For this reason, Wen Qing had not only allowed the adoption but even pushed it to happen.

Wei Yuan magically stopped crying the moment he had seen Wei Wuxian running towards him. He raised his chubby arms, seemingly wanting for the beautiful maiden to carry him.

"Mama!" Wei Yuan cooed as soon as Wei Wuxian lifted him to sit on his arms, melting the man's weak heart. He could only let the infant to treat him as his mother. Because how could he explain to a child that his feminine appearance was just a disguise?

"A'Yuan so cute! Had my A'Yuan stayed as a good boy when I was gone?" Wei Wuxian asked patting the infant's head.

"Mmm! Mmm!" Wei Yuan giggled, lifting his plump chin proudly.

All of a sudden, Wei Wuxian broke into a roaring laughter, "Ahahahaha! You remind me of your A'Die!"

Wei Yuan tilted his head on one side, pouting in puzzlement.

"Aaaa-Dieee. Your A'Die, A'Niang's husband," Wei Wuxian shamelessly lied, earning a series of disbelief from the other occupants of the room. Wei Yuan had still not understood it though.

"You know A'Mei, Uncle Xuan, and Auntie Meng, right?" Wen Qing who just arrived and heard this nonsense decided to help though trying hard not to laugh.

Wei Yuan finally nodded, waiting for his Auntie's explanation.

Wen Qing tried to control her breathing as she started, "A'Mei is like A'Yuan, Auntie Meng is like A'Niang, and Uncle Xuan is like A'Die."

Wei Yuan giggled, clapping his hand continuously. "Baba! Baba baba baba!"

Laughing proudly, Wei Wuxian happily hugged his son and showered him with kisses, "Yes A'Yuan, your Baba!"

The *mother* and son bonded for quite some time. They sang, played with wooden toys, Wei Wuxian watched A'Yuan practice walking and even buried the poor kid amidst his herd of black rabbits.

It was already dark when Wen Qing reminded Wei Wuxian of his purpose for coming out of seclusion. They had agreed upon setting off tonight since their journey had to take longer than usual. They had to make some detours to avoid the manhunt against Wen Qing.

Wei Wuxian, "Now A'Yuan, A'Niang will give you a task, can you do it?"

Wei Yuan didn't speak but his doe eyes looked at Wei Wuxian with confusion.

"A'Niang will be away for a couple of days. Granny Wen and Uncle Ning will take care of you for a while, is that okay? Can you behave for A'Niang?" Wei Wuxian gave the child his precious pout, trying to win him with piteous act.

Wei Wuxian hadn't expected for Wei Yuan to fully comprehend what he just said, but the child had always been bright for his age. And after all, he had said the word *away* for many times now, which was always followed by his disappearance. Wei Yuan was used to him locking himself inside the Bloody Cold Pond Cave, but he unexpectedly understood that it would be different this time. Wei Yuan suddenly cried, kicking and punching Wei Wuxian with his chubby limbs that couldn't really hurt anyone.

"A'Yuan! Ah A'Yuan..." Wei Wuxian panicked, trying to pacify the child who was throwing a massive tantrum.

Wen Ning tried to get the child from Wei Wuxian but Wei Yuan also wouldn't let go.

Wen Qing stroked Wei Yuan's head as she said, "A'Yuan, it's dangerous for you."

Not only he did not stop crying, his cries even became louder, shaking the whole Burial Mounds settlement.

Sighing in defeat, Wei Wuxian could only yield to this young master, "Alright! Alright! You can go with us."

As soon as he said those words, it was like a magic that made Wei Yuan stop his tantrum with even a hint of devilish smile. What the?

"Wei Wuxian..." Wen Qing spoke with worry.

Wei Wuxian looked at her helplessly but also reassured, “It’s alright, we’re just going to stay in Caiyi Town. It’s not as if I can show my face beside yours. Remember, don’t associate yourself with the evil!”

Wen Qing, “Wei Wuxian!”

“Ah Wen Qing! It’s the truth after all,” Wei Wuxian spoke seriously.

He had chosen to act in the shadows and associating himself with those who were going to act in the frontlines would only be detrimental to their plans. He knew how the brains of those hypocrites works. If they found out that Wen Qing and him had a deep relationship even before he introduced himself as a mysterious helper, they would surely use it against her. They would surely condemn her for associating with a heretic just to take advantage of her. Wen Qing was not from Gusu Lan or Qinghe Nie that could back their actions with their righteous reputations. She’s still a Wen. She should consider her every actions.

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath. He tried to ease the situation by bringing the topic back to Wei Yuan, “A’Yuan is a child, it’s not good to lock him in the Burial Mounds. The abundant spiritual energy in Gusu will be beneficial to him.”

Wen Qing groaned but eventually yielded, “Just make sure that he will be safe.”

“Of course, they need to kill me first before hoping to touch a strand of A’Yuan’s hair!” Wei Wuxian laughed confidently with a hidden sinister. Wei Yuan funnily giggled with him.

“Mama! Mama!” Wei Yuan cooed.

Wei Wuxian’s heart melted, “Aww, how cute my A’Yuan!”

Wei Yuan, “Baba?”

Wei Wuxian, “Hahahahahaha! A’Yuan, should we meet him?”

Wei Yuan who would take any of Wei Wuxian’s words seriously bobbed his head vigorously.

“Hahahahaha.” Looking back, Wei Wuxian would regret that he laughed at this moment. Wei Wuxian was clearly just joking, but who would have thought that an encounter with Wei Yuan’s father was what awaiting them in this upcoming journey?

The red thread of fate will bring together those who are destined, no matter how much one tries to avoid it.



The timeline I follow is the one below. Though everything will deviate right from year 21, maybe the 3-year war will be shortened? Just to remind you that this are just my speculations. Even our dear MXTX said that dates (or was it ages?) are not really that important because this is a cultivation world (?)

A'Yuan's age (Jan)/ Wei Wuxian (Oct)

Year 18 - 0/15

Cloud recesses (Study for three months)

Year 19 - 0/16

Archery (Canon: At this time, it had already been a year since Wei WuXian studied at Gusu and was sent back to Yunmeng)

Year 20 - 0/17

Indoctrination (Canon: Last year, attending the Discussion Conference of the QishanWen Sect...)

Xianwu Cave (Autumn Leaves = Autumn Season)

They were playing with kites so I guess it's not yet winter when the burning of Lotus Cove happened (So still Autumn?).

Based on the animation, the year 20 shows the tyranny of the Qishan Wen Sect (I'll assume, that's only the looming of the war and Year 21 marks the start)

Late Autumn - Start of my fic.

Year 21 - 1/18

The war starts

Year 22- 2/19

all out war

Year 23- 3/20

End of War

First Kiss (Canon: Autumn on Phoenix Mountain, Wei Ying 20 Years Old)

Jiang Cheng said A'Yuan was utmost 2 (but dude he can run real straight! I bet A'Yuan was malnourished and looked younger than his age. He's 3, I hereby decreed!)

Year 24- 4/21

(Canon: A year had passed after the Banquet)

Wangji's punishment (Winter)

A'Yuan was 4 when lwj got him

He's 17 after 13 years (still acceptable for a junior disciple allowed to nighthunt alone, right?)

Longing to Comeback to Gusu

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Seven

Under the clear sky dyed with the orange hue of the setting sun, hidden within the thick forest alongside the waterways of the Caiyi Town, two female cultivators parted their ways exactly as what they had earlier planned. Their road up to here had been anything but smooth, encountering many Wen cultivators along the way, forced to take detours and stops that had relatively lengthened their travel. It was either the matter of avoiding the trouble or stopping to completely erase the trouble, leaving no survivor that could notify Wen Rouhan about this female cultivator aiding the head of the rebels.

Here, in the territory under the protection of the Gusu Lan Sect, they need not to worry about their lives. However, one should always be careful, at least not with their lives but with the secrecy of their association with each other. So they had to separate here.

Wen Qing walked with heavy steps as she, alone, traversed the road leading to the mountain hidden within the clouds. Her beautiful face was painted with a grave expression. She still had a night to rest but Wen Qing could already see the signs of inevitable headache awaiting her. The meeting tomorrow with the righteous sect leaders would surely include nonsense talks such as how she's a woman, roundabout ways to avoid choosing sides before the winning party was clear, or talking about the spoils even before the war started.

Humph, hypocrites! Apologies, but Wen Qing was not someone to be toppled upon!

With great resolve, Wen Qing continued to march as she raised her chin and tightly gripped the skirt of her billowing green robe which hems and lapels were decorated with exquisite black bamboos.

The Wen rebels had decided to differentiate themselves from the Qishan Wen Sect by wearing cultivation robes showing their own identity.

Green. The verdant plain of the spring was what all of them wanted to welcome after the dust settled down. They knew, the spring would always come, even after the scorching heat of the sun, even if countless lives fell, and still, even when the time came that crimson replaced the white of the snow.

Black bamboos inferred that their will would never break and in this storm, they would stand tall. However, only a few knew that this crest symbol was actually a representation of their gratitude towards the man who chose to help them in this war, the very same man who in this time was sending her from afar.

Wei Wuxian, no matter how much he wanted to support Wen Qing through this alliance meeting, could only go this far. There's always a right time for him to show up. He was well aware that now was too early, not when there's a big possibility that he could implicate Wen Qing with his identity as a heretic. He would never let the history to repeat itself. Jiang Cheng was pressured in his past life because of the other sects' wariness towards the unfathomable power that he was holding. Wen Qing should not experience the same thing.

In any case, Wei Wuxian was also not that confident with his political skills, or if he even had one in the first place. He might even worsen the situation had he forced himself to argue with those hypocrites. He, however, realized that worrying about this insignificant meeting was completely unwarranted. Wen Qing possessed a poisonous tongue, her words sharper than ~~Biehen~~ Suibian. He should instead worry about the hearts of the other sect leaders for Wen Qing might send them into early Qi deviation. Thankfully, the woman was a skilled healer.

Wei Wuxian beamed as he gazed into the distance, staring at the green robed lady who was walking amidst the noisy crowd of the Caiyi Town. His smile was full of trust, confidence, and obviously, excitement for the sect leaders' mischief.

From afar, Wen Qing gave the impression of a willowy bamboo: tall, slender, and graceful. Though same as the bamboo, Wen Qing brought with her the impression of a woman brimming with indomitable willpower, the firmness that would never break but would instead bend and adapt in the face of storms and ordeals.

Wei Wuxian watched Wen Qing's back until the distance obscured his sight before turning to start his own journey with a black dog and a sleeping child in each of his arms.

Stepping on the familiar bustling town, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but be wistful and felt a deep sense of nostalgia. Though he had rejected Lan Wangji's offer on every instances, the truth was, he always longed to come back to Gusu. If not for Lan Wangji being so fuddy-duddy about playing cleansing music for him (though he could now see and appreciate the care behind the man's persistence) and if only Lan Wangji had made an invitation in the pretense of rendezvous, Wei Wuxian might have eagerly agreed. Or if Wei Wuxian himself wasn't so much of a bastard that time, it's also possible.

Wei Wuxian honestly yearned to once again experience the Gusu's relatively cooler climate compared to Yunmeng, to hear the soft Wu dialect spoken by the market's beautiful sisters, and of course, to taste the famed Emperor's Smile!

A gentle wind blew across the canal, bringing along a familiar sweet and intoxicating scent that had instantly awakened his thirst for wine. Wei Wuxian smiled brightly, his eyes searching for the white as snow jar he had been yearning for his entire life. Now that he's here, he wouldn't waste the opportunity to once again drink the Emperor's Smile made exclusively by Gusu's experts.

Wei Wuxian excitedly bought two jars of Emperor's Smile as soon as he saw one. The only thing stopping him from drinking it then and there was the fact that he was carrying a child, a barely one-year-old child at that. He's shameless and was used to others scorning him, but he could not let them question his manner as a parent. He wouldn't want to hear from others that he was being an irresponsible mother to Wei Yuan.

The sun had almost fully retreated. Seeing that the sky had already turned dark, Wei Wuxian mumbled to himself, “Inn, I have to find an inn first.”

It’s alright for him. He could sleep anywhere. He could also just throw the dog away. But Wei Yuan was still a child. How could he let a child to bear the cold of the night?

Luckily, little had changed from when the last time he had visited the Caiyi Town. With how many times Wei Wuxian had sneaked down the mountain of Cloud Recesses when he was still studying under the Lan Sect, his familiarity with Caiyi Town was already comparable to his familiarity with Yiling. Hence, it only took him a few minutes of searching before he picked a secluded large inn.

The inn was clean and organized. Its front hall had a few dining guests whose attentions were immediately captivated by the young madam at the entrance. However, beauty was beauty and propriety was propriety. It was without a doubt inappropriate to stare at a flower that already had its owner. They politely withdrew their gazes and felt that after seeing such a sweet looking goddess, the food in front of them turned bland for their taste.

The young madam walked inside. She was not dressed plainly and had a beautiful flawless appearance. The owner didn’t dare to slight her and personally came forward, enthusiastically introducing the available rooms and its prices.

“Young Madam, we also have a single courtyard room where your adorable child and this cute little dog will be able to play,” the middle aged woman added skillfully.

Wei Wuxian’s smile slightly stiffened. The Young Madam reference was really something that he would never get used to. It was strangely not that bad to hear though.

On the other hand, Elder Heiying was definitely not pleased being called as cute and little. He sniggered as he complained in Wei Wuxian’s head, “*Humph, I don’t like this fatty flatter.*”

Wei Wuxian wanted to laugh but chose to ignore the old dog’s whining and instead spent his energy on choosing a room. Eventually, he thought that a single courtyard room where they could easily sneak out without anyone noticing was indeed convenient. He nodded and handed the payment to the inn-owner. He had to thank the owner of the black qiankun pouch they had found under some stone in the Bloody Cold Pond Cave. If not for him, he wouldn’t be able to afford such extravagance.

The owner personally led them to their room in the West wing of the inn and left after Wei Wuxian ordered some spicy dishes for dinner.

Wei Wuxian was satisfied with the arrangement of the room that he had chosen. It was refreshing and isolated. Most importantly, beside its courtyard was a thick bamboo forest. The bamboo leaves were rustling and dancing in the harmony of the cold night wind, creating a peaceful atmosphere. Wei Wuxian walked towards the stone table in the center of the courtyard as he placed down the two jars of Emperor’s Smile hanging on one of his finger. He then rudely opened the door of the room with a kick (because he obviously had no hands to spare). The room was large and clean. Its single bed was also big enough to accommodate the three of them and was also comfortable. After throwing the cute little dog somewhere,

Wei Wuxian gently tucked Wei Yuan in bed. Once he made sure that the child was still peacefully sleeping, he sat on the stone table in the courtyard with a jar of Emperor's Smile and a black dog as a company.

“Gusu has always been cold.” Wei Wuxian solemnly smiled and absentmindedly stared at the lush of bamboos before him. His face was tainted with longing, longing for the past and the peaceful times when youths could still grow up without worries, before everything was thrown into mayhem. “But there are things that will remain the same and there are things that will eventually change. The Wulin had been peaceful for so long, why was it that everything went to downfall when it's our generation's turn?”

“That's why you are given this chance to improve the outcome,” Elder Heiying spoke and for once, he wasn't sneering or deliberately highlighting his greatness.

Wei Wuxian downed a mouthful of Emperor's smile before tiredly closing his eyes. Past was past indeed. Times have changed and the present should not be compared with the past because things would be different now. He had never thought of using this phrase so literally before, but who would believe that someone could really magically travel through time?

A cold wind gently blew on his cheeks. The iciness reminding him of his stay in Cloud Recesses when he was still fifteen. Or rather, he was reminded of those glass-like eyes that appeared colder than the night wind of Gusu as it reflected the moon in that evening where they first met.

The man was probably in Cloud Recesses right now. They wouldn't be able to see him even if he had confidently promised Wei Yuan that they would. Though it was the truth, he was still in a low spirit facing this fact.

His face slightly heated up. It was not because of the alcohol but because a part of his heart had shamelessly wanted to hope for some fortunate encounters that he knew was impossible to happen.

Lan Clan was not like Jiang Clan who had a close relationship with the common people living in their territory. Even though Lan Wangji was a local of Gusu, it was rare for him to go down the mountain to the point that when they dealt with the waterborne abyss before, the sisters in the market didn't know his identity. Not to mention that Gusu Lan Sect was now busy preparing for the meeting tomorrow so Lan Wangji would have no time even if he wanted to.

Wei Wuxian smiled bitterly. He wanted to cut ties with the people important to him in order to keep them safe, but his heart was unreasonably yearning for Lan Wangji.

A knock on the courtyard's entrance suddenly sounded. Wei Wuxian sluggishly stood up. Forget it! If wine could evoke woes and worries, then maybe food could distract him from his thoughts.

He thanked the one who brought his dinner and effortlessly devoured the spicy dishes that could make normal people cry. He had not stop thinking about Lan Wangji though. Even

when he finished his dinner. Until he went to lie beside his son with the dog and succumbed to sleep, he was still thinking of those cold golden eyes.

It was deep in the night when Wei Wuxian was awakened by a sudden surge of yin energy. It was of great abundance and was rapidly moving from the West. One need not to think deeply, it was directed towards the Cloud Recesses.

Opening his eyes, he couldn't help but praise himself for being so wise. A situation where they needed to sneak out indeed came.

Wei Wuxian grabbed his outer robes and hurriedly but carefully fastened the still sleeping Wei Yuan against his back with a sturdy fabric. He wouldn't dare to leave the child here, not when he himself had experienced being abandoned. He made sure that the evil repelling amulet he had forged specially for such occasion was safely tied on the child's sash before he swiftly grabbed the Chenqing and Old Black. Leaping onto the wall of the courtyard, Wei Wuxian jumped into the adjacent forest, and disappeared within the cover of the night.

"The smell of death is awfully strong," Elder Heiying spoke.

"Corpses?" Wei Wuxian surveyed from the distance. The West border of Gusu City was currently filled with resentful energy. There were also faint shadows rapidly advancing towards the East. They were indeed corpses. Wei Wuxian's eyes squinted. No, someone was definitely commanding these corpses. These were not merely corpses but puppets.

"It's the Yin Metal," Wei Wuxian spoke gravely. He couldn't be mistaken. There was no established dark path yet, no Yiling Patriarch to copy. It could only be the experimentation of making puppets which undoubtedly the effect of Yin Metal. If it's the Yin Metal, then it couldn't be anyone else but Wen Rouhan.

Why was Wen Rouhan making a move? Had his decision of changing the sequence of events finally caused an effect?

He was still trapped in the Burial Mounds when the original meeting between the sects was held, but Wei Wuxian was sure that nothing strange like this happened before. Wen Rouhan had described the uprising with two words: unpromising and overconfident. He never bothered himself with the Sunshot Campaign before Wen Xu was killed. But was it still the same? The branch families of his sect had rebelled. His youngest son and Wen Zhiliu even died. Of course, Wen Rouhan wouldn't just sit still!

No matter what, he had to first take care of the matter in hand. Wei Wuxian surveyed the surroundings but failed to sense the one in command. Wen Rouhan had mindlessly dispatched these puppets? Ha! He was probably not expecting that someone with the ability to control corpse puppets better than him existed and coincidentally, was here to interrupt his plan.

"Such low level puppets," Elder Heiying sneered after the two of them got the complete view of the legion of corpse puppets.

Wei Wuxian did not give him a reply but internally agreed. This wasn't hard to deal with. Only those already under the control of the Stygian Tiger Amulet wouldn't listen to him. Stygian Tiger Amulet was made out of Yin Metal but the latter was still greatly inferior compared to its reformed version.

As for those controlled by the Yin Metal... Wei Wuxian's lips curved into a playful smile. Wen Rouhan only sent a hundred or so puppets. It was clear that he was only using this to warn the sects with the taste of his power.

Would Wei Wuxian let him accomplish his goal?

Raising the Chenqing against his lips, Wei Wuxian started to play a tune. His eyes flickered from grey to crimson as the piercing sound of flute circled through the air. The ominous wind blew, causing his robes to sway and rustle. He was akin to a death Goddess disturbing the silence of the night. If one would see him, they would surely think that a demoness had graced a visit to the mortal world.

A few notes were all it took for Wei Wuxian to completely snatch the control from the Yin Metal. As he continued to play, the puppets also heeded his commands and started to move accordingly.

Wen Rouhan was a great cultivator, his cultivation high. However, in terms of dark arts, he could never compare to Wei Wuxian. The army of puppets that he had sent had not even passed the border before they turned limped and halted.

Wei Wuxian was having a headache. It would be hard to hide such legion of corpse puppets. In the end, he couldn't bear to dirty the waters or forests of Gusu. He played a tune and ordered these puppets to dig their own grave.

Needing to catch his breath, Wei Wuxian decided to find a place to rest. His feet had brought him towards the waterfalls in the nearby forest. Wei Wuxian unfastened Wei Yuan from his back, hugged the child near his bosom, and sat while leaning against a large stone beside the basin of the falls. The black dog snuggled against his side while Wei Wuxian had no energy to berate him.

Wei Wuxian looked up at the clear night sky. He couldn't help but wonder how the moon was especially bright tonight. Its light, together with the music of the falling water had relatively cleared his mind which was disturbed by his earlier contact with resentful energy. This was a rare occasion that he felt peaceful. He knew that this sounded absurd since he had just cleared a troupe of corpse puppets. Perhaps it was the wind blowing in Gusu. It would be more wonderful if his rest was accompanied by Cleansing music. Time he would voluntarily ask Lan Wangji to play for him.

Wei Wuxian was almost in a meditative state when he suddenly blinked in alarm. He heard soft crunches of dried leaves being stepped upon. Someone was approaching. But the footsteps were light and sure. The person themselves was not emitting even a little killing intent.

Wei Wuxian held his black dizi tightly as he pressed his back against the rock that perfectly hid them. Since the person had no killing intent, he could talk with them peacefully. But it would be better if the person had not noticed them as he was not in the mood to entertain strangers. He decided to observe first.

Wei Wuxian raised an elegant eyebrow as he heard some rustling of fabric from the other side. What was the person doing? Could it be that they were also here to rest? Wei Wuxian tilted his head as he tried to listen more attentively. He was so focused that when the sound of zither suddenly scattered in the air, it had greatly startled him to the point that he almost revealed himself.

Guqin in Gusu? And dared to play in this isolated place in the middle of the night? Could it be?

As the ominous feeling filled Wei Wuxian's heart, the person also continued to fill his ear with their zither music. The sound of the zither flowed through the wind. It was definitely not loud but had the power to travel even to thousand miles away. It was both demanding and solemn, like a song full of queries and worries.

When the last note sounded, Wei Wuxian's heart was already unexplainably trembling. He had this urge to see the person who had the leisure time to play zither at such place and time. He had a hunch but was afraid to be disappointed. However, he was more afraid to face the person had his hunch end up as true. In the end, his worries won over his urge and curiosity. Wei Wuxian had stopped himself from standing and seeing who the person was at the last minute.

Simultaneously, he heard that a single note of zither echoed through the night once again. It was low and heavy to the heart. Even Wei Wuxian didn't know why he became dispirited after hearing that single note. What was that last note for? It didn't seem like a part of the piece at all.

There's a rustle of fabric from the other side. The person was going to leave? Should he stood to see or not? Wei Wuxian waited for the leaving footsteps but there was none. This had successfully tempted him to sneak a look. Wei Wuxian carefully took a peek. His eyes widened in surprise as it landed on the top of the huge rock they were hiding behind. His Clarity Bell that he had given to Lan Wangji in the foot of Mount Yiling was there, lying desolately!

A gust of cold wind blew along with a faint smell of sandalwood. It was a familiar smell. Wei Wuxian had this feeling that if he looked up, it would be his end. But his head seemed to have its own life as it tilted upwards on its own or it was rather because there was a majestic attraction forcing him to do so.

The snowy robes with a pattern of flowing clouds was what first appeared on Wei Wuxian's sight. There wasn't a single speck of dust or wrinkled spot on the white fabric. The robe itself was billowing like clouds. Very ethereal. But Wei Wuxian couldn't help but think that the robe was mourning clothes. Upon seeing the familiar mourning clothes of Gusu Lan Sect, Wei Wuxian instinctively raised his head.

His eyes met a glass-like pair of golden crystal orbs which were staring back at him with no trace of surprise. It was indeed Lan Wangji. Wei Wuxian's heart pounded like a war drum, his cheeks heated up despite the cold of the night. When he saw Lan Wangji's face, he couldn't help but be reminded of the thing on the Phoenix Mountain. Who would have guess that this poker face would do such unruly thing that only ruffians would do?

Lan Wangji lowered his gaze as he carefully extended his right hand to retrieve the Clarity Bell on the top of the rock. Wei Wuxian as if magnetized followed Lan Wangji's every action with his eyes.

“A-a-ha-ha-ha! We meet again, Gongzi!” Wei Wuxian stood up and gave Lan Wangji a dazzling smile, but the corner of his eyes were slightly twitching. He hoped that Lan Wangji had not noticed.

Lan Wangji looked at him coolly then down to the bundle in his arms, “....”

Wei Wuxian came out from his hiding spot with Wei Yuan and the dog. It was not long for him to completely recovered his shamelessness and confidence as he grinned. “This one sincerely apologize for eavesdropping once again. I hope Gongzi will show leniency to this lady.”

Lan Wangji, “...Mnn.”

Eh? Was Lan Wangji really letting it pass?

“Really, this one did not intend to eavesdrop. I came here first,” Wei Wuxian thought that Lan Wangji didn't fully believe him so he explained.

“I know,” Lan Wangji answered. His face was as emotionless as ever.

“Eh?” What do you know? You believed that he didn't intend to eavesdrop? Or you knew from the start that he was hiding? If it was the latter, then Lan Wangji knew but did not bother to act? Was he so weak for Lan Wangji to bother about his existence?

Instead of answering him, Lan Wangji once again looked at the bundle he was holding. He seemed to be deliberating but in the end asked, “This child?”

Wei Wuxian beamed with pride, “Oww! Mine!”

Lan Wangji slightly frowned, “How?”

How? Wei Wuxian wanted to laugh and so he did. Since when did Lan Wangji had an interest in such things? He grinned and stepped closer to the man while controlling his excited heart. “Gongzi, that's quite overstepping. Do you want me to explain to you how babies are made?”

Lan Wangji glared at him, swiftly creating a distance between the two of them.

Wei Wuxian contentedly roared in laughter. He tilted his head and happily observed the priceless reaction of the man and even more once he noticed those ears that were so red, it appeared to be bleeding.

Wei Wuxian was still thinking of other ways to get a reaction from Lan Wangji but his thought was interrupted by the elderly voice of Elder Heiying. *“Brat, a large group of people are approaching.”*

Approaching? It was said that when the meeting was held, many sect leaders were not in favor to the campaign but Lan Xichen suddenly appeared with a group of cultivators that silenced the opposing parties. If he was not wrong, then it's the time for Lan Xichen to comeback. Then it also meant for him to excuse himself. It wouldn't be good if others would see Lan Wangji with a young woman in a remote place. Even more so, in the middle of the night. Not to mention that Wei Yuan's presence would definitely mean something to other people's eyes.

“You have a visitor, Gongzi. So we will meet again next time,” Wei Wuxian said.

Lan Wangji frowned as he tightly clenched his hand around the Bichen. The woman had not waited for his answer before walking away, just like what she did to him before.

There was still no news about Wei Ying. Even the spirits had not seen the man. While the maiden he had met in the foot of Mount Yiling gave him some ridiculous thoughts, it was of no logic. The woman looked and acted uncannily similar to Wei Ying. But she had a smaller frame compared to the man, her eyes slightly larger, her jaws not as sharp, and her skin whiter.

It was impossible for a man to suddenly turn into a woman and gave birth to a child. Throughout the history, none had been recorded.

Lan Wangji stared at the far away distance where the woman disappeared. Deep within his eyes were the turmoil from the mystery behind the identity of the said woman and the bundle she was holding. He didn't want to ponder any deeper about the parents of the child before he could confirm her identity.

Lan Wangji had decided. No matter how reasonable or not, any inklings could be the answer to his inquiry. He couldn't just ignore his suspicion. He needed to know what was the relation of this mysterious woman to Wei Ying. He glanced at one part of the forest before trailing the woman under suspicion.

As soon as Lan Wangji disappeared to follow and observe some unfortunate young madam, a man cladded in familiar robes of Gusu Lan Sect walked out of the shades from the other direction of the forest.

The man's ever amiable smile trembled. Was he hallucinating or his little brother was indeed in the company of a woman that look so much like the missing head disciple of Yunmeng Jiang Sect...and a...child? He didn't want to think any further; let's end it here.



Actually, this had been drafted for more than a week now but I decided not to publish it. The reason, I was so undecided whether I should give LWJ a POV or not because I never planned to do so until I deemed as the right time hehe. And also I'm thinking of changing the plot. In the end I chose not to. I reminded myself that I started writing this also for my own entertainment so I should retain the original plot and make myself happy hahaha. Anyway, everything will have its own meaning in the end. This fanfic is short, you'll definitely see it clearer sooner.

Intentional Third Encounter



Chapter Eight

The sun had long since risen from the East. At Caiyi Town, the streets were already filled with the hustle and bustle of the locals and travelers doing their everyday routine. It wasn't unusual for a territory under the protection of one of the major sects to start their day early, especially when the sect managing it was Gusu Lan. But in an inn located in a particularly isolated part of the town, the occupants of one room were just beginning their day.

Waking up at nine was Wei Wuxian's regular routine no matter what timeline or body he was in. Not to mention that he didn't sleep well last night. The image of an aloof beauty standing under the bright moon had relentlessly hunted his dreams, disturbing his supposed peaceful sleep.

There's no doubting it, Lan Wangji was definitely seducing Wei Wuxian with that sinfully handsome face of him. Wei Wuxian knew that he shouldn't let himself to be tempted by the other's beauty. Howbeit, no matter how much resistance he built, the temptation had still shaken his resolve. Besides, his resolution was not strong in the first place.

Before, he wasn't still clear about his feelings and yet he couldn't stop himself from seizing every opportunity to get Lan Wangji's attention. Now that he was well aware of the reason why he did those inexplicable things before, it was even harder to resist the pulling force that was urging him to just drop everything, abduct Lan Wangji, and isolate themselves from the worldly affairs. If only it wouldn't be so irresponsible of him, he would really do so.

So how could he peacefully sleep when his mind and heart were completely occupied of his dilemma caused by the Second Jade? Ah! It's all Lan Wangji's fault! Why he had to be so irresistibly attractive?

Performing his mother duty was the only advantage of his insomnia. Wei Yuan also woke up last night and Wei Wuxian had to tend to the child's needs. When he first met A'Yuan in his past life, the child was already three years old. The A'Yuan of that time could already walk on his own and didn't need full assistance on every matter. Not that Wei Wuxian was complaining that he had to assist his son even with simple matters such as peeing at night. He was more thankful that he could assume the role of the child's parent earlier than before.

"Is A'Niang's A'Yuan already hungry?" Wei Wuxian dotingly asked, patting his son's head as their group of three walked towards the main hall with Wei Yuan in his arms and Elder Heiying trailing behind.

Wei Yuan giggled, bobbing his head adorably which caused his chubby cheeks to slightly waggle along. Wei Wuxian's heart melted with this sight. He fondly chuckled as he poked the poor child's rosy white steamed bun cheeks.

There were not many guests in the main hall since not all was as unproductive as Wei Wuxian. Hearing a young woman's melodious laugh, the few guests having their late breakfast or just drinking tea couldn't help searching for its source. When they saw a beautiful young mother affectionately playing with her child, their gazes immediately passed behind her, looking for the lucky man who managed to fish such beautiful wife. Unfortunately, there was only a cute dog trailing behind her and obviously, it couldn't be her husband. Their gossipy mind immediately formed many speculations of why the father of the family wasn't present. If not for the chills they suddenly felt down their backs, they would have started chattering by now.

Wei Wuxian's eyes wandered around the main hall. He also noticed how some of these people's way of looking at them wasn't right. He could only smile at their ignorance. His smile even brightened when he remembered one incident in his past life. That time, A'Yuan called Lan Wangji father while miserably crying and just like now, the ignorant ones were also quick to judge without knowing the truth. Wei Wuxian also loved gossips so he really couldn't blame them. This time, his smile was mixed with a hint of understanding.

But Wei Wuxian's smiling face suddenly froze when his sight landed on one particular table. All were looking at their group with the exception of one man sitting at that table. The man's pristine white cultivation robe was so eye catching that one couldn't avoid noticing him. Furthermore, his face was also breathtakingly handsome, coupled with his indifference that only made him more of a cold jade carved to perfection. A truly attractive aloof beauty!

The white clad figure measuredly put down the cup of tea he was sipping and raised his head as though he felt that someone was looking at him. It was odd since it was normal for him to be stared at considering his outstanding appearance. It was only the first time that he had paid attention.

When the man looked up, his eyes coincidentally collided with Wei Wuxian's pair of silver crystals. Wei Wuxian's eyes widened in surprise as he recognized the same pair of golden orbs that hunted his dreams last night.

Why was he here??!

The figure in white nodded to Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian returned the greeting, but his actions were a little bit mechanical. His heart was pounding hard inside his chest, a realization crawling to his mind that made every part of his body to tense. This man was not supposed to be here, Lan Wangji was not supposed to be here! He didn't need to book a room in an inn when Cloud Recesses was only one sword flight away from Caiyi Town. Unless he was here for something else other than resting. Could it be that Lan Wangji was already suspicious of him?

"This brat is really sharp for a young man," Elder Heiying was also thinking the same thing and it only added to Wei Wuxian's anxiety.

"Gongzi," Wei Wuxian greeted, sitting at the free table next to Lan Wangji's.

Lan Wangji stared at Wei Wuxian for a moment without saying a word before he nodded, "... Mnn."

What was that stare supposed to mean?!!

Still confused, Wei Wuxian turned his attention to his son in order to ease the tension, “Ahahaha, A’Yuan should drink some goat milk. Oh! And A’Niang will mash sweet potato for A’Yuan, all right?”

Wei Yuan had no idea what his mother was going through. Hearing his mother talking about food, he smilingly nodded. He even clapped his short round hands to emphasize his happiness.

Lan Wangji glanced at the harmonious interaction between the mother and son duo before picking his cup of tea, his thoughts hidden behind his placid face.

When Wei Wuxian saw the man at the next table not paying attention, he finally calmed down. With his usual sunniness, he raised his feminine hand to call for the inn helper.

Elder Heiying was a step away from immortality and actually didn’t need food, so Wei Wuxian only ordered his son’s food and some non-spicy dishes for himself. It was quite torturing to eat light-taste food, but he could not add evidence to Lan Wangji’s suspicion. Sure enough, when their food came, he caught Lan Wangji glancing at the dishes served to their table. If he wasn’t observing, he wouldn’t have noticed the man’s scrutinizing look.

Wei Wuxian sighed. This meal would surely be boring. He picked up a spoon after peeling one roasted sweet potato and mashed it hard to release his overflowing discomfort. He then fed his son like it was the most interesting thing in life when the truth was he was subconsciously paying attention to the man at the next table.

Going out of their room earlier, Wei Wuxian didn’t expect for today’s breakfast to feel like forever. Besides him literally prolonging the meal to test Lan Wangji’s patience, what made it more tiring was his feeling of being watched. However, every time Wei Wuxian would try to sneak a look, he would find Lan Wangji actually busy drinking his tea. Worst thing was the man would always raise his head on every instances.

Wei Wuxian hastily retrieved his look for the nth time he was caught peeking. Yet, he was surprised to discover that Wei Yuan was also looking at Lan Wangji with his big round eyes. Confusion was written all over the child’s pouty face as though he was trying to find what made his mother to be so interested on the other man.

Wei Wuxian gently turned his son’s head away while internally berating himself. What a good mother he was to influence his son to inappropriately stare at others?!!

He coughed a few times to cover his embarrassment. Wei Wuxian, with a burning face, clumsily picked up his chopsticks and shoved the remaining food in his mouth. He hadn’t completely chewed his food when he already stood up, pulling their group of three outside to escape from his embarrassment. Also, to escape from Lan Wangji.

Whether it was true that Lan Wangji was suspicious of *her* or not, whether he believed that *she* was related to Wei Wuxian or *she* was Wei Wuxian *herself*, the safest route was avoidance.

Lan Wangji was so patient that he hadn't left even after a lengthy breakfast. Now, let's see if the mannerly Second Jade of Lan would have the face to follow them.

Not long after, Wei Wuxian realized how much he had underestimated the shamelessness of Lan Wangji.

"He's been following us from the time we left the inn, couldn't he feel exhaustion? If he's not tired, I am!" Wei Wuxian complained to Elder Heiying using mental communication. Now that Lan Wangji's visit to the inn seemed not a coincidence, Wei Wuxian was pretty sure that Lan Wangji was indeed suspecting him.

Lan Wangji also left the inn when they did, he walked in the road that they chose to traverse, and turned to the corner where they went. He wasn't even hiding his spying; he was blatantly following them! How could this happen?!? As far as he could remember, Lan Wangji wasn't as shameless as this!

Elder Heiying spoke with a hint of admiration, *"This brat indeed has some determination in his bones."*

Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes, *"It's not a good thing for us, yes?"*

"Not 'us' but for you alone," Elder Heiying sneered.

Wei Wuxian, *"Then should I just let you become a street dog?"*

Elder Heiying, *"Brat, you should respect your elders more so your master."*

As the master and disciple were having their mental bantering, their group of three had already walked inside a crowded tea house. Wei Wuxian was hoping to deal with Lan Wangji using the man's love for silence.

Wei Wuxian heaved a sigh of relief when Lan Wangji did not follow them inside. *"Hahahaha! Sure enough, Lan Zhan is still Lan Zhan. His hate for crowded places haven't changed at all."*

"I disagree," Elder Heiying commented.

Wei Wuxian followed one waiter and walked up the stairs as he replied, *"And why? You mean to say that he was waiting outside? I'm already tired of this you run away, I follow you game. I think Lan Zhan should also be tired by now! And he can't just remain irresponsible, following me here when his sect needs him to take care of the other sects."*

Elder Heiying, *"Irresponsibility or not, he has the right to decide what to treat as priority. To serve those hypocrites or to investigate you?"*

Wei Wuxian halted his steps. Coincidentally, the waiter had already led them in front of one table isolated from others by a tacky screen.

Elder Heiying had a point. Lan Wangji was rarely irresponsible but sometimes he could really be stubborn. Take for example when Lan Wangji had sent disciples to search for him and the

Jiang siblings. Lan Wangji even went and stayed in Yiling himself. He did all these things while taking the risk of drawing Wen Rouhan's ire. Wei Wuxian realized that Lan Wangji had always been risking things for him. It was just like what Lan Wangji did to save him after the battle in the Nightless City where the respected Hanguang-jun went as far as to injure his own sect elders.

Lan Wangji's irresponsibility was always because of him, wasn't it? Wei Wuxian wanted to laugh at how he indeed seemed as the bad influence for the Second Jade. He's an ink tainting this beautiful painting which everyone adored, wasn't he?

Wei Wuxian sat down as he let go of the dog who was so into going against him today and ordered some refreshments.

Waiting for his tea, he started to think things through. He didn't even notice that Wei Yuan was already eating Chenqing as he was so deep in his thought.

Now that Lan Wangji was being suspicious of him, Wei Wuxian feared that the stubborn man wouldn't stop until he became clear of his identity. This time, it seemed like Lan Wangji had already set his heart to investigate him, treating it as his priority over everything.

Carrying his son, Wei Wuxian stood up with a grim expression. He walked beside the window next to their table, looking down the busy street outside. Something caught his eyes that had caused him to suddenly smile in resignation.

He was there. A man dressed in pristine white robes was standing on guard below the window as though he knew that anytime, Wei Wuxian would escape from him.

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath as the man looked up. Their eyes met, creating an inexplicable atmosphere that momentarily isolated them from the world. Wei Wuxian was the one looking down, but Lan Wangji with his billowing robes and beautiful face looked so ethereal that he managed to make an image of an immortal looking down the mortals. Wei Wuxian's female appearance wasn't bad either. Right now, she was like a beauty enticing her admirer.

Wei Wuxian pouted and was the first to break their eye contact, destroying the beautiful scenery that they weren't aware had attracted the attention of the people on the streets. He then turned around, failing to see the flash of disappointment in Lan Wangji's eyes when he withdrew from the window.

Wei Wuxian returned to their table where the waiter was currently placing the tea set and a plate of osmanthus mung bean cakes. The waiter bewilderedly looked up at him when he placed a chunk of silver on the table. He was about to grab the black dog when he changed his mind. Wei Wuxian picked up the plate on the table and shoved the mung bean cakes inside a clean storage bag before gathering Elder Heiying and Wei Yuan in his arms and jumped out of the window.

The waiter scratched the back of his head confusedly. He really didn't know what to think about this situation. The customer was weird, but she paid without drinking her tea. He really had nothing to complain except for her using the window as a door. Well, maybe she was

showing off her qinggong. The world of cultivators was really hard to understand for them mortals, he sighed.

Wei Wuxian had no idea about the image he had formed inside the poor waiter's mind. He only used the window as a door because the tea house was too crowded and Lan Wangji was already below the window.

The sight of a fair woman with flowing red and black robes descending from above had attracted quite an audience, causing the man below to frown for unknown reason.

Wei Wuxian smiled charmingly as his feet landed steadily on the ground next to Lan Wangji. Standing beside Lan Wangji, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but miss his old body. Before, he was almost as tall as Lan Wangji. Now, the man was painfully a head taller than him. How unfair this life could be?

Wei Wuxian pushed the unnecessary thoughts away as he spoke, "Gongzi, can I help you?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian laughed in amusement as he spoke, "Look, I don't want to assume things but I believe that you have been following us. If you want to know something, just ask. No need for unnecessary investigation, right?"

Lan Wangji stared at his eyes as though he was staring at his soul. Wei Wuxian's heart trembled, but he gathered all his resolve to keep his smile without it looking so forced. Lan Wangji's brows twitched, "Who are you?"

Wei Wuxian pouted, "I think Gongzi knew that it's inappropriate if one asked for other's identity without telling one's name first."

Lan Wangji spoke with certainty, "You already know."

Ah?! He already knew? When was that? Maybe Lan Wangji was just testing him? Yes, he was definitely testing him!

"If you don't want to tell me, then don't," Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes. "This one is called Wei Wuyou, from the Wei family of the Imperial City."

Now, Lan Wangji wouldn't doubt why *he* and Wei Wuxian looked alike! With the same surnames, Lan Wangji would probably think that they were relatives! Lan Wangji was a smart man. This reasoning was also logical. Wouldn't Lan Wangji believe it instead of thinking that *she*, a pretty married woman, was Wei Wuxian?

Not only that, the great clans would always avoid being involve with the people of the Imperial City. So Lan Wangji would definitely reconsider things before entangling with him. Creating a new identity was definitely an ingenious move!

Lan Wangji spoke with a tone that didn't give away his thoughts, "Wei Wuyou?"

Wei Wuxian nodded, "Yes, Wu You Wu Lu, carefree and without worries!"

Lan Wangji breathed slightly deeper than normal, “Wei Ying...”



Orchid

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Nine

“Wei Ying...”

“!!!” Panic and disbelief arises in Wei Wuxian’s heart the second Lan Wangji dropped those two words. It was as if he was hit by the strongest explosive, sending tremors in his head and leaving him with no words to utter.

It couldn’t be! What had gotten wrong for Lan Wangji to come up with a different idea? He was sure that he didn’t say anything that gave himself away. However, Lan Wangji’s eyes right now reflected the conviction that would never allow Wei Wuxian to believe that he only thought wrong, that Lan Wangji had not recognized him.

Wei Wuxian’s arms slightly tightened, causing the child in his hold to suddenly cry as though feeling the distress of his mother. This grabbed the attention of both adults, disturbing them from their current stalemate.

“A-A’Yuan!” Wei Wuxian worriedly exclaimed, swiftly letting go of Elder Heiying to rub his son’s back.

Lan Wangji’s eyebrows creased seeing how the person before him was restlessly cradling the child with her petite body. But his attention was quickly snatched by the object that rolled to the tip of his boots, a black dizi.

Lan Wangji picked up the flute, looking at it without saying a word. He remembered that the woman’s flute was still plain when they met in the foot of Mount Yiling. It was clearly the same flute, but now added with exquisitely carved strange incantations.

Lan Wangji shifted his gaze back to the mother and son duo with a face that still appeared relatively calm, but his hand tightening around the flute showed how he wasn’t completely unaffected by the current situation.

The woman had been distracted by the child’s cries. She was anxiously trying to coax her son and did not notice Lan Wangji’s extended arm handing back the black dizi. Lan Wangji could only retract his hand and stood next to them in silence.

A group of nosy passerbys noticed the situation on their side. Seeing a cold man unaffectedly looking at the distressed woman who was pitifully hugging her crying baby, they started chattering among themselves. Perhaps it was how subdued the Gusu people were

or because they considered the man's Gusu Lan cultivation robes, but no one tried to point their fingers or circle around the family. Nonetheless, the chattering was still there.

One passerby asked, "What's happening here? The child cried so hard, it scared me to death!"

The matron beside him whispered, "Probably some callous head of the family scolding his wife and son."

Someone was not even ashamed to make up a bended speculation out of what he had witnessed earlier, "That's right, the wife was drinking tea upstairs when her husband demanded her to go down. It should be a case of a control freak husband."

"How are you so sure that they are a family. The lady and the man look so young."

The matron scoffed, "Can't you see that they are cultivators? Their appearance might not be their actual age."

"And I can clearly see that they are old enough for the coming of age ceremony!"

"That's right! There's no doubt that they are one family! Look at the child in that girl's arms. The man is definitely the father. Their faces look as if they're carved out of the same mold."

Another passerby, maybe because he wasn't Gusu's local was courageous enough to speak loudly, "Someone was so heartless enough to scold his wife and son in the middle of the street?!"

His company had noticed what Lan Wangji was wearing and sneered, "What if he's part of a major sect? One should still have some moral!"

A woman who wasn't just there to gossip but was truly concerned spoke to Wei Wuxian, "Young Madam, don't be afraid. Gusu Lan Sect is known for their righteousness. You should file a complaint if your husband is abusing you!"

"Ah?" Wei Wuxian had been occupied of his son's tantrums and had not paid attention to the surroundings. He looked up in bewilderment as he realized that the stranger was talking to him.

The woman thought that she understood the young lady's confusion, "It doesn't matter if you love him, you should still care for your and your child's wellbeing!"

Husband? You love him? Your and your child's wellbeing? Wei Wuxian finally understood what was going on. He glanced at the poor man standing emotionlessly amidst the people's misunderstanding. He seemed somewhat at loss. It was also maybe because he was so shocked this time that he didn't utter a single word of denial.

Wei Wuxian lowered his head, trying to hide his eyes that were already teary from the forcibly held laughter.

It was a relief that no one had recognized the identity of this husband-abusing-his-wife they were talking about. If they knew that he was their Gusu's Lan Wangji, the righteous among

righteous, exemplar among exemplars Second Jade, how would they react? Wei Wuxian loved it whenever Lan Wangji was pushed into a corner, but he feared that someone would really recognize Lan Wangji. After calming himself, Wei Wuxian reluctantly decided to help the miserable man out of his current predicament.

Wei Wuxian waved his hand and even smiled brightly to reassure the crowd, “It’s not what you all think. It’s a misunderstanding, a misunderstanding.” And maybe because mischief was deeply carved on his bones that he couldn’t stop himself from adding, “Aiya, my husband is just not good in expressing himself. However, it’s not his fault that our son cried, right *Fujun*?”

“...” Wei Yuan suddenly halted his cries while Lan Wangji wordlessly met the gaze of the woman who was fluttering her eyelashes at him.

Hehe! You can’t say a word, huh? One of the rare moments where the Second Jade of Lan didn’t speak because he didn’t want to but because he was literally speechless?

But Wei Wuxian once again underestimated Lan Wangji. The man’s eyes staring at the woman slightly narrowed as he agreed, “Mnn.”

“Mnn?!!” Wei Wuxian almost choked to death. He coughed a few times before he stared at Lan Wangji as if the man had grown an extra head.

Lan Wangji’s lips turned upwards unnoticeably, “Mnn... *Furen*.”

“...” Wei Wuxian with a red face near cinnabar was at a loss for words. Touching his nose, he wondered how Lan Wangji had turned like this. He could even make such a statement without batting an eyelid! Lan Wangji couldn’t just say those words that were bad for his fragile heart! Wei Wuxian couldn’t understand what’s happening!

Wei Wuxian failed to notice that all of these started from his own mischievous actions that required the mannerly Second Jade of Lan to take drastic response.

Meanwhile, seeing that the wife seemed not really being bullied and could already afford to flirt with her husband in the broad daylight, the passerbys finally left the family alone. Some thought that she was only afraid of her husband, but since it looked like she didn’t want to admit it, they also reluctantly left.

The matron spoke before leaving, “Such a beautiful woman, how could she be bewitched by such a cold man?”

“The husband was even more beautiful than her, maybe she was tempted by his beauty.”

Lan Wangji, “...”

Wei Wuxian saw how Lan Wangji’s eyes twitched and finally felt comforted, the pink on his face slightly fading. He was stunned when Lan Wangji suddenly faced him, raising a hand which held a black dizi. Wei Wuxian tried to recall why Chenqing was with Lan Wangji as he reached for it. But his mind blanked the moment Lan Wangji’s fingers lightly brushed against

his. Was it just Wei Wuxian's imagination or Lan Wangji seemed revenging for what he did in the foot of Mount Yiling?

Lan Wangji lowered his gaze after giving back the flute to Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian noticed the other's trembling lips as he slowly uttered, "Wei Ying..."

Wei Wuxian frowned with a forced smile. All the tingling in his heart immediately vanished into thin air. It was as though he was submerged into the cold pool of his bloody cave, waking him to face his current predicament.

How could he let himself be carried away and tease Lan Wangji? How could he forget that all this commotion was because Lan Wangji had called him by his real name? His ability to be distracted was really something, wasn't it?

Wei Wuxian sarcastically praised himself as he denied, "I'm not..."

Lan Wangji raised his head. His face was still the same placid face but Wei Wuxian didn't know why he thought that Lan Wangji was somewhat looking helpless.

Lan Wangji, "...Do you know him?"

"Ah?" Wei Wuxian was momentarily at lost. Lan Zhan he... So this was what Lan Wangji was meaning to ask?!! Wei Wuxian rejoiced. Ah, it was probably the case. Wei Wuxian was just overthinking! He even made his son cry and now the child was pitifully hiccupping.

Wei Wuxian's creative mind immediately worked for an excuse as he gently patted Wei Yuan on the back. "...Gongzi, I didn't know someone with the name Wei Ying, but I did come here to search for someone with a surname Wei, my uncle. Do you perhaps know someone named Wei Cangze?"

Very good Wei Wuxian. Lies! Lies after lies!

Lan Wangji frigidly spoke, "Wei Cangze is Wei Ying's father."

His honest words, when it reached Wei Wuxian's ears, felt like an insult. But perhaps Wei Wuxian was just feeling guilty for his lies that he couldn't help but overthink.

Wei Wuxian, "Oh! What a coincidence! So *your* Wei Ying is my cousin? No wonder you are so interested in knowing me."

Lan Wangji said nothing, but Wei Wuxian did not notice that the tip of the man's jade like ears were now as red as beet.

Lan Wangji rigidly shifted his gaze to the pitiful child in the woman's arms. The adult and the child's eyes met. Lan Wangji's hand slightly raised as though he was deliberating on whether he should offer to carry the child. Coincidentally, he noticed a street vendor selling some wooden toys on his field of view. He put down his hands and walked away.

Wei Wuxian was flabbergasted to see Lan Wangji suddenly walking away. He even thought that he had scared the man away with his unrestrained words.

When Lan Wangji stopped in front of a stall selling children toys, Wei Wuxian finally realized what he was planning to do. He was going to appease the crying child with a toy just like what he did in Yiling. Wei Wuxian's heart melted with the sight of Lan Wangji choosing toys for Wei Yuan. He sighed, Lan Wangji was the same no matter what timeline.

Lan Wangji returned with a mini drum in hand. His frigid countenance when paired with a cute toy was quite funny but warm.

“Mmm?” Wei Yuan looked up as he heard an interesting rattling in front of him. Then he saw the handsome uncle who made his A’Niang sad handing him a very fascinating object. His chubby hands automatically reached for the fascinating object, forgetting the reason why he cried. “...Ba..baba.”

Both Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji froze when they heard what the child said.

Wei Wuxian laughed awkwardly, “A’Yuan, A’Yuan, don’t call everyone you see Dad, got it?”

Wei Yuan stared at his mother with his big pitiful eyes, his tears threatening to fall once again.

Wei Wuxian hugged his son to prevent him from crying, “Remember that not everyone who has the milk is the mother and not everyone who has the money is the father.”

Wei Yuan shook his head in Wei Wuxian’s neck as he stubbornly mumbled with flowing tears, “Baba... Baabaa... Baabaa.”

Wei Wuxian apologetically looked at Lan Wangji. The solemn man frowned, “...his father?”

Maybe because Lan Wangji had asked him if he knew ‘Wei Ying’, Wei Wuxian thought that Lan Wangji already believed his lies. It helped him to somewhat loosen up. And since he’s at ease, his mischievous mind started to work once again.

“His father? Isn’t it you, *Fujun*?” Wei Wuxian coyly raised an eyebrow.

Lan Wangji’s eyes opened wide, “Me?”

The Second Jade’s face right now was quiet scary, making Wei Wuxian regret his choices in life.

“Of course it’s-” Wei Wuxian wanted to take back what he had said but his son had interrupted him at the very fortunate moment.

Wei Yuan, hearing his mother’s lies, suddenly pulled away from *her* embrace. His teary eyes stared pitifully at Lan Wangji as he raised his chubby arms. “...Baba!”

Wei Wuxian, “!!!” He turned to Lan Wangji with a reassuring smile as he said, “It’s alright, you don’t have to...”

Lan Wangji, however, spoke, “It is fine. Let me carry him.”

Wei Wuxian was given no time to react as his son betrayed him as soon as Lan Wangji offered his hands in front of the child. Happily, Wei Yuan clung into Lan Wanji's pristine white robes with all the tears and snot left on his face from crying so hard. Wei Wuxian tucked Chenqing back to his sash and immediately produced a handkerchief to clean his son's face. He had no idea why Lan Wangji was doing all of these things that he wouldn't do in normal circumstances, but the man's neat appearance was the priority.

Lan Wangji's eyes warmed up as he stared at the beauty beside him. Then, his gaze shifted to the chubby child in his arms. Ears burning, he thought that this moment felt right.

The handsome man was carrying the child with so much carefulness. The beauty was cleaning the child's face attentively. This scene was so picturesque and warm that if a painter passed by, they would surely stop and take time to capture it with their brush.

But the family's pink bubble immediately burst when they heard a crash nearby. They turned their attention towards the source of the commotion and saw a youth rubbing his knees which had probably bumped onto the upturned barrel beside him. The youth was wearing a stylish outfit and was holding a fan. If not for the motif of his cultivation robes, he could really pass as a wealthy idler.

“Nie...” Wei Wuxian almost called his past classmate familiarly but realized that he shouldn't blow up his cover. He cleared his throat, “Nie Gongzi.”

Lan Wangji did not pay attention to Nie Huaisang but instead he asked the woman, “You know him?”

Lan Wangji's chilly tone had caused Wei Wuxian to panic. He hastily explained, “No! He's wearing a Qinghe Nie cultivation robe and looks like a young master so...” Seeing that Lan Wangji remained silent, he hastily added, “You also look like a young master from Gusu Lan, am I right Lan Gongzi?”

Lan Wangji, “...Mnn.”

Nie Huaisang was caught in the act of peeking and eavesdropping. Reminiscing the punishments he had gotten when he was still studying in Cloud Recesses, he immediately opened his fan, covering his face as a protection from Lan Wangji. He spoke miserably, “Ahhh! I didn't see anything. You continue, continue! Don't mind me!”

Lan Wangji indeed acted as if he didn't hear anything. He touched the plump cheeks of the child in his arms and spoke, “Do you want to eat?”

Nie Huaisang, “...”

Wei Wuxian, “...”

Wei Yuan was a glutton. Where there's food, he would go. His Baba offered to take him to eat, of course, he would happily agree.

Lan Wangji suddenly grabbed the wrist of the woman beside him, forgetting or just ignoring all decorum that he had learnt from when he was a child. He told his supposed wife, “A’Yuan is hungry. Let’s find a restaurant.”

Wei Wuxian disbelievingly stared at his wrist which was being held by Lan Wangji’s relatively large hand. Wei Yuan was hungry, so why was Lan Wangji pulling him by the wrist? Didn’t he hate touching those who were unfamiliar to him?

Elder Heiying sneered, “*Obviously, it’s because you’re familiar to him.*”

Wei Wuxian, “*But he believed that I’m not...*”

Elder Heiying cut in, “*When did he say that he believed your nonsense. Only fools would do that.*”

“*Why didn’t you warn me?!!*” Wei Wuxian screamed inside his head. Lan Wangji would really not act like this towards *her* had he not known who *she* was! Wei Wuxian felt that he had been cheated on!

Elder Heiying, “*Someone said that you would love having him included.*”

Wei Wuxian knew, that someone could only be Wen Qing. But Wei Wuxian could only blame himself for being careless. He avoided thinking if he really loved the idea of including Lan Wangji to their group.

Wei Wuxian begrudgingly let his petite fragile self to be dragged by Lan Wangji to a nearby restaurant. He was sulking, wondering about the things that he did wrong to get into this situation.

Elder Heiying jumped into Wei Wuxian’s arms, “*Brat, don’t you dare leave me.*”

Wei Wuxian, “*Humph!*”

Nie Huaisang dreamily gaze at the distance where the family had disappeared, pulling out his brush and hurriedly scribbling. He was excited to go home and turn the illustrations he collected today into wonderful paintings. There’s *a lover outside her window scene*, the *harmonious family scene*, and lastly, the *back view of the man guiding his wife and son scene*. Excellent! Nie Huaisang contentedly laughed behind his exquisite fan. He was afraid of the Second Jade of Lan but if an illustration of the family’s bonding suddenly circulated, it wouldn’t be his fault.

The family walked inside a famous restaurant. When the owner saw Lan Wangji carrying a young child who looked just like him, he almost slipped. The owner’s eyes landed on the beautiful lady beside the man, and it only made him more certain about his conjecture.

Second Young Master Lan already had a beautiful wife and a child as big as this?

The owner knew that there were things that he shouldn’t put his hands into. There was no news about this young master’s private affairs. It should be that Gusu Lan Sect wanted to

keep this a secret, so he would really help to do so. Fortunately, Second Young Master Lan rented a private room.

After they reached the private room, Lan Wangji pushed the red clad woman onto a sitting mat. Handing *her* the menu, he spoke, “You can order.”

The waiter who had also recognized the identity of this overbearing young master didn’t know where to put his hands on. His knees were trembling, wishing to immediately be dismissed. But unfortunately, the Young Madam was not cooperating.

Wei Wuxian was still sulking about his misfortune. He retorted with a pout, “You will pay, right? You go ahead, order.”

Lan Wangji frowned, “I’m treating you, you order.”

Wei Wuxian didn’t know why but he felt that this scene was familiar and yet it seemed that the receiver and the host changed roles. He absentmindedly stared at the menu, trying to remember when did this situation happen.

Seeing that the woman had no plan to order, Lan Wangji could only get the menu and order himself.

Wei Wuxian still couldn’t remember why this scene was familiar. He was about to ask for Elder Heiying’s help when he heard Lan Wangji ordering with his ever so monotonous tone.

He raised his head and saw the waiter quickly running away from the scene the moment Lan Wangji finished speaking. The waiter carefully closed the door without knowing that they heard him heaving a sigh of relief after.

As soon as the outsider was gone, Wei Wuxian slapped the table while laughing hard. “Gongzi, I thought you folks from Gusu don’t eat spicy things. You have quite a strong palate, don’t you?”

He recognized all of the dishes that Lan Wangji had ordered. Aside from a few dishes obviously meant for Wei Yuan, everything that Lan Wangji had ordered were spicy dishes.

Wei Yuan flinched, surprised with his mother’s sudden outburst. Lan Wangji patted the head of the child sitting on his lap as he spoke, “Lan Zhan.”

“Ah?” Wei Wuxian halted his laughter, looking at Lan Wangji in puzzlement.

Lan Wangji met his gaze, “Call me Lan Zhan.”

You used to call me Lan Zhan, was that what he meant? Wei Wuxian felt a pang of remorse assaulting his heart thinking that Lan Wangji chose to not blow his cover even at this moment. He could now understand the helplessness in the other’s eyes when he asked him if he knew ‘Wei Ying’. Lan Wangji didn’t want to force him; he wanted him to willingly admit it himself.

Wei Wuxian could no longer feign ignorance. He whined, “Ah, Lan Zhan! How did you know that it’s me?”

There’s an unknown glint that flashed in Lan Wangji’s eyes as he heard the indirect admission of the *woman* before him, but still, he refused to answer, “...”

Wei Wuxian pouted, “Alright, give my A’Yuan back!”

Lan Wangji and Wei Yuan simultaneously furrowed their eyebrows, looking at the unreasonable mother of the family. Wei Yuan even hugged his father like he was clinging into his life.

Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes at the two, “Give him back so you both will be able to eat.”

Lan Wangji, “It is fine. I will feed him.”

Wei Wuxian suddenly burst into laughter. This situation, it was as if Lan Wangji believed all the nonsense that he said earlier. Haha! This young Lan Wangji was really funny. Did he really believe that he’s A’Yuan’s dad? Did he even know how babies were made?

Wei Wuxian, “Okay okay, you feed him since you messed with my breakfast earlier.”

Lan Wangji seriously nodded, “Mnn.”

Listening to this, Wei Wuxian almost choked from laughter. Lan Wangji’s brows twitched as his hand maneuvered to pour water for the dying patient. He pushed the cup without creating a ripple on the water, “Drink.”

Wei Wuxian raised his head. With the concern the other was showing to him, he could no longer made fun of the situation. He obediently drank the precious water in front of him while contemplating. Lan Wangji was already showing concern for him even this early, he was just blind to notice.

When the dishes arrived, the two had already cope with each other’s presence just like the good old days.

Wei Wuxian teased, “Why are you here, huh? I heard that your sect is hosting a meeting, you are surely needed there. It couldn’t be that my matter weighted more over your visitors.”

Lan Wangji, “Yes.”

Wei Wuxian coughed, “What happened to you Lan Zhan? I don’t remember you being so shameless before.”

Lan Wangji returned the question, “What happened to you? Your body...”

“Ah, I accidentally took a medicine that increased my yin essence. I look pretty right?” Wei Wuxian honestly answered but decided to leave the reason why he took that medicine.

Lan Wangji, “Is it permanent?”

Wei Wuxian, “No, unless you like me more like this. Lan Zhan ah Lan Zhan. Why are your ears turning red? Are you really a -,” Wei Wuxian halted before he could utter the word ‘cutsleeve’. No, this Lan Wangji was still young. He couldn’t just carelessly tell him that he knew about his feelings.

“I am what?” Lan Wangji asked, his voice abnormally low.

The atmosphere suddenly turned heavy. It was at this moment that Wei Yuan spilled the soup in front of him. Lan Wangji withdrew his gaze, taking out a white handkerchief and expressionlessly wiped off the soup on Wei Yuan’s robe.

Wei Wuxian purposely evaded, familiar words easily flowing out of his mouth, “Lan Zhan, what a surprise. I never knew that you’re good with children. If you treat him just a bit better, I doubt he’d be willing to go back with me...”

Suddenly, Wei Wuxian’s expression changed. His eyes landed on the tiny paper crane flying from the window. This was the official message seal of the Wen rebels, invented by yours truly. He raised his hand and the paper crane neatly landed on his index finger. Wei Wuxian closed his eyes, extending his cognition to the talisman.

The message came from Wen Qing, saying that the meeting had finished peacefully and she was waiting for them in the place where they separated yesterday.

Wei Wuxian stood up and grabbed the black dog lying on the floor. He then walked towards Lan Wangji, picking his son up, “Excuse me, Lan Zhan, I have to go!”

Lan Wangji grabbed *her* wrist, preventing him from completely taking Wei Yuan away.

Wei Wuxian helplessly stared at the poor youth. He bent over, placing his lips against the other’s forehead ribbon.

“Be good. We will talk again after the Sunshot Campaign.” This was his last words before he took the opportunity while Lan Wangji was still shocked frozen.

Wei Wuxian was long since gone when Lan Wangji realized what had happened. He absentmindedly touched the part of his forehead ribbon where the lady’s lips once rested. The warmth of *her* kiss still lingers, sending ripples on Lan Wangji’s calm heart. Lan’s forehead ribbon signifies constraint; what Wei Wuxian did had indeed shaken his self-restraint.

Lan Wangji’s eyes stared at the place where Wei Wuxian sat earlier, his sight landing on the things on the table that he only noticed at the moment. His long arms reached out, discovering a small bag of osmanthus mung bean cakes and a blue orchid silver hairpin.

His hands clenched around the hairpin, staring at it distractedly, and not minding the pain it caused him. Wei Ying... did he knew the meaning behind giving away one’s hairpin? Why did he kiss him? Why did he tell him that A’Yuan is his son? It was like a glimmer of hope that Lan Wangji could not bring himself to entertain, afraid to still believe that Wei Ying would ever feel the same way about him. His first and last confession had told him so. This

hairpin, A'Yuan, and the kiss, he was afraid that it was all part of Wei Ying's jokes. Because Wei Ying would never... In the cave he...

Lan Wangji, get lost!

"Hanguang-jun, may I come in?" his thoughts were interrupted by the soft knocking on the door.

Lan Wangji frowned, "Sect Leader Nie, please."

The door opened, revealing a youth meekly hiding behind a fan.

"Companionship as noble as the orchid. That's quite odd for a marriage token, isn't it?" the youth mumbled, seeing the hairpin in Lan Wangji's hand.

~ ♡ ~

Chapter End Notes

Surprise! Young LWJ isn't OOC, he's shameless because he's the shameless HGJ.

Hope this isn't so abrupt. And I promise, this will be the last you run away, I follow you game. I just want to make a scene were our WIFI would be taken advantage of his lack of knowledge, not knowing who he was dealing with.

I always tend to have this 3am can't sleep thoughts and I knew that writing a story about timetravel will give me many what ifs. I don't want to think that in one universe i robbed one lwj of his chance to be with wwx. Hope you don't mind dears. ❤️❤️❤️

Two Lonely Souls

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Ten

《OG Timeline, 13 Years After Wei Wuxian's death》

XuanZheng era, year 37. The cultivation world was shaken by the news of the death of LianFang-Zun, Jin Guangyao. His every sinister deeds were disclosed to world, together with the undercurrent of what happened in the past years and the loss of lives under his name.

Words of condemnation, whether just false rumors or truth, spread like wild fire. It was a scene that was so familiar, just like when the world rejoiced for the death of the Yiling Patriarch, Wei Wuxian. In fact, these two events were closely related, for the reason that Jin Guangyao himself could be held responsible for the fate of the Yiling Patriarch.

Funny how with the death of another villain, Wei Wuxian was proved to be wrongfully blamed for his crimes. He never lost control, was never the ungrateful wolf that bit his owner's hand.

Thirteen years ago, the world wronged him leading to his death. After thirteen years of being misunderstood, his name was cleared. But this could never bring him back. A life that was lost could never be brought back.

The Yiling patriarch was indeed unfortunate. However, his death was something that not many would regret. They pity him, but they still fear his power. They had wronged him, but many would never feel guilty for pushing him to his end.

The people who truly felt guilty for this person could only be counted in fingers. Sect Leader Jiang was one. After knowing that the golden core revolving inside him was Wei Wuxian's, how could he not? Second was Wei Wuxian's shizhi who he never met but grew up blaming him for the death of his parents. Some were like Lan Xichen, the few sect leaders who did nothing to stop the siege in the Burial Mounds even though they knew that there was something wrong about it.

But if there's someone who felt the loss deeper than anyone else and who was blaming himself for not being there when Wei Wuxian died, it would be the person who suddenly disappeared after the confrontation with Jin Guangyao in the Yunmeng Guanyin Temple, Hanguang-Jun.

Deep within the darkness of the Burial Mounds, the melody of guqin scattered to the wind like a silent cry, a lonely agony. The very same man who had been missing for months strummed the seven strings of his zither, tirelessly playing an excerpt to ask the spirits. His

expression was as usually cold, but every note of his piece carried the melancholy and worries kept within his heart, wishing and pleading for that person to come back to his side.

Lan Wangji was here in Burial Mounds, in the very same cave where he last left Wei Ying. Years had passed, but he still couldn't forgive himself for what he did. He deeply regretted coming back to Gusu that time. He knew, he shouldn't have left Wei Ying just because Wei Ying asked him to get lost. Wei Ying would never leave him had they exchanged roles. Wei Ying would never leave anyone had he seen them being treated with injustice. Because that's the kind of person he was, a selfless soul.

When Lan Wangji heard of Wei Ying's death, it was as if his world had fallen. He knew what he felt for the man, but losing him had made him realize how deep his feelings was. His love for Wei Ying was as deep as the ocean, the ocean that became his endless abyss the moment Wei Ying died.

Lan Wangji couldn't pull himself from the void he had sunk into, like a quicksand drawing him deeper and deeper without a way out. He could never forget about the love that he never got to have. He could never forget about Wei Ying, his smile, his free spirit, his selflessness. For thirteen years he never did.

He knew that Wei Ying would come back. He would wait for him. And if Wei Ying couldn't find his way back, he would search for him. He would do anything even to exchange his entire life just so Wei Ying would once again look at him, a liberty that he took for granted before and a desire that he would die to have now.

In the past years, Lan Wangji had been travelling around the world to look for any news about Wei Ying. Whether the prey was small or big, as long as there's a hunting, as long as there's a possibility of having Wei Ying back, he would go. It had earned him a title of being wherever the chaos is. It was an act that many deemed as selflessness but was truthfully his own selfishness.

Time slips by quickly in front of Lan Wangji without a pause. Without him realizing, it had already been thirteen years. Spirit or alive, he still didn't know where Wei Ying was. Every clue led him into a dead end. They weren't clues in the first place. Lan Wangji knew, however, he could not leave any stone unturned. He would never stop looking for Wei Ying.

Lan Zhan, are you listening? Look at me. Lan Gongzi? Lan Er-gege, why don't you do me a favor and look at me?

Lan Wangji's eyes casted a shadow as inquiry was nearing to its end. He wanted to look at Wei Ying, wanted to see his eyes, his smile, but where was he?

Wei Ying, where are you?

The melody halted, once again yearning, hoping, and waiting. But there's still no answer to his inquiry. No news about the person he was waiting for. He should be numb by now, but every time he would be met with such disappoint, it was still as painful. He was still hurting and perhaps, it's even more excruciating the longer he waited.

“Wangji,” a familiar voice called out.

Lan Wangji calmly dispersed the spirits surrounding him with a wave of a hand. He placed back his guqin to his spiritual space and stood up, clasping his hand to greet the figure outside the cave, “Xiongzhang.”

Lan Xichen smiled, his smile not as bright as before, his face pale, and his eyes contained the suffering from the still fresh wounds within his heart.

They had not seen each other for months. Both of them had entered a seclusion and both looked terrible compared to their usual self. Lan Wangji remained silent, and his brother understandingly did not make a comment.

Lan Xichen walked beside his brother, deciding to directly speak his purpose as his eyes wandered around the cave, “Wangji, you have been here for three months now and it made us worried about your wellbeing.” He faced Lan Wangji as he continued, “Uncle wanted you to comeback. Will you return with me?”

Lan Wangji lowered his head, not saying anything. It was enough for Lan Xichen to know his little brother’s answer. He gave Lan Wangji a tired smile. “Wangji, Young Master Wei had been dead for years...”

Hearing others talking about Wei Ying’s demise, even if it was his brother, could make a usually calm Lan Wangji to be unusually impolite. Lan Wangji raised his head, meeting his brother’s gaze, and saying resolutely, “He will comeback. I will wait for him.”

“Wangji... the Burial Mounds is not a safe place to live. Even Young Master Wei would not want you to do this,” Lan Xichen tried to reason out.

Lan Xichen understood his little brother’s stubbornness very well. But Lan Wangji had been silent about Wei Wuxian’s matter for years and Lan Xichen was afraid that Lan Wangji’s sudden change would put him in a dangerous situation. Him staying in Burial Mounds was a clear manifestation of this.

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying had lived here.”

“The Burial Mounds is not as stable as before,” Lan Xichen stated helplessly.

The corner of Lan Wangji’s eyes twitched. The Burial Mounds was indeed not as stable as before. Thirteen years ago, the Burial Mounds turned to shambles. It’s resentful and hostile energies leaked to the town surrounding it, creating a massive hunting spanning in the territories of Yunmeng and Qishan.

He had a deep impression of this incident because it was the aftermath of Wei Ying’s death. Many said that it was the revenge of the Yiling Patriarch, a curse he left to the world in exchange for his death.

It took the combined efforts of all cultivation sects to calm it down. They managed to contain the resentful and hostile energies within it but its stability inside was still shaky. It was indeed

not a safe place to stay.

“Wangi, please comeback with me,” Lan Xichen spoke, almost desperate.

Lan Wangji evaded his brother’s eyes as he replied, “Xiongzhang, I’m sorry.”

Lan Xichen, “I know that you felt bad for Young Master Wei, but Wangji, you already cleared his name. Punishing yourself by staying here... I’m afraid that the resentful energy here would affect your temperament.”

Lan Wangji frowned. Did his brother mean that his actions were influenced by the energies here? Or did his brother suspect him for straying away from orthodoxy? He understood his brother’s concern. He himself knew that the him now was capable of doing anything just to get Wei Ying back. But he hadn’t still get to that point. “Xiongzhang should not worry, Wangji is only here to ask the spirits.”

His brother sighed, “I know, I’m just worried about you.”

Lan Wangji, “Wangji have regrets, Xiongzhang should understand this.” His gaze travelled outside the cave, his words were still as polite as he spoke, “It is not early, Xiongzhang should go back.”

Lan Xichen furrowed his eyebrows, staring at his brother whose face was as expressionless as usual. However, Lan Xichen knew that his brother right now would not cower in the face of any force. He could only give in, “...Alright, you should send me letters. Please return to Gusu as soon as you’re ready. The juniors are asking about you.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.” He paused, “Xiongzhang should also take care of himself.”

“Yes, of course.” When Lan Xichen turned around, walking away from his brother, he had no idea that Lan Wangji would never comeback, that it would be the last time he would see his brother. The reason for this came not long after he left.

The glare of Bichen illuminated the clearing outside the Demon Slaughtering cave, its sharp edge cutting through the wind and the miasma of resentful energy. It imbedded itself to a nearby tree, but if one would look closely, it actually pinned the sleeves of someone, preventing the person to escape.

The person nervously fanned themselves with their free hand as they wailed, “Hanguang-Jun, I don’t know, I don’t know, I really don’t know.”

Lan Wangji approached but didn’t recall his sword contrary to his polite words, “Sect Leader Nie, why are you here?”

Nie Huaisang replied miserably, “I just... I’m visiting Wei-xiong’s grave. It’s his death anniversary, and I want to pay respect to the dead.”

Lan Wangji’s brows twitched ever so slightly. If Lan Xichen was still here, he would understand that his brother was displeased with the other using Wei Wuxian as an excuse. In

fact, even though the tone of Lan Wangji's voice was the same, it appeared colder as he stated, "There is only the two of us here."

It wasn't clear how Nie Huaisang interpreted it, but his lips suddenly curled up behind his fan. "Then I will not go in circles. Hanguang-Jun, I have a proposition that you will be interested in."

Lan Wangji remained silent for some time. He wasn't clueless about the real nature of Nie Huaisang. He knew that the Sect Leader had his hands for what happened from the Mo Village to the Yunmeng Guanyin Temple. He was someone to be wary about. However, something was telling him that he should hear the man out. Lan Wangji heaved an inaudible sigh as he recalled his sword, sheathing it before nodding, "Please speak."

Nie Huaisang beamed, "Hanguang-Jun, I have something to show you first."

Lan Wangji frowned but let the Sect Leader led him. He was surprised when Nie Huaisang walked inside the Demon Slaughtering cave, taking turns and familiarly strolling like it was his home. He stopped in a quite hidden corner, pushing the unsuspicious rock in one of its wall, and revealing a tunnel that Lan Wangji was not aware of.

"Years after the calming of the Burial Mounds, the old farts decided to check the stability within. I (secretly) followed the expedition and happened to stumble upon this place," Nie Huaisang suddenly spoke in reply to Lan Wangji's silence, once again surprising Lan Wangji that he could tell that he was asking for an explanation.

After a few seconds, he shifted with another subject, "Mo Xianyu of the Mo Village."

Nie Huaisang activated a fire talisman as he entered the tunnel with Lan Wangji trailing behind him before he continued, "His soul was not snatched by the Goddess of the Dafan Mountain. He was meant to be a sacrifice. A sacrificial vessel that would willingly gift his body to his chosen spirit in exchange for revenge. Wei-xiong was skilled with dark arts, with things concerning the dead. I was hoping that he could assist my plan together with you. However, the ritual failed, Mo Xianyu's soul was lost forever, his body left without a soul." Nie Huaisang halted his step, looking behind his back, "Hanguang-Jun, why do you think the ritual failed?"

It was easy for Lan Wangji to piece together the information that Nie Huaisang told him. His eyes drooped, the flickering of the fire talisman in Nie Huaisang's hand casted a warm hue on his pale face while his lashes casted light shadows onto his cheeks, making his expressionless face appear gloomy. Lan Wangji answered, "The spirit he called for had already dissipated."

"That is what I would think had I not seen this before. There could be another reason," Nie Huaisang said exactly when they reached a pool as red as blood. In the middle of this pool was a platform drawn with strange array, and in the middle of the array was a small crack suffused with deep red glow that would fluctuate from time to time. "Wei-xiong is indeed no longer in this world, but it's whether his spirit completely dissipated or...it's now in the place unknown to us. I have doubts about the way Wei-xiong died. They said that he was chewed to death."

Lan Wangji, "He wasn't."

"Yes, it was indeed odd. Like something exploded. And then this," Nie Huaisang pointed to the crack.

Lan Wangji nodded as he formed a complex hand seal before pouring his spiritual power to the crack to test it out. Image of the Burial Mounds suddenly assaulted his mind, a man falling from a high altitude, his face swollen, his hair disheveled, and his robe though grey was evidently soak with blood.

Lan Wangji forcibly pulled his cognition from the crack. His lips slightly parted, closed again, before he finally said, "Wei Ying... This is..."

"This is positively a crack between the space and time." Nie Huaisang pulled manuals and notes from his sleeve. "We can use it as a medium to travel back in time. This is my proposition. Hanguang-Jun, are you willing to accept?



XuanZheng era, year 38, 14 Years After Wei Wuxian's death. The sky was full of stars, the moon exceptionally bright. A man cladded in grey traversed the path leading to a place where no one would dare to wander, especially, in the middle of the night. The delicate silvery thread of his brocade robe reflected the brilliance of the moon like a luminous pearl against the darkness of the night. But no matter how bright, he was still like an illusion that gradually faded amidst the black miasma surrounding his destination.

The figure in grey raised his head with his eyes scanning the surrounding as though it was a picturesque scenery.

From a moonlit town to a starless sky. The Burial Mounds was indeed an anomaly, a land of the dead among the livings, a drop of yin in the ocean of yang. But this sinister place had a different allure to someone like him who had a purpose.

He took a deep breath. His feet, determined and practiced, took a step one at a time as though he had done this multiple times before. But his every step echoes the thumping of his heart, a chaos of excitement and fear, a blood rush numbing his mind.

This was the day that would give him the reason to smile again, a smile not of a Sect Leader, and definitely not a nervous smile he used as a façade to lure his enemy. He supposed many would be surprised if they saw a usually cowardly him walking alone in this kind of place, realizing that he's more than what he showed on the surface.

Sect Leader Nie, the 'Head Shaker', a sect leader who didn't know anything. He was no better in his youth. He was once a Nie Huaisang, a mediocre in cultivation, an idler relying on his sect, and which smarts was used in things such as painting fans, searching for birds, and skipping classes.

Until his brother died, leaving him with no sturdy shoulders to rely on, without the person who was so strict it once choked him but who's strictness he knew was also for his own good.

When his brother died and unceremoniously passed him the mantle of being the Qinghe Nie sect leader, the innocent Nie Huaisang also died, sinking underneath the ocean of his conscience.

In the surface he was still Nie Huaisang, a person who appeared more of a wealthy idler and the useless sect leader of Qinghe Nie. But the truth was behind this mask all left was a vengeful spirit who's only purpose in life was to take revenge for the death of his brother.

Nie Huaisang unconsciously slowed down his pace, hearing a sound of zither from a distance which notes brought about a different kind of hollowness in his heart, reminding him of the events that had happened in the past years that led him to tonight's decision.

In the past years, Nie Huaisang dedicated himself to a single-minded conviction of taking revenge. He indeed succeeded. He managed to kill the murderer of his brother with a borrowed knife, a knife held by that murderer's most trusted person. It's much painful, wasn't it? To be killed by the person you least expected, your sworn brother. It must have hurt. It should be. Because his brother also died in the same way. His brother died in the hands of a once trusted aide, a sworn brother.

LianFang- Zun, Jin Guangyao, Meng Yao! Just a thought of this person could make his stomach churn.

Nie Huaisang tightly clenched his hands into a fist to the point that his knuckles already turned white. The music was still playing in the background, strangely calming his mind even though he very well knew that it wasn't its purpose.

Nie Huaisang slowly unclenched his hand, his eyes dimming as though it had lost its life.

In the end...

After everything that he did for the sake of his revenge, did he still have the right to loathe that person? Could he still hate the murderer of his brother when he himself became just like him?

He manipulated people, caused the deaths of those that were innocent, and pushed his brother's dearest friend to be broken to pieces and atone to the crime that Nie Huaisang was the true mastermind.

When taking the road of revenge, you should dig two graves, they said. Nie Huaisang hadn't expected that he would pull many innocent people as his death bed.

Was it worth it? Or was what he did all worthless?

He really didn't know. All Nie Huaisang knew was there's no happiness in this revenge. How could he feel happiness? Could the death of Jin Guangyao bring his brother back?

Instead, it only left him with nothing but an empty heart, a hollowness that only his brother could fill.

He thought that what all he needed was revenge. The truth was he only needed his brother to be by his side.

He was so pathetic to let himself be eaten by his hatred. If his brother was here, he would surely chase Nie Huaisang with his saber and hack him to pieces for his sinister deeds.

Nie Huaisang let a soft chuckle to escape from his lips. If his brother was here... his brother could go hack him to pieces all he wants. As long as he's here...

No. Nie Huaisang's dead eyes suddenly flashed with a glint of determination.

He could still have his brother back. It's his purpose for coming here, wasn't it? With great resolve, Nie Huaisang strode deeper in Burial Mounds.

A moment later, the famed Demon Slaughtering cave came into his view with the familiar melody sounding from its within. It was Nie Huaisang's destination, but when he reached the entrance of the cave, he thoughtfully did not advance any further.

There's a person sitting in the middle of the cave, not minding the dirt against his pristine white robes, ignoring the traces of blood on the tip of his pale slender fingers as he strummed his guqin.

Nie Huaisang had realized, that was the very same place were the wronged Yiling Patriarch, Wei Wuxian, had died. In the past years, this person had cleared the name of Wei Wuxian. But same to his brother, Wei Wuxian would also never comeback.

It might be the person's last effort. A remnant of the hopes that pushed him to hold on up until now. He was asking the spirits the question that he repeated over and over again for the past fourteen years, but this time it had a different weight into it.

The last lonely note of zither echoed in the deathly silent night like the person's last hope left in this world.

There was still no answer and this itself was the answer for the person playing the guqin.

"Hanguang-Jun, it's time," Nie Huaisang spoke with tension.

Two well known figures of the cultivation world and yet both had long since lost their reason to live. They lost it ages ago when the people dearest to them left with no way of coming back. There's nothing left that was tying them to this world, and if the only way to be with their loved ones again was to go back in time, they would take the risk even if they die in the process.



[HIATUS-WILL RESUME UPDATING BY APRIL SEE NOTES FOR REASON]

Chapter End Notes

I will be in a four-month-hiatus. I was supposed to take my board exam last year, but due to covid, it was cancelled. So here I am, going to review again. I'll be back. I promise!

Anyways, XuanZheng Era was an actual but fictional era as far as I can remember. The real XuanZheng Era only lasted for a few months before Emperor Wu died. Given this, please let me have the liberty to use the era 60 year cycle continuously without the emperor dying and changing the era name which is much of a hassle. If I'm historically wrong, please do inform me.

I'm Out of My Mind



Chapter Eleven

A torment, a misery, an unfulfilled desire, a lifelong suffering and longing had broken the barrier of space and time. Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang successfully travelled back to the past, leaving the empty life behind for the chance of mending the wounds that didn't heal in the passage of time.

To them, the past sufferings no longer mattered. Because this time they would correct the past mistakes. That past... would never be their future.

It was surreal. It was just like a dream that would make one confuse yet would also compel them to never desire to ever wake up again. Had they not shared the same knowledge of that distant future, Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang would probably think that they were indeed dreaming.

It didn't take long for them to lay their plans. Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang knew that they needed to be careful with their decisions. A time traveler or not, they couldn't change the fact that they were still trapped in their teenage bodies. Nie Huaisang had still not formed his networks and Hanguang-Jun hadn't yet cultivated his uncontested powerful core. The only advantage they had was their memory of the future and their skills that were honed during the war.

They couldn't bear to throw away their most powerful advantage. Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang couldn't let go of their grasp of the future. The two were restrained from changing too much of the future events, in the fear of making the situation out of their hands. No matter how much they wanted to change everything for the better, they couldn't.

Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang had to be selfish. They were here to save Nie Mingue and Wei Wuxian from dying and all these things would only happen after the war. And so, they decided to only change the events of the post war and to let the Sunshot Campaign to carry on as how it did in their past.

In the first few days of travelling to the past, Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang started to act and prepare for the events that caused the demise of Nie Mingue and Wei Wuxian. Nie Huaisang first observed Meng Yao who had already joined the Nie Sect's forces by that time. Aside from that cunning smiling face, he also needed to track down the little devil, Xue Yang. Whilst, Hanguang-Jun ended up staying in Yiling to search for Wei Wuxian.

It was at this time that Hanguang-Jun met a mysterious woman who shared with him the news of the obliteration of Yiling supervisory office. Apparently, Wen Chao and Wen Zhiliu were part of the casualties of this incident, an advantageous situation that could affect the

result of the war, and an event that greatly triggered the voices of resistance of the tyrannized cultivation sects.

Who would make these changes other than them time travelers? But the two could attest that they weren't the culprit of this and so their sects.

In fact, Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang were momentarily baffled with this course of event that they didn't experience in their original timeline. Why? Because Wen Qing and Wen Ning also died with the rest of those in the Yiling supervisory office and these four deaths were too conflicting with each other. They even thought that maybe they made a mistake in breaking the barrier of space and time.

Until the Wen siblings miraculously came back to life, or to properly phrase it, they came back from the hiding to shock the Wulin with the banner of their rebellion. That's when Hanguang-Jun and Nie Huaisang had a conjecture of what was possibly happening.

Where they were wasn't a parallel world. This world was not following its original course because someone other than them might had been changing the events of this timeline and who that person is was quite obvious. It was not as if they hadn't expected this to happen before travelling through time.

For this reason, Nie Huaisang had to attend the founding of the Sunshot Campaign to observe Wen Qing. And the woman had not disappointed him indeed. With her wits, sharp tongue, and strange hatred towards the Jin Sect, it was obvious to Nie Huaisang (a man from the future) that she knew something.

Amusingly, Hanguang-Jun occupied himself in proving his ridiculous conjecture about the woman he met in a few fateful encounters during his visit in Yiling.

Nie Huaisang had not seen the said woman, and so he couldn't understand Hanguang-Jun. It was only thanks to his rather skillful timing as he chose to unwind after the stressful debate with other sect leaders, did he understand. That mysterious woman was indeed a mystery.

“Wei Ying spoke about the Sunshot Campaign,” Hanguang-Jun solemnly said, withdrawing his gaze from the conspicuous orchid hairpin in his hand. It was really quite eye catching, Nie Huaisang had to say.

“So it is really Wei-xiong?” Nie Huaisang smiled behind his fan, confirming the identity of the woman and at the same time, their past conjecture.

The name of the campaign to overthrow Wen Rouhan should still be unknown to the public by this time. Wei Wuxian knowing about this meant that he was most likely just like them and also, he should be the one responsible for altering the course of events of this timeline.

It made sense. Again, they had expected this to happen or to put it more correctly, some ice cold jade hoped for this to happen. After all, it was really not impossible given that the slit that they used as the medium for their travel was closely tied to the death of Wei Wuxian.

Thinking about this so called “wish granted”, Nie Huaisang stealthy looked at the man across him while fanning playfully. Hanguang-Jun was as usually emotionless, but something was off. Specially, the way his gaze kept on drifting back to that orchid hairpin. What’s with this reaction, hmmn?

Haha, did Wei-xiong teased him to the point of being absentminded? And this hairpin... He joked earlier that orchid isn’t appropriate as a marriage token, but giving away one’s hairpin was still giving away one’s hairpin no matter how you look at it. Orchid even sounded like the other’s clan. (T/N: Orchid = Lan, Lan = Blue). And what’s with that mung bean cakes? Bridal cakes? No! This should be given by the groom! Did Wei-xiong mixed things up? Now he could understand why Hanguang-Jun was like this! Nie Huaisang was really really amazed by Wei Wuxian’s creativity, resourcefulness, and carelessness!

But Wei Wuxian was innocent. The hairpin, he was aware. After all, countless maidens had offered him their hairpins before. But the mung bean cakes, he just forgot to take it away! He was supposed to give that to A’Yuan!

“Then Hanguang-Jun, I don’t understand why you let *her* go,” Nie Huaisang asked afterwards in failure to stop his curious mouth.

Nie Huaisang couldn’t really understand why after this engagement rituals, the great Hanguang-Jun was still here instead of following his wife.

Hearing Nie Huaisang’s words, Hanguang-Jun once again silently looked down at the hairpin in his hand, seemingly lost in his thoughts, and unable to extricate himself.

When he decided to return to the past with Nie Huaisang, it was true that what he really yearned for was not to change the future but to get back the same Wei Ying that he had lost.

He thought that when the time came that he found him, he would never let him go.

Who would have thought that the man or woman rather would be so different this time that *her* every action made him confused? He didn’t want to let Wei Ying go, but how could he expect that Wei Ying would use that tactic to distract him?

Nie Huaisang soundlessly laughed. Given this reaction, there’s should be an interesting story behind Wei Wuxian’s successful escape. Unfortunately, it’s not advisable to pry Hanguang-Jun’s mouth open if you don’t want to kiss the sharp blade of his Bichen.

Nie Huaisang, “What’s your plan now?”

“Follow him,” Hanguang-Jun resolutely said.

Haha! Why did he even ask? Is it not obvious that Hanguang-Jun would go after his beloved?



In the border of Gusu City, two figures, each carrying a bundle in their arms, flew along the ground in a low altitude. It was obvious that they were quite skilled in maneuvering their

swords like this. However, one of them seemed to be preoccupied by something.

“What happened to you?” Wen Qing asked, swiftly landing from her sword.

Wei Wuxian was obviously distracted. They couldn’t travel with this low vigilance given their current predicament. Did Wei Wuxian want them to get caught?

“I’m out of my mind,” Wei Wuxian mumbled, also stopping from his flight. He closed his eyes and pulled his own hair as he continued, “Ah, Wen Qing why did I do that?!”

Wen Qing arched the side of her sword like eyebrows and smiled knowingly, “What have you done, hmmn?”

“I...,” Wei Wuxian froze, realizing that he had accidentally said his frustrations out loud.

“Shamelessly kissing someone in a broad daylight is really something to be ashamed of,” Elder Heiying sniggered.

Thankfully, he was being carried by Wen Qing and was free of the other’s retaliation. It was also the reason why he had carelessly disclosed this information in the very first place.

“Oh?” Wen Qing couldn’t help but be surprised. Did Elder Heiying successfully led Wei Wuxian into revealing himself to the Second Jade of Lan? She had to get a full recount from Elder Heiying later!

“You! I only kissed him in the forehead!” Wei Wuxian argued, indirectly admitting his wrong.

Elder Heiying mockingly laughed, “Brat, you might also add that you kissed him in his forehead ribbon.”

“He did?” Wen Qing also teased. The meaning of the forehead ribbon, she was sure that she had already explained it to Wei Wuxian.

Elder Heiying, “If he did not, would that brat put an effort to follow us here?”

“He what?” Wei Wuxian surprisingly picked up the important information within the dog’s words. He stilled and straightened in vigilance and indeed discovered the presence of someone nearing their location. He felt his head aching with Lan Wangji’s stubbornness.

“Lan Zhan... he’s really...,” Wei Wuxian didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

“Are you going to confront him or not?” Wen Qing asked.

“Let’s go,” he instead said, leaping on his sword and leaving before Lan Wangji could discover them.

Wen Qing followed him, but asked, “Why are you hiding from him? It will be easier for us if we have an alliance with the orthodox sects who can protect your real identity.”

There will come a time when Wei Wuxian had to help the other sects. It will be more convenient if someone could assist him as he moved in the shadows. And Lan Wangji was the best candidate for that. Not only would he assist Wei Wuxian, he would surely willingly protect Wei Wuxian without anything in exchange.

Wei Wuxian pulled Chenqing with his free hand. Staring at it with a complicated expression, he said, “Is there really a possibility for a forcefully removed core to be cultivated again?”

Wen Qing could not understand why he said those unrelated words. She looked down at the beast in her arms. These words were probably meant for Elder Heiying.

Indeed, the demonic beast and Wei Wuxian had once talked about this before. A core melted by the core melting hands was said to be impossible to recover, but Wei Wuxian’s case was different. His spiritual base and spiritual roots weren’t destroyed along his core. In other words, his cultivation talent was still intact.

During the war and while he was still a member of the Jiang Sect, Wei Wuxian hadn’t dare to try condensing his Qi in fear of his secret being discovered. As for the latter times, he was already severely contaminated with resentful energy as what Elder Heiying explained. Even though he tried hard, his body could no longer balance out the two energies, resulting to his spiritual energy to be defeated by the resentful energy even before it was accumulated.

However, even if it was indeed possible with his current state, this still have a complication.

Elder Heiying, “It’s the same as starting late.”

A genius starting his cultivation late would never reach his peak even if he is a genius.

But Wei Wuxian smiled contentedly after hearing the elder’s reassurance, “It doesn’t matter.”

Seeing the beauty’s satisfied expression even after hearing the dog’s reply, Wen Qing finally understood why Wei Wuxian didn’t want to rope Lan Wangji in. She couldn’t help but remember a rule of the Lans, *Do not associate yourself with the evil*.

Wen Qing was right. After he settled things down on his side, when the time came that he could finally regain the other path that he had thought he had already lost forever, will Wei Wuxian have the right to associate himself with the righteous Hanguang-Jun.

Peaceful times didn’t need an evil cultivator to save the world. So Wei Wuxian decided to be a weak cultivator that could night hunt with Lan Wangji for the rest of their lives. That is if Lan Wangji would accept a weak cultivator like him.

But now, he cannot bear pulling Lan Wangji into his mess just like in his past. Up until now, he still didn’t know what happened to Lan Wangji after fighting with his elders just to protect him. Knowing the Lan Clan’s frigidity, Wei Wuxian could expect the worst. Wei Wuxian couldn’t let that to happen again.

The only solution he could think of was to stay away from Lan Wangji for the time being. He had to step back because if he didn’t, he could never stop himself from entangling deeper

with Lan Wangji. That kiss was indeed a miscalculation on his side. With Lan Wangji's stubbornness, if he realized what Wei Wuxian felt for him, it would surely be a mess.

It's just that Wei Wuxian seemed to be a complete idiot for expecting to get away from Lan Wangji every time the two of them would meet. Because the next time Hanguang-Jun caught this naughty fella, Wei Wuxian would never be able to escape even if he screamed, "Rape!"



Author's Note

Guess I'm back, too early at that. Well, bad news for my self since my board exam was once again cancelled.

So instead, I applied for work. These past few months, my mind was occupied with codes, sketch, and other work stuffs,

resulting to me encountering a writer's block. I am so sorry if this will come out as something not as satisfying as before.

But I still feel that I should finish this story, as what I had promised. So I decided to push for an update.

Hope you appreciate.

Love,

Xiao Jian

Zhengye Xiangu



Chapter Twelve

Qishan Wen Sect was just like a blazing sun, a scalding force that was hard to defy. However, no matter how mighty this blazing sun had become, it will eventually fall when the dusk comes.

Led by Qinghe Nie Sect, Langli Jin Sect, Gusu Lan Sect, Yunmeng Jiang Sect, and the Wen rebels, the war to overthrow Wen Rouhan ignited like a raging fire.

In Hejian, Qinghe Nie Sect won a decisive victory where Chifeng-Zun beheaded Wen Rouhan's remaining son, Wen Xu. In Jianghuai, Gusu Lan Sect successfully reclaimed and stabilized most of their territories. After that, Lan Wangji, now the esteemed Hanguang-Jun, led a group of cultivators to reinforce Jiang Cheng's troop in Jingchu. Whilst, Zewu-Jun went to Langya to aid the weakening force of the Jin Sect.

During this war, what shocked everyone the most were the one sided battles won by the Wen rebels. The Wen rebels weren't few, however, it was known that not all of them could jump into the battlefield and win. Some of them are farmers, some are healers, and there were even many of them that are not cultivators. It was really questionable how this rebels could claim these victories with notable upper hand that defied all reasons.

Countless parties, allies or foe, had tried to probe the current situation in the Wen rebel's camp. The only answer they had gotten was the hearsays that the Wen rebels had been receiving an aid from an unknown demonic cultivator who could control corpses and ghosts like puppets on *their* fingers.

Who could this person be, no one knows. Some said he's a man, some said she's a woman. Talks describe him as an ugly male beast while others claimed her to be a seductress.

Only a few and the man himself knew that even though calling him a woman was correct, it was not his true identity. Even describing him as a monster was not giving him justice. Although, that's how people defined him in his past life.

“I heard that he is a hideous man with legs of a beast and burning eyes.”

“Nonsense! She has a beauty that could topple the mountains and overturn seas with eyes like limpid autumn water and lips as lustrous as freshly picked cherry!”

“Pfft!”

The clamors inside an unknown tavern in Chongyang suddenly died down. All the eyes shifted to the corner where the suppressed laughter came from.

The one who was enthusiastically talking just now glared at the offender sharply. However, when his eyes landed on the culprit, he couldn't help but swallow the insulting words that he was about to say. Who would not when faced with a woman whose beauty could "topple the mountains and overturn seas with eyes like limpid autumn water and lips as lustrous as freshly picked cherry"!

Aiyo! If Wei Wuxian could hear his thoughts, he might smack him on his head. How could this brainless man say that *she* has a lips as lustrous as freshly picked cherry when the lower half of *her* face was veiled.

Nevertheless, Wei Wuxian was indeed insensitive for laughing at his enthusiastic admirer.

"Apologies Young Master. I'm just amazed at how animated your description was," Wei Wuxian sincerely expressed though he was currently biting his lower lip to suppress his amusement.

"It's... it's nothing. I admit that we are quite loud." The man was only in his youth. When he rubbed the back of his head as he shyly said those words to Wei Wuxian, his previous uncouthness became quite adorable.

Too bad that Wei Wuxian was a man and though he knew that he could be attracted to a man, Lan Wangji was the only person who has the beauty to bend him.

Wei Wuxian shook his head exasperatedly. No matter where he was, Lan Wangji would not fail to invade his thoughts, huh?

"Right, we should be the one apologizing," said the burly man who earlier described Wei Wuxian as a hideous beast.

Wei Wuxian gave them his sweetest smile even though it was not quite visible behind his silk veil and said that it's nothing.

After everyone succumb to the power of beauty and apologized to Wei Wuxian, the tavern finally returned to its previous liveliness. Whilst, Wei Wuxian took this opportunity to collect more information about the current situation in his shidi's turf and in Wulin in general.

Wei Wuxian, "The one you're talking about earlier, could it be the rumored demonic cultivator who has been helping the Wen rebels to fend off the attacks of Wen Rouhan's faction?"

When the brainless admirer heard *her* mentioning his Goddess, he immediately jumped into the conversation, "That's right ah! Zhengye Xiangu could only be a beautiful woman!"

Wei Wuxian stilled for a moment and mumbled to himself, "...Zhengye...Xiangu?"

But the youth didn't notice what was wrong and continued, "When she appeared to save the night, it's like the immortal maiden of the moon descended to shed the light in the bloody battlefield..."

The way the youth narrated it was as though he had personally seen it, attracting other brainless fascinated youths from the surrounding tables.

As a bystander, Wei Wuxian was truly speechless. Zhengye Xiangu. Night aiding sorceress. When did he earn such well-thought title? And how come this people have patience for a demonic cultivator?

But not everyone had the same opinion as the youth. The burly man for example had countered, “I told you, that demonic cultivator could only be a hideous beast.”

Wei Wuxian internally scoffed as he eyed the burly man from head to toe. Who are you to tell? And if there’s a hideous monster in here, it would be the menace on his lap, right?

“Whatever, who could be worse than Wen Rouhan? Even with that gentlemanly look, did he or did he not cause the death of many innocent people?” the youth retorted.

“That’s right ah, a monster or a beauty, as long as they will defeat Wen Rouhan, appearance will not matter,” an onlooker agreed.

“But I still believe that she’s a beauty,” the youth mumbled.

“He’s a beast,” the burly man refuted.

“A beauty!”

“A beast!”

“A beauty”

...

Wei Wuxian sighed. It was the same as before. They idolized him now for his deeds, but would it be the same after the war? He just hoped that beauty would do wonders.

After watching the two return to their previous bantering, Wei Wuxian decided to guide the conversation to another subject.

“I and my family came here from Langya. I wonder if the situation here is better. I’m afraid to once again escape to another town.”

Although the burly man was against the infamous demonic cultivator, he didn’t know that it was the same woman he was talking with. When this beauty asked them a question, he even beat the enthusiastic youth into answering, “It was indeed worse here compared to Langya. Sect Leader Jiang and his troop had a hard time fending off the attacks from the Wen sect in Jingchu and as a neighboring region, Chongyang had it hard. However, Maiden should not be afraid. Not long ago, Hanguang-Jun came and his addition miraculously turned the tables...”

The moment the burly man mentioned the esteemed Hanguang-Jun, Wei Wuxian’s mind started to drift elsewhere. That elsewhere could only be the Jiang Sect’s base in Chongyang.

He already prepared himself for this, but hearing the other man's name could still make Wei Wuxian's heart skip a beat.

Thankfully, he didn't need to personally show himself to help his Shidi. His puppets would do the work for him. Huh, Jiang Cheng might not even need his help now that Wen Chao and Wen Zhiliu had already died.

Nevertheless, he was still tasked to show his might in here. After all, Wen Qing will have it hard had other's mistaken the help of this infamous demonic cultivator to be exclusive to the Wen rebels. That idea screams trouble and Wei Wuxian couldn't let that to remain. So as soon as the situation in the Wen rebels' camp had stabilized, he immediately flew here in Chongyang to aid the Jiang Sect.

Wei Wuxian looked outside the window and saw the sky gradually being dyed with the hue that somehow reminded him of blood. He bade the two men goodbyes and continue his journey.

Wei Wuxian's beautiful face was sullen as he walked towards the seemingly inhabited mountain nearby. He had an inkling that something big was going to happen. But maybe he was just overthinking, reminiscing about his past and the bloody battle that had occurred in this same place. Or feeling complex for the relationship that had started to become knotty when a confused man who couldn't express himself and an arrogant demonic cultivator who could not understand what's good for him reunited after a long parting.

But his inkling ended up right. Even though it wasn't still too late for him to stop the worst from happening.

"What do you think you're doing, hmmn?" Wei Wuxian sweetly asked after he let his red clothed lady to snatch the signal flare from the suspicious man in blatant sun-and-flame robes.

They caught this Wen cultivator spying around the Jiang Sect base and fortunately stopped him before he could light up the Wen Sect's signal flare. And it was not just him, they had already caught a few more Wen cultivators before this man.

When the man did not answer, Wei Wuxian walked towards him slowly as his pair of grey orbs akin to limpid autumn water gradually turned to crimson. "You want to tip-off?"

The voice of the beautiful woman before him was as sweet as honey but he couldn't stop the shiver running down his spine as his eyes met hers. The Wen cultivator unstably back away. This earned a laugh from the woman. Who was she really? To suddenly show up here? Could it be...

But his thoughts were immediately cut short. Looking down, the Wen cultivator was horrified to see blood blossoming on his chest followed by the pain and hollowness in the place where his heart should have been located.

"You... you are... Zhengye... Zhengye Xiangu!" he murmured with dilated eyes before his soul left his body.

“Now, who’s next?” wiping his hand stained with blood, Wei Wuxian raised his head to ask the demonic beast who was currently resting on the branch of a nearby Ginkgo tree.

“Northwest,” Elder Heiying stated as though it was obvious and Wei Wuxian was so stupid to even ask him.

Wei Wuxian rolled his eyes and waited for his next target.

“Wait,” The dog’s ear suddenly pricked up, his nose sniffing intently.

Wei Wuxian lifted an elegant eyebrow and leaped to where the dog was standing. Resting his side against the trunk of the Ginkgo tree, Wei Wuxian crossed his arms over his ample bosom and smiled mirthfully.

Wei Wuxian, “Wen Rouhan is finally willing to show his trump card?”

The raid in Gusu was the first and the last time that Wen Rouhan had used his puppets. The fact that Wei Wuxian successfully stopped his pets from afflicting the city of Gusu might be the one that contributed to this decision.

Now, Wei Wuxian wanted to know what tricks Sect Leader Wen has up his sleeve.

“Let’s give them a warm welcome then,” Wei Wuxian picked up the dog with his one hand and disappeared towards the concentration of resentful energy.

As they got nearer to their target, Elder Heiying couldn’t help but frown. Even Wei Wuxian slowed down on his flight. If his sword was a spiritual one and not what he had forged along with resentful energy, it would be agitated by now from the presence of thick miasma of resentful energy.

“You should be careful brat,” Elder Heiying warned, detecting the abnormality of the untamed resentful energy surrounding the location of their target.

Spirits dancing without harmony, killing intent so thick it would cause a normal person to have a hard time breathing. This situation was akin to the disorder that their time travel had caused to the Burial Mounds. Wen Rouhan had a trick up his sleeve indeed.

“I don’t think even its creator could control this puppets,” Elder Heiying sighed.

Wei Wuxian’s mouth twitched, “Wen Rouhan would not care about such thing. The more his puppets create havoc and run rampant, the more it’s advantageous for him,”

Taking control of this corpse puppets was difficult even for Wei Wuxian, but it’s not impossible. Glancing at the place where the Chongyang base should be located, he twirled Chenqing between his fingers, and prepared himself for a bloody battle. There’s enough time to finish this battle before the people in Chongyang base would be alerted.

Wasting no time, Wei Wuxian swiftly lifted the black bamboo flute in front of his lips and took a deep breath as he began to play. The shrill timbre of the flute was like an arrow, slicing through the thick miasma of dark energy and shooting into the clouds.

From within the forests of the mountain, sound of what seemed like heavy footsteps rapidly approached their location, answering to Wei Wuxian's call.

Thump thump, whoosh whoosh. For others, this might give an uneasy sense of threat but for Wei Wuxian, it's the signal of the incoming aid.

Satisfied, Wei Wuxian continued to play with his flute, changing the piece from request to control.

The ominous sound of flute continued to flow, circling like a wind, trying to bind the untamed dark energy that came along with the advancing large group of undead.

When the distance between Wei Wuxian and Wen Rouhan's puppets was already less than two zhangs, the sound of the incoming aid suddenly stopped. Wei Wuxian didn't have to look behind him to see that the help he needed was already here. Instead, he played a few notes to signal the start of the battle between the group of undead.

It was not hard to differentiate the two groups of corpse puppets. While both were undead, Wen Rouhan's puppets were in the shade of blue and with bulky bodies that was unnatural even for the deceased. Wei Wuxian's corpse puppets, even though somehow dirty, were only pale and some could even pass as a living.

At this moment, the blue corpse puppets obviously had the upper hand. But Wei Wuxian didn't expect his corpse puppets to defeat this massive group of corpses that were modified using the power of the Yin Iron. They were just here to stop them from further advancing and accidentally disturbing those in the Chongyang base.

Wei Wuxian raised his black flute once again. These puppets that Wen Rouhan had created using the Yin Iron had too much killing intent. To stifle it, Wei Wuxian calmed his feelings and soothingly played another melody.

The melody had drifted over his mind naturally. It was relaxed and tranquil, contrasting with the demanding shrill before. Hearing the sound, all the corpses froze and slowly turned towards the direction of which the melody came from.

After a moment, they let down their arms, releasing which or whoever they were holding. Heads lowered down, they started lining up in front of Wei Wuxian like warriors answering to the call of their general.

Wei Wuxian retreated away from the direction of the Chongyang base. The melody from before not stopping as he controlled the corpse puppets to follow his lead. When suddenly, Wei Wuxian caught a chilly scent of sandalwood. An ominous feeling creeping inside him, creating a storm in his chest, and almost affecting his control over the corpse puppets.

Immediately after, his back bumped into a solid object. With an abrupt pain on his wrist, the flute melody had stopped.

Oh no! Wei Wuxian looked behind. His eyes collided with a pair of golden eyes. They were light in color, to the point of appearing physically cold. Four months had passed since he last

saw the owner of this pair of eyes and the turmoil that the man can create inside him was now even stronger.



[*A small treat from your author's rusty hands*]

The situation looked unpromising. Lan Wangji had caught him once again and now he had seen him using dark arts, a sinister path that Wei Wuxian didn't want Lan Wangji to see him using.

Lan Wangji used one hand to steadily gripped Wei Wuxian by the waist, practically hugging him and pasting him against his chest.

The group of corpse puppets stood still at about one zhang away from them, slowly looking around as if they were searching for the flute melody that suddenly disappeared. From far into the forest, sound of human voices was rapidly advancing.

Wei Wuxian thought quickly and made his decision. Though Lan Wangji didn't agree on the idea of him using this path, he did not condemn him either. As long as he could one day go back to orthodoxy, he trusted that Lan Wangji would still accept him.

Wei Wuxian decisively ignored the hand that was holding his wrist and the arm that was hugging him from behind. He pulled a powerful restriction talisman from his lapel with his

two fingers, whispering a brief incantation before throwing it on the ground. The ground in front of them lit up with a crimson hue, forming a massive seal with strange symbols.

Wei Wuxian didn't give Lan Wangji a time to react as he raised his arm to continue playing. This time, it was faster, as though it was urging and scolding. His heart was beating erratically, causing his air to be unsteady, and consequently, affecting the sound of his flute. Each note of the flute cracked at the end, sounding shrill and harsh.

Suddenly, Lan Wangji's hand tightened, almost causing his wrist to break. Wei Wuxian's hand loosened from the pain and the black bamboo flute dropped to the ground.

Fortunately, his orders were clear enough. The corpse puppets proceeded to walk towards the seal, standing there like they were deeply asleep.

Wei Wuxian backhandedly grabbed Lan Wangji, trying to pry the hand that was gripping his wrist, but Lan Wangji wouldn't let go. Wei Wuxian raised his chin. The two stood face to face, gripping each other's arm, and staring at each other's eyes.

At the same time, the cultivators from the Chongyang base arrived.

"Ahem!" Jiang Cheng was the first to react, holding his fist against his mouth, not sure on how to react.

His sister was escorted back from Shuchuan early this day. The two of them just got back from talking about personal matters when they heard about the commotion that was happening on the foot of the mountain. His subordinates had informed him that Lan Wangji came to deal with it. As the Sect Leader of the Jiang Sect, he decided to come here to help. But who would have thought...

Eyeing the two figures practically glued together and the suspicious number of corpses in front of them, Jiang Cheng asked in suspicion, "Mind introducing us with your companion, Hanguang-Jun?"

Wei Wuxian was still in a stalemate with Lan Wangji. Suddenly, they were the center of everyone's attention. Before the presence of Jiang Cheng could mess with his reasons, Wei Wuxian quickly pried his body away from Lan Wangji.

Lan Wangji gave Jiang Cheng a piercing glare but Wei Wuxian was too busy to notice.

Jiang Cheng. It was Jiang Cheng and he didn't recognize that it was him, Wei Wuxian!

"It was nice to finally meet you, Sect Leader Jiang," Wei Wuxian managed to say.

Jiang Cheng, "And who are you?"

Wei Wuxian subconsciously looked at his side. There he saw that Lan Wangji had been staring at him this whole time. His face was still emotionless but Wei Wuxian found his courage by just looking at those golden eyes.

Wei Wuxian, "It doesn't matter. But people like to call me Zhengye Xiangu."

Zhengye Xiangu? The crowd was extremely surprised to hear about this. Only the man standing beside her didn't show a reaction.

They had known that a certain Zhengye Xiangu has been helping the Wen rebels, but they didn't expect to see her here. A heretic, a demoness. They didn't know how to react in front of this extremely attractive woman, especially the member of the Lan Sect who witnessed their Second Young Master in a not so compromising position with the demonic cultivator. Seeing how beautiful the maiden before them was, they couldn't blame their Second Young Master from associating himself with the evil.

"Sect Leader Jiang need not to worry. I am a friend. We have the same goal." Wei Wuxian said in a friendly tone as *her* eyes arced into a crescent, letting them know that *she* was smiling behind those black silk veil.

"Oh?" Jiang Cheng arched the side of his sword-like eyebrow. He glanced at the group of corpses before adding knowingly, "What about this? You are friendly enough to bring these corpses in our territory?"

Wei Wuxian laughed. Jiang Cheng is as straightforward and harsh as always. No wonder Jiang Cheng couldn't find a girl for himself with this temper.

"You might not believe me, but it was Sect Leader Wen who plotted this attack. I'm just here to intersect it. See? Those blue ones aren't up to my taste." Wei Wuxian pointed.

The crowd indeed noticed that there were abnormalities with the majority of these corpses.

"And the other corpses are yours?" a subordinate chimed in. Quickly, he strangely felt a chill running down his spine, causing him to immediately shut up, not knowing that this chill came from their respected Hanguang-Jun.

Wei Wuxian, "That's right and it's called puppets."

Jiang Cheng scowled while Lan Wangji's expression was still in its usual frigidness.

Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow. "What? Afraid? Disgusted? Who cares if I'm a heretic or a demon? What could be more sinister than the damned Wens?"

Jiang Cheng didn't have to know that there were indeed some people that could be more sinister than Wen Rouhan.

Hearing this, Jiang Cheng had to agree. He once again scanned the puppets inside the restriction seal and unexpectedly laughed maniacally. "As long as you can kill the damned Wens and not betray us."

"I will be responsible for her," Lan Wangji spoke without a warning, and it was a statement that left everyone aghast.

Wei Wuxian particularly was dumbstruck. He didn't know that the great Hanguang-Jun had a power to make everyone speechless.

~ ♀ ~

Please, do watch over me!

Chapter Notes

A little cheesy for my own taste. 😊



Chapter Thirteen

A youth in white strummed the seven strings of his zither with a solemn expression. His robes fluttered in the wind, with his distress and worries accompanying it.

The cultivators in Chongyang base exchanged glances as the melody of zither sounded from faraway, reaching their ears, and evoking solemnity within their hearts. This was already a normal occurrence ever since Hanguang-Jun had joined the Jiang Sect camp. However, up until now, no one could still explain the reason why this prestigious young hero of the war would everyday play this same lonely melody.

The Lan cultivators could only shake their heads. Gossip is forbidden, but they couldn't impose their rules to others. Actually, they could understand the Jiang Sect cultivators for finding their Second Young Master's actions odd. It was already five months since they first heard the same sound of zither coming from Jingshi. Even they found it odd that this habit never stopped. Who was the person Hanguang-Jun was playing this song for? They had also once tried to guess in their hearts.

Hanguang-Jun was not bothered by the increasing weird stares that his Inquiry was earning. With a temperament that he had cultivated through the long years of being a teacher in Cloud Recesses, he filtered out the noises that these young cultivators were creating and only focused on listening for the answer to his inquiry.

Suddenly, his eyes flashed a glint of surprise and suppressed happiness. Hanguang-Jun had received an answer that he wasn't expecting. But it would be a lie to say that he wasn't hoping for this.

Still maintaining his calm front, Hanguang-Jun swiftly stood up and dispersed the spirits along with his Guqin. He hastily ran towards the foot of the mountain as fast as he could.

He endured thirteen years waiting and searching for that person only to lose him again. The four months that had passed was the most agonizing moments of Hanguang-Jun's life, knowing that his Wei Ying was somewhere in there but he could only wait for the right moment to meet him again.

Hanguang-Jun had always wanted an explanation from the man but circumstances wouldn't let him to ask for it. When he failed to stop Wei Wuxian from escaping back in Gusu, all the chances were decreased to zero. Because soon after, the Wen Clan had started their tyrannical actions against Gusu Lan Sect. Hanguang-Jun could only assist his sect until their territory was stabilized.

After the four months of long parting had calmed his heart, the yearning had weakened his desire for an answer. Hanguang-Jun could only hope to be with Wei Ying again. Hence, he helped Jiang Cheng just like before, hoping that he would meet Wei Ying along the way. Fate had not failed him indeed. Similar to their previous timeline, they once again reunited here in Chongyang.

Seeing the person before him playing the familiar song that he didn't expect him to remember, Hanguang-Jun was reminded of their past life. His and Wei Wuxian's reunion here in Chongyang had further the misunderstanding and mistaken hate between them, brought about by their different views and his failure in expressing his concern. Howbeit, contrary to that undesirable encounter, this meeting gave him a sliver of hope, a sprouting seed within his heart, expecting to be nourished, and waiting for its first bloom to come.

Even though, to Hanguang-Jun, whether or not the flowers would bloom didn't really matter. He vowed to use this entire timeline to look over Wei Wuxian no matter what the other person's feelings was.

"I will be responsible for her," he said and he meant it despite how others would have perceived it.



Simple and concise words were typically expected from the mouth of the Second Young Master of the Gusu Lan Clan. However, the words that he had just uttered, though simple, was not something that one would expect the great Hanguang-Jun to say.

Why did he have to be responsible for this demonic cultivator? It was no different from taking responsibility for whatever action the heretic would be taking, no different from agreeing and fully supporting her unorthodoxy!

In a situation like war, every help that's available is important. With Wen Rouhan as their opponent, accepting the help of a demonic cultivator was nothing to fret about. But the righteous Hanguang-Jun directly showing his full support for the said practitioner of dark arts was a worrying matter.

The Gusu Lan cultivators who accompanied Lan Wangji here in Chongyang to aid the Jiang Sect were put in a tight spot. They carefully studied the look on their Second Young Master's face, only to see that he was really being serious. He wasn't even looking at them, but instead staring at the beautiful maiden beside him like she's the only person in his eyes.

This, it's not what their thinking, right? Hanguang-Jun couldn't be in that kind of relationship with that maiden, right?

The two Lan cultivators who managed to recognize Wei Wuxian as the mischievous maiden on the foot of Mt. Yiling felt a shiver ran down their spines as they exchanged knowing glances. They had a sudden frightening feeling that the person in Hanguang-Jun's inquiry and this female demonic cultivator are one and the same. They didn't want to imagine how the clan elders would take this alarming news. Realizing this, the two literally started sweating. They hoped that this would not send Teacher Lan into early Qi deviation.

Wei Wuxian was not any calmer than any of them either. With his understanding of Lan Wangji, he didn't expect this reaction from him. He was even expecting the man to ask him to come back to Gusu with him if not force him to listen to his newly composed cleansing and calming music. But contrary to his expectation, Lan Wangji did not follow the common logic. No questions about the means he used to control his corpse puppets. No talks about how demonic path could damage the heart and affect his temperament. Lan Wangji just declared that he was going to take responsibility for him. What caused this change to happen? Wei Wuxian wanted to question if demonic cultivation was not so much of a big deal nowadays. Or was the rule of not associating yourself with the evil not that important anymore?

“Lan Zhan...” Wei Wuxian stared at the figure standing beside him with complex emotion. He knew that he should be happy with how lightly Lan Wangji was taking his new path, but his confusion was much more overwhelming. He had this feeling that he could no longer understand this Lan Wangji.

Lan Wangji unwaveringly met his eyes as he answered everyone's doubting thoughts, “I will watch over her.”

Wei Wuxian was still puzzled why Lan Wangji was not commenting how sinister his cultivation was, but he could understand what Lan Wangji meant by watching over her. That's what he wanted to do by wanting to bring him to Gusu before, no? To watch over him, to protect him from others, and to protect him from his own cultivation.

However, the crowd perceived Lan Wangji's words differently, making Wei Wuxian doubt their eyesight and hearing.

“So Hanguang-Jun was volunteering to take responsibility in making sure that Immortal Maiden Zhengye would not do us any trouble. Ahahaha, Hanguang-Jun is really considerate,” a Lan disciple didn't know if this was considered lying, but he could only fool himself along with others.

“Hanguang-Jun is indeed considerate. Only a cultivator as strong as him could keep a demonic cultivator in check,” an oblivious Jiang Sect cultivator remarked, earning a glare from Jiang Cheng.

Wei Wuxian would have laughed if the situation wasn't serious, knowing that Jiang Cheng's ego had been scratched by this innocent remark. How petty!

Seeing his Sect leader's sour face, the Jiang Sect cultivator hastily added, “You Lans have that cleansing and calming music, right?”

Lan disciple, “Yes yes, Hanguang-Jun could play that for her.”

“So it is like that?”

...

Wei Wuxian amusedly watched these young cultivators make absurd reasons just to pacify their shaky terrified hearts. He thought that they were quite reasonable for not confronting the current issue head on. Perhaps he could also do the same. Take one step at a time. Don’t look for the answer that will just destroy the current equilibrium and harmony. Eventually, the answer would one day come on its own.

Wei Wuxian glanced at the silent Lan Wangji. Why he was different, why he couldn’t understand him, Wei Wuxian chose to just wait for the answer and not seek for it. And wasn’t it nice that Lan Wangji was not pestering him about his path for once? Although Wei Wuxian felt that this situation was too surreal, his heart always trusted Lan Wangji. Lan Wangji might be different, but his heart told him that he was his Lan Wangji.

Wei Wuxian suddenly smiled. Lan Wangji who seemed somewhat surprised, slightly raised the corner of his eyebrows. Maybe Lan Wangji was not completely unreadable after all, Wei Wuxian just needed to try harder to understand him. With this in thought, Wei Wuxian had a sudden urge to get a reaction from the man just like how he used to tease him when they were younger.

“Lan Zhan, you heard them. Keep me in check and play me a song, will you?” Wei Wuxian said mischievously.

However, as Lan Wangji heard this, he took a single step to cut the remaining distance between them. His face was emotionless as he declared, “Mark your words.”

“Huh?” Wei Wuxian raised his head full of bewilderment.

Lan Wangji answered his question by picking the black flute on the ground and swiftly grabbing its owner by the waist. He glanced at Jiang Cheng, speaking in a mannerly yet resolute way, “I will take this person back to the base.”

Wei Wuxian, “!!!”

With that, Lan Wangji leaped on his sturdy Bichen with a beauty in his arms.

“Lan Zhan wait! Let go let go! What are you doing?!” Wei Wuxian finally came back to his senses and struggled. He was feeling scandalized for the first time in his two lives.

Lan Wangji continued to advance, turning a deaf ear, and looking at the faraway distance with an unreadable emotion. Was it only him or Wei Wuxian had really seen that although appearing frigid as always, there’s a light curl on the corner of Lan Wangji’s lips?

“How... how overbearing!” a disciple couldn’t stop himself from uttering. The crowd glared at him in disbelief. Brother, why are you focusing on such things? Shouldn’t we first question this two people’s relationship?!”

Jiang Cheng stared at the two departing backs speechless. He glanced at the thunderstruck cultivators with him. What nonsense were you talking about earlier? See? These two were obviously in a relationship! Argh! He didn't know but this made him somewhat irritated.

Jiang Cheng didn't expect that Lan Wangji had that romantic side in him. That unwavering stare was even quite disgusting. Even though Zhengye Xiangu was indeed beautiful, he was still surprised that someone as Lan Wangji would be bewitched by her. Remembering the woman's appearance, Jiang Cheng suddenly froze. The lower half of her face was covered with a silk veil. However, her pair of eyes was visible and for a moment, a crazy idea popped inside Jiang Cheng's head. They were in different shape and size, but its color akin to a pool of moonlit river reminded Jiang Cheng of Wei Wuxian.

Jiang Cheng shook his head as he watched the fading figures. How could that be? Wei Wuxian had clearly been a bright, high spirited boy. The tips of his eyes and eyebrows had always retained a hint of a grin. Yet, that person, though cheerful had a shadow behind her smiles, cold and lonely.

He shouldn't be entertaining these thoughts in the first place. The person was too thin and short. She's clearly a woman, not Wei Wuxian in disguise! Not to mention that the woman was carrying a dog and Jiang Cheng was well aware how Wei Wuxian feared dogs even more than death.

Jiang Cheng leaped on his own sword and decided to go back to their base. He should rest a little to stop his crazy thoughts from running rampant. Wei Wuxian should quickly come back and clear his thoughts.

“Stop day dreaming and take care of this puppets. Tsk, only knew how to flirt but not clean up their mess,” Jiang Cheng grumbled before following the said flirts.

At this moment, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji had already reached the Chongyang base. Wei Wuxian pulled a long face as he found his efforts in escaping from Lan Wangji's strong grip futile. How could he accept the title of the strongest evil incarnate when even a teenage Lan Wangji can manhandle him like this?! How could he convince Lan Wangji to not imprison him to this garrison?

“Hey Lan Zhan say, aren't you afraid to be caught in a scandal with me, *a demonic cultivator?*” Wei Wuxian asked as their feet landed on the top of the base's watch tower, pointing his mouth to the curious gazes of the people in the camp.

Lan Wangji stilled, his grip on Wei Wuxian's waist suddenly loosened. But Wei Wuxian had not noticed this as well. Somehow, his words brought about a heavy feeling for the both of them. A pregnant silence engulfed the two, turning the previous playful atmosphere cumbersome.

Realizing his wrong, Wei Wuxian smiled awkwardly as he foolishly caressed the black silky fur of the menace in his arms, a habit that he had developed during these past months.

Suddenly, Wei Wuxian felt that the grip on his waist had once again tightened, bringing him back to his senses.

“...Wei Ying isn’t evil,” Lan Wangji said in a quiet voice, enough for Wei Wuxian to hear but not for the people curiously watching them.

“Hmmn?” Wei Wuxian thought that he was hearing things.

He didn’t expect Lan Wangji to suddenly bent down and whispered to his ear. His voice was gentle, “Wei Ying isn’t evil.”

Wei Wuxian felt a shiver ran down his spine as Lan Wangji’s warm breath hit his ear. With the scent of sandalwood enveloping them, accompanied by Lan Wangji’s heartfelt words, the scene had successfully tugged Wei Wuxian’s heartstrings. His heart pounded inside his chest, worrying him if Lan Wangji could hear it, and reminding him of how close their bodies were.

Lan Wangji met his gaze resolutely, “The path is uncommon, but the deeds are righteous. For sentiment or for reason, Wei Ying deserves respect.”

“...Lan Zhan you,” Wei Wuxian wanted to say many things but all he managed to do was call for Lan Wangji’s name.

He was already aware of Lan Wangji’s heart after his rebirth. He knew that Lan Wangji never hated his cultivation. He thought before that Lan Wangji’s unexplained words were words of denouncement, but he was wrong. It was all the man’s worries. However, it was the first time that he heard him talking about his path with acceptance. Gradually, he felt that a burden was being lifted from his heart.

Wei Wuxian carefully studied the other’s determined eyes as different emotions flashed in his own pools of moonlit river. Surprise, disbelief, and finally happiness and relief, as though he had been waiting to hear those words for a long time.

Wei Wuxian thought that keeping Lan Wangji away from his troubles was the best thing to do. Maybe this was correct, maybe it wasn’t. But sometimes deciding for others is also a form of selfishness. How would the person react when they found out that you don’t trust them enough to share your burdens? Would they really be happy that you selflessly protected them?

Perhaps Elder Heiying was right when he said that one should entrust himself to others at their worst times. And Wei Wuxian finally understood that he had been underestimating Lan Wangji all this time.

This change, if it was the butterfly effect of their time travel, then he would really want to thank the menace lying comfortably in his arms.

“*You’re welcome.*”

Wei Wuxian scoffed inside his head but didn’t try to differ. A bright smile bloomed on his face.

Wei Wuxian, “Lan Zhan, please do watch over me.”

“Very well,” Lan Wangji nodded in agreement.

But words that were said during the times of happiness or sadness would sometimes give one regrets. Like when Wei Wuxian asked Lan Wangji to watch over him, the man would really do so to his full capacity and Wei Wuxian would really regret ever asking for it.

A few months later...

“It’s the twelfth time, isn’t it? To no avail I still couldn’t escape!”

Elder Heiying sneered, “Good for you.”



Thousand Years' Sorrow

Chapter Summary

The years of a lifetime do not reach a hundred,
Yet they contain a thousand years' sorrow.



Chapter Fourteen

The late winter wind blew, causing the fabrics to sway and rustle with the air as the pair of equally good-looking man and woman descended from the top of the watch tower. The soft glow of the winter moon illuminated their jade like faces, too ethereal people thought they were immortals descending from the heaven.

The man wore a snowy-white robes edged and decorated with silver clouds. There wasn't a single speck of dust on him, from his head to his feet. He was so clean, letting him touch the dust of the mortal world seemed to be a crime. In his hold was a woman dressed in a fiery red and black robes. The shelter of the man and the veil on her face couldn't hide her effortless allure and charm.

The color of their robes were contrasting yet not conflicting. The brightness didn't affect the purity and the coldness too did not dim the brightness. Like a perfect match, pure and fiery, cold and warm.

But at this moment, the beauty in the arms of the hero was very frustrated. Wei Wuxian was currently questioning his choices in life. He had no idea that *very well* was the same as Lan Wangji grabbing him by the waist, again.

As Lan Wangji guided him down the watch tower to the training ground, Wei Wuxian could only wonder what was wrong with this willowy waist that it seemed so easy to grab. He couldn't help but feel like an easy prey to abduct.

I want to bring someone to Gusu...to hide, Lan Wangji's phantom voice unceremoniously echoed inside his head and even though Wei Wuxian knew that the menace in his arms was the culprit behind this, he still got shivers running down his spine.

But was that really the intention behind those words? Wei Wuxian's silly brain had been successfully corrupted. He felt that this was possible.

If Lan Wangji did indeed abduct him, he might struggle a little, scream for a while, then cooperate in the end. Ah! No, that's not really good for his manly ego.

As Wei Wuxian was busying himself with all his nonsense thoughts, Jiang Cheng had already reached the base, landing on the training ground almost at the same time as them. He nodded and started to walk towards the cluster of tents they had temporarily built for their stay here in Chongyang. He looked like he was in a bad mood, like there were dark clouds hanging above him.

Lan Wangji also remained silent as he led Wei Wuxian to follow suit. Thankfully, he remembered that Wei Wuxian was not disabled and let him walk on his own.

The surrounding cultivators managed to notice that the atmosphere around this group of three was wrong and disappeared like a wind.

No one talked as the trio walked deeper in the base. The atmosphere turned heavier and heavier as seconds passed by. It was so stuffy Wei Wuxian who was naturally talkative was feeling restless.

Wei Wuxian glanced to his right only to see Lan Wangji with his notably colder expression. He shifted to his left only to once again see a jade like side profile. Wait! Wasn't Lan Wangji walking on his right side just now? How come he was now on his left side?

Wei Wuxian subtly tried to look at Jiang Cheng but Lan Wangji had accidentally blocked his sight. He tried only to fail once again. Wei Wuxian stopped since he could already imagine how ugly Jiang Cheng's current face would be even if he didn't see it for himself.

Faintly, he could sense that there was something wrong going on between Lan Wangji and Jiang Cheng, like some kind of bad blood. But how was that possible? Yes, Jiang Cheng might have some anger issues and Lan Wangji might not be a fan of talking, but they were still old classmates. Lan Wangji even came here to Chongyang just to help the Jiang Sect.

Honestly, Jiang Cheng was equally clueless. Lan Wangji, though was still polite, was especially cold towards him among the people in the Chongyang base. Tonight, he was even colder than the glacier.

Jiang Cheng who already felt irritated just by seeing the flirty disgusting couple deepened the frown on his face even more. Lan Wangji hadn't seemed to treat him like this when they were studying in Cloud Recesses a few years ago. What's wrong with this ice-face, really?

Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng just both didn't know that the reason behind Lan Wangji's weird treatment towards Jiang Cheng encompasses two lifetimes.

The three continued to walk in a seemingly thin ice of harmony that could collapse anytime. Wei Wuxian just wished for this path to end quickly.

Finally, their path had to diverge, Jiang Cheng stopping in front of one of the Jiang's tents while Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian had to walk a little further towards the assigned area for the Lan cultivators.

Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian also stopped. They ceremoniously clasped their fists together and bowed. Jiang Cheng glanced at the beautiful dog in the demonic cultivator's arms before he exchanged salutes with them. In the end, even though he was in a sour mood, he was now a sect leader of one of the major sects. He had to tame his temper and act properly befitting to his position.

“A’Cheng, you are back?” It was at this moment that a gentle voice called out, earning different reactions from the three.

Wei Wuxian stilled, caught in the dilemma of raising or not raising his head.

The light from the tent leaked to the outside as the person inside lifted the curtain of the tent and walked out. Wei Wuxian first saw a pair of woman’s shoes. His sight unconsciously travelled upwards, stopping at the person’s familiar face.

A lady in purple Qixiong Ruqun stood welcomingly in front of the tent’s entrance.

Wei Wuxian gazed dazedly at her. Her face was as calming as before. There’s a natural curl on the edges of her mouth, as though she was always gently smiling. Her delicate eyebrows were thoughtful and understanding. Her pair of hazelnut eyes were clear as crystals, reflecting the beautiful and pure soul inside. And her thin fragile arms were the reminders of the warm embrace that could easily give strength to a heart that was yearning for motherly love.

She was still her, the gentle and understanding Shijie that he knew of.

“A’Jie,” Jiang Cheng’s voice resounded on the background and for the first time, WeiWuxian was jealous that Jiang Cheng could address her familiarly while he couldn’t.

He knew that he didn’t deserve to do that. He couldn’t forget that in another timeline he had wronged her greatly. She wasn’t her but she was also her, his Shijie whose husband he had caused the death of. It’s his Shijie who died taking the stab meant for him. And the Shijie he had taken away from Jin Rulan.

He had prepared himself from anything but this. He was not ready to see her; he would never be.

Wei Wuxian stood motionless in front of the reminder of his past mistakes. And for a moment, all the guilt, the pain, and the self-loathing came rushing back. The sight of her opened all the past wounds.

Wei Wuxian felt like his heart was being squeezed. He unconsciously swallowed down, trying to ease the lump in his throat that was affecting his breathing and preventing him from uttering a word. He knew, he wouldn’t be able to hide the instability of his voice once he started to talk to her. How could he not when she was just one zhang away from him, alive, breathing, and smiling?

But those smiles were no longer directed to her A’Xian. Because she was still his Shijie, but he... he was no longer him. He was now Zhengye Xiangu. But more than that, Wei Wuxian

was now a person who broke through the barrier of space and time. He was now the Wei Wuxian who knew the future, aware of the curse that his presence could bring, and hunted by the deaths that he would never let to happen in this timeline but would always remain as scars on his heart.

Perhaps, this is for the best. His Shijie could treat him as a casual acquaintance or just a passerby that she had no responsibility to care about. His Shijie finally didn't need to gamble her life for him.

Wei Wuxian felt a warm presence against his hand, a grip that had successfully extricated him from his thoughts.

“Jiang-guniang,” Lan Wangji politely greeted. His face would make no one suspect that behind his wide sleeve was a pair of hands tightly intertwined together.

Wei Wuxian dazedly glanced at Lan Wangji before managing to nod to his Shijie.

Jiang Yanli smiled warmly, “It’s no longer early. The wind is getting chilly. Why don’t we go inside and drink some tea?”

Jiang Cheng was obviously not fond of his sister’s idea but he didn’t have the heart to scold his sister. Like a bullied child, Jiang Cheng stood at the side with a scowl on his face.

But at this time, Lan Wangji who had always been polite chose to decline the invitation of Jiang Yanli and Wei Wuxian was very thankful for that.

Lan Wangji, “Thank you for your offer Maiden Jiang, but we will go ahead.”

“Of course they will want to be left alone,” Jiang Cheng mumbled, fully aware that they were cultivators with remarkable hearing.

Jiang Yanli warningly glanced at her brother as she smiled at the two, “Go ahead then. Second Young Master Lan, Guniang, farewell.”

Lan Wangji nodded, “Mnn.”

Lan Wangji turned around, wordlessly pulling Wei Wuxian towards the area assigned to the Lan cultivators. Two figures, both with eye catching white forehead ribbon and red hair tie walked away, leaving the pair of brother and sister in the entrance of Jiang Yanli’s tent.

Jiang Yanli and Jiang Cheng exchanged disbelieving looks as they watched the departing backs. Both of them felt that this interaction was oddly familiar. Once, there were also two youths in white and red ribbons. Their characters were so contrasting, but the lively one never get tired of pestering the serious youth.

Maybe, if *he* just continued to act that way, Lan Wangji would also treat him like this one day.

Suddenly, Jiang Yanli looked down, her eyes becoming watery. Jiang Cheng held her shoulders. He understood what she was feeling right now. Even he couldn’t believe that even

a demonic cultivator will remind him of Wei Wuxian. Maybe, they just really missed that bright spirited boy.

Wei Wuxian, you better come back soon or I will skin you alive! Jiang Cheng angrily bit his lips.

Lan Wangji had led Wei Wuxian in a spacious and tidy tent. There was a neat bed and a table inside. Wei Wuxian released the breath that he was holding all this time and slumped on the bed. He was just forcing himself to remain calm earlier. Thanks to Lan Wangji's support that he managed to hold on up until they entered this tent.

Wei Wuxian looked at Lan Wangji who was silently standing beside the bed and smiled, "Thank you for earlier."

Lan Wangji met his eyes and suddenly suggested, "Let me play a piece for you."

"Ah?" Wei Wuxian bewilderedly sat up and he finally noticed that there was a thin layer of resentful energy surrounding his body. He sighed and nodded, making Lan Wangji surprised.

"What are you waiting for ah Lan Zhan? What new piece did you compose for me? Was it cleansing or calming? Or was it both?"

Lan Wangji, "Both."

Lan Wangji emotionlessly sat on the side of the bed and placed the black narrow guqin horizontally on his lap.

"Both? What a genius. Lan Zhan, no, Hanguang-Jun, is this a privilege only bestowed upon me?" Wei Wuxian grinned as he leaned against the headboard of the bed.

Lan Wangji glanced at him, "Mnn."

Seeing that Lan Wangji did not react to his teasing, Wei Wuxian pouted and closed his eyes, "You're no fun."

If it was before, Lan Wangji would probably say that he has no shame. However, after his rebirth, Lan Wangji became less fun than before. In the past, he would become shy whenever he was teased, not to mention that he did it in a quiet and amusing way. But now, he always remains unmovable and even make Wei Wuxian end up shooting himself in the foot. He just couldn't understand it!

Wei Wuxian was really puzzled but as the calming notes of zither started to flow in his ears, he unconsciously freed his mind from any thoughts.

What a privilege indeed! Why did he even refuse this treatment before?!

Spiritual energy started to gather inside the tent, creating a comforting and soothing atmosphere. It was very suitable for cultivation and meditation. Wei Wuxian changed into lotus sitting position and tried to circulate his Qi.

The sound of zither wavered unnoticeably. Wei Wuxian had no idea what chaos he had created inside Lan Wangji when he successfully gathered and absorbed the Qi surrounding him.

Wei Wuxian was unsure of how long he had meditated with the help of Lan Wangji's calming and cleansing music but when he opened his eyes, it was already bright outside.

Wei Wuxian looked around and didn't see Lan Wangji's shadow. He looked down and saw a familiar Jiang Sect Clarity Bell.

"I have always wanted to return it back to its owner."

Wei Wuxian looked up and saw Lan Wangji standing at the entrance of the tent with a tray of fragrant food in hand. He walked inside and gently placed the tray in the nearby table.

Wei Wuxian stood up, placing the Clarity Bell on Lan Wangji's hand as he said, "Hanguang-Jun, you're too polite. Didn't I tell you to keep it for me?"

Lan Wangji stared at the Clarity Bell in his hand as Wei Wuxian excitedly sat at the table.

Wei Wuxian, "Let's go for breakfast! Wow! Spicy food! Did Jiang Cheng brought along a cook for this base?"

Lan Wangji did not answer. He just sat in front of Wei Wuxian but also didn't pick up his chopsticks. He just observed Wei Wuxian as the woman removed *her* veil and took *her* first bite.

"Eh?" Wei Wuxian knitted his brows.

Lan Wangji, "What is wrong?"

Wei Wuxian, "Jiang Cheng's taste is too light for me. Did you specifically ask the cook to suit my taste?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian didn't notice what was wrong and happily continued to dig in his food.

"Or did you cook it yourself?" Wei Wuxian mumbled off-handedly.

Lan Wangji, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian was aghast, his eyes and mouth forming three circles. Lan Zhan... Lan Zhan just admitted that he cooked this food for him, no?

"You were the one who made this?" Wei Wuxian disbelievingly asked even though he knew that Lan Wangji would never lie.

"Mn."

“You washed and cut the vegetables? You poured the oil into the pan? You added the seasoning?”

“Mn.”

“You... you...”

Wei Wuxian was absolutely speechless. Maybe, he would be even more shocked when he learned the two big gossips quickly spreading like wildfire in the Chongyang base.

First, the lonely inquiry had finally changed into a beautiful piece.

Second, the clean and tidy Hanguang-Jun had gone to the camp’s crude kitchen and cook spicy dishes.

All this happened after Zhengye Xiangu appeared.



The Stronger The Better



Chapter Fifteen

Jingchu and Chongyang won great victories, forcing the enemy to retreat to the Northern Qinling, and thus, recovering all the lost territory under the jurisdiction of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect. After almost a year of its fall, Yunmeng Jiang Clan had finally regained the Lotus Pier.

All of these wouldn't be possible without the help of the great Hanguang-Jun and the female demonic cultivator who mysteriously appeared in the midst of the war against Wen Rouhan, Zhengye Xiangu.

Five months ago, this woman dressed in a fiery red and black robes showed up with her corpse puppets in the foot of the mountain in Chongyang. At first, the clan elders of the Yunmeng Jiang Clan were rather weary of her, a woman of no clear origins, a cultivator of an uncommon path, and a power that could be a great threat in the future. But circumstances forced them to make a quick decision: to trust her or to lose the possible help that she could offer.

Out of all the four opposing major cultivation sects, Yunmeng Jiang Sect had the least capability to resist Wen Sect's tyranny. Their sect was no longer in its former glory. Only a few elders who had been in seclusion during the massacre in Lotus Pier were the only ones left with the Jiang siblings. Their trained cultivators had already left this world together with the sect's former sect leader and madam while their senior disciple's situation was still unknown.

Upon consideration, the clan elders agreed with Jiang Cheng's choice of accepting the aid from Zhengye Xiangu. Demonic cultivator or heretic, who was more sinister than Wen Rouhan? As long as she could help to kill Wen Rouhan, they would welcome her.

But the months that passed had made them see the demonic cultivator in a different light. Her existence was still a mystery to them but she had proven herself worthy of their trust through the battles that she helped them to win, the allies that she managed to save, and the humble attitude she presented in front of them. Furthermore, she had real abilities and a righteous powerful cultivator guaranteeing her character.

And hadn't they regained Lotus Pier also with her help?

Wei Wuxian hesitantly stepped his foot on the huge residence that had once been his home. The shadows of the massacre that happened here almost a year ago still remained. The blood that once washed this place were now dried but the memory of that tragic night was still fresh in his mind.

Da Shixiong, did you miss me?

Wei Wuxian watched as one of the Jiang Sect disciples raised the banner of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect, reminding him of his lively shidi and shimei before the tragedy had took away everything from him, Jiang Cheng, and Jian Yanli.

He glanced at the siblings standing not far away from him. Like Wei Wuxian, their eyes were also reflecting the pain of losing the peaceful life in the Lotus Pier, their lively sect, and their parents. Going back to this place had brought the three of them more pain and longing instead of relief.

During his stay in Chongyang, Wei Wuxian tried every possible way to avoid Jiang Cheng and his Shijie, the two reminders of his past. However, he was well aware that those tragedies would forever hunt him no matter how much he tries to run away and hide.

Wei Wuxian suddenly looked at Lan Wangji standing immaculately beside him. His expression seemed different. Lan Wangji asked, "What is wrong?"

Wei Wuxian shook his head, "Nothing. I just thought that you are too good to me."

Lan Wangji had never once asked him why he didn't want to let Jiang Cheng and Jiang Yanli to learn about his true identity. Maybe he knew that he didn't want them to be in trouble because of his path. Perhaps Lan Wangji was just someone who wasn't fond of asking questions. No matter what, Wei Wuxian was thankful that Lan Wangji agreed in keeping this secret for him.

Wei Wuxian gave Lan Wangji a small smile before the two of them walked in the main hall of the former glorious Jiang Clan. His eyes roamed around the familiar interiors of the newly cleaned main hall.

A senior disciple should act like one!

My lady, you don't have to push the kids so hard...

Hearing their phantom voices in his head, Wei Wuxian felt his chest tightening. He took a deep breath, trying to suppress the emotions that were brewing inside him. He couldn't let the others suspect him from his actions. In the end, Wei Wuxian still had to grab Lan Wangji's sleeve to stabilize his own emotion.

Lan Wangji did not say anything. He just knowingly grabbed the woman's hand, his wide sleeves covering it from the other's sight, and guided her to one of the tables in the main hall.

When the two of them sat at one table like a married couple, no one bothered to make a comment.

The clan elders and Jiang Cheng also settled down after them. After everyone was seated, Jiang Cheng began with a few simple words of courtesy, and the discussion of their next plans for this war started.

"We should completely eradicate their troops in Qinling to weaken Wen Rouhan's forces even more." Jiang Cheng opened with his usual ferocity and viciousness.

Some clan elders nodded while it earned some doubts and uncertainty from the rest.

Wei Wuxian shook his head in accordance with the most of the clan elder's opinion, "Although you took back Jingchu, winning a few battles does not equate to winning the entire war."

Zhengye Xiangu always refrained herself from interfering with the Jiang Clan's decision, but every time she had a suggestion, it was always something worth considering. The clan elders and even Jiang Cheng now had some respect towards her words.

"Zhengye Xiangu must know something?" A clan elder with a pair of white goatee and hair asked knowingly.

The beauty smiled, sipping a strong alcohol behind her veil. She unnoticeably stilled, as though feeling nostalgic for tasting this wine after all the years that had passed. The woman immediately schooled her expression before giving a reply, "I was informed that Wen Rouhan has arranged ten thousands of trained cultivators to press on your borders."

No one asked how she managed to get that information since they were very much aware of how her puppets and ghosts could do wonders. What worried them was the news that she had shared them.

But in truth, Wei Wuxian didn't need his ghosts to know about this. It was just how things happened in his past life. Clearly, something couldn't be changed.

Wei Wuxian placed his jade cup onto the table as he continued, "The moment they start their attacks; you will not have a choice but to bring your own army to resist them."

The elders knitted their brows, worried of their current predicament.

On the contrary, Jiang Cheng just scoffed, "Then I will end them personally."

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but chuckle. It was too early in the war and Jiang Cheng had not yet fully refined his art of war, he was still naïve. In Wei Wuxian's past life, Jiang Cheng chose to listen to Wei Wuxian's warning. Now, he had no one to rely on.

Jiang Cheng glared at the woman but was met with her pitying look. This even made him more irritated, thinking the she was belittling him. He was about to reprimand the woman for her behavior but Lan Wangji who remained silent all this time had managed to interrupt his outburst.

Lan Wangji, "Lure the tiger out of the mountains."

Lure the tiger out of the mountains. A stratagem utilizing either siege or baiting. In the case of their enemy, Wen sect first baited them by retreating, giving the illusion that they were so much weaker, and hoping for the Jiang Sect to chase after them. But Jiang Sect had stopped their hot pursuit to stabilize the recovered territories in Jingchu and Chongyang, spoiling what big move the Wen Sect had prepared for them.

Now, Wen Rouhan commanded his troops to perform a siege, attacking their borders and cutting their supplies. A time would come that the tigers in the Lotus Pier would have no choice but to be lured out. And the moment the tiger leaves its lair and approaches people, it become the prey of the people.

Lan Wangji had successfully supplemented Wei Wuxian's analysis, letting the people in other tables to understand what he meant, and earning a look of approval from Wei Wuxian.

This interaction didn't escape from the eyes of the other people in the room, but by now they were already accustomed to it. They were aware of rumors flying around about these two, but their old age did not allow them to be gossipy.

Unlike his old clan elders, Jiang Cheng was very affected by the two's flirting. The furrow between his brows deepened as he almost yelled, "What the two of you want to suggest then?"

Wei Wuxian straightened his languid body and met Jiang Cheng's eyes seriously, "I have a way to break the deadlock in the borders of Jingchu, I just need you to cooperate with me in the inside."

Zhengye Xiangu's voice had always been melodious and pleasing to the ear, but this time it was full of conviction and gravity.

Jiang Cheng couldn't refrain himself from staring back at the woman's pair of silver orbs. At this moment, Zhengye Xiangu had somehow reminded him of a person who was the embodiment of trouble himself but was strangely trustworthy in the time of true trouble.

"I will assist her," Lan Wangji said in a polite yet resolute way. Wei Wuxian shifted his gaze towards Lan Wangji, full of helplessness, and very troubled.

Jiang Cheng was awakened from his trance by Lan Wangji's timely interruption. After a couple of pros and cons and pushing and pulling, Jiang Cheng finally yielded together with his clan elder's agreement, "Expect our full cooperation."

Wei Wuxian nodded, satisfied with the Jiang Clan's answer. He stood up, bidding his farewell, and leaving with an assurance, "Give me a week to prepare everything."

Lan Wangji stood after him. He gave his salutes before also leaving. It was a scene so usual that the people inside the room no longer find odd.

When he walked out of the tent, Wei Wuxian could no longer be seen. Lan Wangji slightly wrinkled his brows. He could sense that there was something wrong with Wei Wuxian today.

Lan Wangji clearly remembered what had happened during the battle in the borders of Jingchu. It was around this time that Wei Wuxian would retrieve the Yin Iron sword in the Dust Creek Mountain, forging it into the strongest unholy artifact that will be coveted by many, and will indirectly cause his death.

Lan Wangji knew that he couldn't stop Wei Wuxian from his plans, but he had to be there to support him. He had to make sure that he would be safe during that battle.

In that night, the great Hanguang-Jun was seen flying around, searching for something... or maybe someone.

Finally, after searching around, he found that person in a street of a nearby town. And who would have thought that he would find Wei Wuxian, who caused him dread the whole night, cheating a child for a candy?

Wei Wuxian just so happened to catch sight of Lan Wangji. His eyes brightened and called for his name, "Lan Zhan!"

Lan Wangji walked towards him, glancing at the Tang Hulu that Wei Wuxian was happily eating and the very same candy that he robbed from the naïve kid.

Wei Wuxian sighed, "How persistent, I even thought that I finally managed to escape."

Lan Wangji, "...."

Wei Wuxian laughed at Lan Wangji's seriousness and after being accustomed with Lan Wangji's change in character, Wei Wuxian had developed a weird habit. The more serious Lan Wangji was, the more Wei Wuxian couldn't refrain his desire to make mischief within him.

Wei Wuxian rubbed his shoulders timely when the wind blew passed them, acting very much affected by the cold.

Wei Wuxian then suggested, "Hanguang-Jun, it's not early. Why don't we find somewhere to rest?"

If Lan Wangji noticed that Wei Wuxian was just teasing him, it didn't matter. He still agreed with this ridiculous request.

After some time of walking, the two finally settled on a neat inn.

Seeing the couple that looked like nobles from great cultivation families, the owner rushed outside enthusiastically almost dragging them inside. Most of the workers of the inn were young girls. When they saw a handsome man walked in, their eyes lit up in unison.

The owner shouted a few things, telling them to do their work properly.

Wei Wuxian chuckled, placing his hands against *her* chest playfully, "My husband is so famous, this wife had to apologize but I couldn't help myself from being jealous. Owner, give us two rooms! My husband and I will be sleeping separately tonight!"

Lan Wangji, "..."

The owner saw that Wei Wuxian wasn't really angry so she had to ask Lan Wangji for confirmation, "Young Lord, are you really getting separate rooms?"

Lan Wangji nodded, “Give us two rooms.”

This husband and wife was really unusual but two rooms meant more profit so the owner didn’t ask anymore.

The owner led them in a two adjacent rooms upstairs. She opened the doors and asked, “Would you two like dinner?”

Wei Wuxian, “Yes, please. Bring it around eight in his room.”

The owner answered in affirmation as she walked down the stairs.

Wei Wuxian, “I will be coming in your room later to have dinner.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Wei Wuxian slowly pulled his door and waited for Lan Wangji to do the same. After seeing the door next to his room completely sealed, he then stopped his actions and followed the owner downstairs.

The owner, “Yes, Young Madam?”

Wei Wuxian seemed as though he made up his mind, lowering his voice, he said, “When you bring up the meals, please get some liquor as well... the stronger the better.”

The owner grinned, “Of course!”

After that he went backstairs but didn’t go to his room and instead knock on Lan Wangji’s door.

Lan Wangji opened the door, wordlessly letting her in. The room was quite spacious, even the bed could fit two people.

Wei Wuxian settled himself in Lan Wangji’s bed and suddenly asked, “In my first night in Chongyang, did you accompany me the whole night?”

Lan Wangji, “...”

Wei Wuxian, “Rumors said that the sound of qin played until dawn.”

Lan Wangji, “...”

“You’re really no fun Hanguang-Jun.” Wei Wuxian pouted before shamelessly asking, “Do you really want us to sleep in separate rooms?”

Lan Wangji was now sure, Wei Wuxian was once again up to something.



Drunk Lan Wangji



Chapter Sixteen

The window screen above the canopy bed was left partially opened, allowing the refreshing gentle breeze of the early spring in as the two pairs of eyes stared at each other heatedly, one with unhidden anticipation, the other with helplessness covered with unmoved façade. The light, cool wind softly caressed their faces, ruffling their long soft hairs along with the red sheer curtains of the canopy bed, ruffling it like the thoughts inside their heads.

A long silence lasted before the one resting on the bed finally moved, propping *her* upper body up with one elbow, and tilting *her* head to study the man in pristine white robes standing beside the canopy bed. His white robes were quite striking against the festive decoration of the room just as how the attention of the beauty on the bed was only paid to him.

The woman on the bed, Wei Wuxian, slowly repeated the question that he initially meant as a joke but now with an ulterior meaning behind it. Letting every words softly escape from his lips he asked, “Do you really want us to sleep in separate rooms?” He paused, slowly unhooking the veil from his ears with his free hand to reveal a coquettish curve on his lips, as though provoking whatever patience left on the other man. “Hanguang-Jun?”

Lan Wangji remained silent, breaking their eye contact and looking down as he stood beside the bed where Wei Wuxian was lying, one arm behind his back, hiding the hand that tightened up slightly.

Wei Wuxian laughed at Lan Wangji’s response or lack of rather, “Fine, fine, you don’t have to answer.”

With Lan Wangji’s character, even if you ask him, he might not give you an answer.

Wei Wuxian’s first intention in asking this shameless question was just to tease Lan Wangji. But after noticing how Lan Wangji hadn’t responded even after so long, Wei Wuxian couldn’t help but feel some anticipation on the other’s response. It was unfortunate that Lan Wangji was still as unmoved as ever, or so he thought.

When Wei Wuxian realized it, his hands were already pinned down above his head. The curvature of a teasing smile was frozen on his lips with the eyes that were slowly turning from mischief to regret.

Lan Wangji was above him, one hand restricting Wei Wuxian’s mischievous paws and the other supporting his body. Their faces so near Wei Wuxian could feel the other’s warm breath on his face, causing it to heat up unreasonably.

Lan Wangji, “Do not tease.”

His voice was low and deep, serious and demanding, but Wei Wuxian had somehow saw the illusion of pleading on Lan Wangji's tone.

Wei Wuxian was tongue-tied. He could feel his heart pounding on his chest, blood rushing on his head, numbing his mind, and preventing him from thinking straight.

It was true that in Wei Wuxian's first night in Chongyang, Lan Wangji had stayed in the same tent with him. Howbeit, no one would doubt Lan Wangji's decency and ethics. Of course Wei Wuxian knew that Lan Wangji's sole purpose in staying with him throughout the night was only to help him remove the thin layer of resentful energy that was surrounding his body. After that event, they started to live in different tents. So Wei Wuxian had really no idea if Lan Wangji had the intention to further develop their relationship. Wei Wuxian felt hope blooming in his heart. Was this finally the chance to move to the next stage?

The smile slowly dropping on Wei Wuxian's lips quickly curved back. Lan Wangji frowned, barely holding onto his self-control. Taking advantage of Lan Wangji's inattentiveness, Wei Wuxian made successive swift movements, freeing himself from Lan Wangji's grip, and flipping the two of them so that Lan Wangji was lying on the bed while he was on the top of him.

Wei Wuxian's entire body was above Lan Wangji's, with legs separated, kneeling with one on each side of his waist. His hands were against the soft bed, trapping Lan Wangji between his arms. He gradually lowered his head. The distance between the two faces became closer and closer. At the point where it became hard for Wei Wuxian to breathe.

After the initial surprise, Lan Wangji finally opened his mouth. He stayed silent for a few moments then ordered, "Get off."

Wei Wuxian grinned even more, "Why would I?"

A pair of glass-like eyes which reflected the soft moonlight from the window gazed at Wei Wuxian at a very close distance. Lan Wangji stared fixatedly at him, and repeated, "... Get off"

Wei Wuxian softly laughed, his melodious voice filled the room like a music gently ringing in Lan Wangji's ear.

Wei Wuxian, "Do you really want us to sleep in separate rooms? No, let me rephrase it for you. Do you want to sleep with me, Hanguang-Jun?"

Lan Wangji instead asked him back, "Are you sure that this is what you want?"

For some reasons, Wei Wuxian felt that he should carefully consider his reply. But what should he need to consider, ah? He has been patiently waiting for Lan Wangji to confess to him for five months, but to no avail, Lan Wangji was still Lan Wangji. Now is the chance, no?

As Wei Wuxian was about to retort, numbness suddenly spread from his waist, and his legs gave out. With a thump, he fell on Lan Wangji's body.

His face was on the crook of Lan Wangji's neck, and he couldn't move at all! Lan Wangji's voice came beside him, his warm breath blowing on his ear.

"Then stay like this until dinner." His chest vibrated slightly as he spoke each word. His voice was deep and alluring, it would make one's heart tremble when they hear it.

Wei Wuxian didn't expect to end up like this at all. He shifted around, wanting to get up, but his waist continued to ache and felt limp. But who was Wei Wuxian? This small thing wouldn't restrict his mischievous nature. At most, he would be the one taking the most profit from this situation.

Wei Wuxian suddenly stopped struggling. He slightly raised his head, and gently yet decisively bit Lan Wangji's soft white ear.

Lan Wangji twisted his head towards Wei Wuxian in surprise, their nose touching, eyes fixatedly staring at each other. Wei Wuxian whispered in a provocative voice, "How could I resist teasing you when you're this interesting?"

Unfortunately, Wei Wuxian didn't notice that after Lan Wangji heard this, his body froze slightly.

Lan Wangji suddenly released his locked meridians. He gently pushed Wei Wuxian aside and stood up. Back facing the confused Wei Wuxian, he said, "The food is here."

The warm atmosphere suddenly dissipated as though it's never been there. Like a hot iron thrown in the cold water.

Only a few seconds after and they indeed heard a knock on the door.

Wei Wuxian sat up, still assessing the situation as he watched Lan Wangji let the owner place their order on the table. He didn't even notice that Lan Wangji glared at the said owner after noticing its curious glance on the messy appearance of Wei Wuxian, causing the woman to immediately withdraw.

When the owner left, Lan Wangji looked at him as though nothing had happened, "Let us eat."

Wei Wuxian stood up mechanically. It was baffling how this Lan Wangji who always remained unfazed suddenly acted like his teenage self. But no, if it was his past self he would push Wei Wuxian off the bed for sure. It couldn't be that Lan Wangji was so hungry, right?

Wei Wuxian shook his head. Was he overthinking things? But he couldn't help but still feel that there was indeed something wrong with Lan Wangji's abrupt reaction. Was it because of something he said? Or was his teasing too much? Well, perhaps this Lan Wangji indeed didn't like his teasing.

Wei Wuxian sat up in front of the table. Glancing at the man next to him. After seeing his still bright red ears, he quickly dismissed this incident as Lan Wangji being shy.

Wei Wuxian beamed, "Okay, let's eat."

Wei Wuxian spot the small pot of liquor among the dishes on the table. After all this distractions, he still remembered his initial purpose.

When they were younger, he once forced Lan Wangji to drink Emperor's Smile with him. The result was quite obvious for a man who had never touched a liquor in his entire life: One cup, knocked out.

Wei Wuxian steadily poured wine on their cups, making it appear as natural and unsuspicious as possible. He placed his own cup near his lips, discreetly watching the situation in Lan Wangji's side. Yet, after just a tiny sip, he immediately choked. The owner really was an honest person. Wei Wuxian told her that the stronger the better, and she indeed gave him such as a strong one. So strong that Lan Wangji immediately fell asleep right on the sitting mat. He still sat properly. Apart from his closed eyes and chin pointing downward, his sitting pose was no different from the norm.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan, are you awake?"

Hearing no response, Wei Wuxian waved a few times on Lan Wangji's face. After confirming that Lan Wangji was indeed defeated by his magical wine, a triumph smile bloomed on his face.

Wei Wuxian, "I've been trying to escape from you all these months, who would have thought that the esteemed Hanguang-Jun would be this easy to defeat?"

But fearing that the effect of the alcohol wouldn't last long, Wei Wuxian supported Lan Wangji with *her* small frame, throwing him onto the bed, taking his boots off, and tucking him in.

With one last look, Wei Wuxian jumped onto the window sill and slipped into the night.

When his foot landed on the empty land outside, a black dog was already waiting for him.

Wei Wuxian spoke, "Did you find it?"

The dog raised its head as though saying that doubting was like insulting his ability.

Elder Heiying, "I found the traces of the remaining unclaimed Yin Iron coming from the South-West."

Wei Wuxian's expression turned solemn, "This is our only chance. If it's in the South-West, then we should start with the city of Yueyang."

Wei Wuxian had used the Stygian Tiger Amulet to break the deadlock in the Jingchu borders during his past life. He had made a promise to never do that again, but he was still not strong enough to change the course of events. He thought that after cutting the force of the Wen Sect by supporting the branch families to rebel against their own sect, somethings would be prevented. However, he was wrong.

But the Stygian Tiger Amulet was the only thing keeping the Burial Mounds in order and Wei Wuxian was also well aware that he was not powerful enough to control it. It was also the

reason why he only used it twice in his past life. This was why he wanted to search the missing piece of the Yin Iron that the Jin Sect had demanded from him together with the Stygian Tiger Amulet in the Koi tower. He would forge it to a tamer version of the Stygian Tiger Amulet, making sure that this one would only settle on one single master.

Before that, he still had things to do. Wei Wuxian picked up the dog, carrying it in his arms without any trace of the previous discomfort.

Elder Heiying couldn't stop his sneer, "Are you really going to leave that brat alone? Truly cruel."

Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow cluelessly, "And?"

Elder Heiying would hit this idiot if he had arms, "And didn't you say that you will rely on him because you want to show your trust on him bla bla bla?"

Wei Wuxian didn't speak for a moment before bursting into laughter. Holding it he said, "Who said that I'm not going with Lan Zhan in Yueyang?"

Elder Heiying scoffed as though asking Wei Wuxian if who he was taking as an idiot to believe his words.

Wei Wuxian, "Old Black, though I am happy that you are very supportive with mine and Lan Zhan's relationship, you should still be on my side. And besides, I'm just leaving him temporarily. It had been five months since I visited the Burial Mounds. Wen Qing is also occupied on her side. At least one of us should check on the Wen remnants, no? Ugh! Most of all, I miss my A'Yuan!"

"You should have said this earlier so that I wouldn't assume things!" Elder Heiying wouldn't admit that he was feeling embarrassed right now.

Wei Wuxian chuckled, "Alright, alright. I'm sorry."

"You're sorry for what?" Wei Wuxian turned around, revealing the owner of the arrogant voice who interrupted his conversation with the dog. This man was dressed lavishly and was clearly drunk. Beside him was an equally wasted man. The main point, both of them were so ugly, Wei Wuxian didn't know what to say. You cannot blame him after being with Lan Wangji every day for five months.

"So it's a beauty playing with her cute dog?" the companion said disgustingly.

"That's right ah, why don't you play with us for a while then," the arrogant man agreed and turned to Wei Wuxian trying to grab *her* hand.

Wei Wuxian smiled, some people are just tired of living and it wouldn't be fair if he didn't grant them their wish, right?

But just as he was about to make a move, the arrogant man who was trying to touch him suddenly flew, landing on the wall of the inn, and almost making a hole out of it. His

companion stood rooted on the ground. Wei Wuxian also stilled, staring at the newcomer who made his entrance in a very grand way.

Wei Wuxian watched as the man in snowy white robes glared at the man stuck on the wall which if still breathing or not was still unknown.

Lan Zhan?! Why is he here?! Didn't he leave him sleeping upstairs? But it was indeed Lan Zhan and he didn't seem drunk at all.

“Do not touch her.” Wei Wuxian heard Lan Wangji say.

“W-who are you?” the companion of the arrogant man finally woke up from his trance. It's a surprise that he hadn't still run given his frightened expression.

Lan Wangji who was asked with this question frowned, making the other man shiver in fear. After some time, he faced Wei Wuxian, pointing his hand on his face as he declared, “Mine.”

“What?!” the companion of the arrogant man and Wei Wuxian simultaneously asked.

Mine... he just pointed. Mine?

“Lan Zhan,” Wei Wuxian muttered, but why did he sound so aggrieved, just like a Young Miss who was throwing tantrums after being wronged? This feminine voice was really hard to control, ah.

Lan Wangji glanced at him. His expression particularly stiff. Wei Wuxian had never seen him with such an obviously displeased expression before. Just when he thought that Lan Wangji now didn't care about his wellbeing after discovering that he ran away, he saw the companion of the arrogant man flying like a ball, and as though playing *Cuju*, Lan Wangji kicked him straight to the goal accompanied by a bell-like sound of breaking bones. Two unconscious bodies laid one above the other, too pitiful Wei Wuxian almost forgot how they disrespected him earlier.

Wei Wuxian jokingly said that he would bring the death of these two, but he was just joking. And if other people found out that a powerful cultivator bullied normal people, it would surely be a stain in Lan Wangji's reputation. Wei Wuxian walked towards the victims of Lan Wangji's outrage but he was stopped by the man himself midway. Swiftly grabbing him on his waist like a regular routine, Lan Wangji held Wei Wuxian close to him.

Wei Wuxian's heart skipped a beat in surprise, even dropping Elder Heiying in the process. The old dog wisely moved to the side to watch the dramatic scene unfold.

He didn't know what Lan Wangji saw when he arrived or if he had never been drunk in the beginning and followed him all the way here. He knew he was wrong and it was obvious with Lan Wangji's expression that he was displeased. But Lan Wangji's embrace, his warm presence, and the soft breathing against his ear was messing with Wei Wuxian's mind, making it hard for him to say a word. In the end he could only utter, “Hanguang-Jun.”

Lan Wangji did not reply. Looking behind, Wei Wuxian noticed that the already glass like eyes of Lan Wangji was slightly glazed.

Lan Wangji spoke, “Do not go.”

“Uh?” Wei Wuxian had pretty much grasp the current situation and he refused to believe it.

“Do not go with them,” Lan Wangji elaborated.

Wei Wuxian pried his strong grip on his waist to face him. He scrutinized Lan Wangji. There was nothing wrong with his facial expression. In fact, he was even more serious, proper, and flawless than usual. He also walked around steadily with confidence.

But as he looked down, Wei Wuxian found out what was wrong. The esteemed Hanguang-Jun who everyone respected was wearing his boots on the wrong feet.

Wei Wuxian laughed, “I will not go with them, just trying to make sure that you didn’t kill them, alright? But be honest with me first, Hanguang-Jun, are you drunk?”

Lan Wangji, “No.”

Yes, because drunk people never admit that they were drunk.

Wei Wuxian glanced at the two shadows running away like headless flies. Good thing that they had self-awareness and spared him from more things to think about because this? Wei Wuxian uncertainly glanced at the white figure beside him. He had no idea what a drunk Lan Wangji would bring.



Eternal Blood Oath

Chapter Notes

Posted this on a whim. Please do ignore the tense errors or misspellings. Gonna go back later to correct it (if I notice it).

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Chapter Seventeen

Wei Wuxian had created enough of fooling around in the days of their studies in Cloud Recesses. But if he would be asked what was the most unforgettable among those ruckus and wildness that he had brought upon the silent sanctuary of Yun Shen, that night would be one of it. Albeit, it was a bitter sweet experience for him.

He remembered that it was when Lan Qiren went to Qinghe Nie to attend a Discussion Conference and there were no classes in a few days. Wei Wuxian, living up to his reputation, led his group of idiotic classmates to eat, drink, wrestle, gamble and view picture books, enjoying every day and night that the old teacher was away. However, in one of the nights of their playing around, Lan Wangji perhaps couldn't take it anymore and unceremoniously barged into their room to reprimand them or Wei Wuxian in particular.

Having been caught in the act of breaking countless rules by the one who was in-charge of the punishments himself, the rest of the kids scrambled out of the room like headless flies, leaving Wei Wuxian alone with Lan Wangji's wrath.

But who was Wei Wuxian? He wouldn't be known for his wildness if he would let Lan Wangji tame him just like that. And so, with the courage gifted by the effect of the famed Emperor's Smile, Wei Wuxian tricked Lan Wangji to drink a cup of alcohol which in result knocked Lan Wangji unconscious. Who would have thought that this stoic man would be defeated by a single cup of alcohol? Wei Wuxian was ecstatic with this discovery! He even kept this information about Lan Wangji even after his rebirth.

You don't have to fool yourself, brat. Just admit that seeing your beloved's unclothed body is what you couldn't forget.

That wasn't the case at all! Though the fair-colored skin and smooth, aesthetic muscles in his memory was really really attractive, it was still really really not the case at all!

Anyway, Elder Heiying was talking about the events that had happened after that memorable night.

Alcohol is forbidden in Cloud Recesses; it is a major crime among the rules of the Lans. So when the morning came, Lan Wangji woke up in Wei Wuxian's bed, and after finding out that he was tricked by Wei Wuxian to drink alcohol, he decisively brought Wei Wuxian to the Lan Clan's ancestral hall to receive their appropriate punishment.

That moment showed him how strong was Lan Wangji's self-discipline and principle. It was why this series of events were particularly memorable to Wei Wuxian and not because after being punished, Zewu-jun let him use the Gusu Lan Sect's Cold Spring where he saw how glorious was Lan Wangji's body, as what Elder Heiying accused him of.

Wei Wuxian unconsciously poked the stomach of the handsome man before him. It was still hard and well-built as ever. Honestly, it was memorable indeed.

Wei Wuxian frowned and reprimanded himself. Getting distracted and being side-tracked was his incurable illness. In the kind of situation that he was currently in, the resurfacing of this illness was the least he needed. He eyed Lan Wangji, heart filled with confusion, unease, and partly, excitement. He had no idea why after just a few years, Lan Wangji who was supposed to be one-cup-knocked-out after drinking a strong liquor would be standing here, obviously drunk.

After most people drank so much liquor, they should become drunk first, and then sleep. Rare were those who would be knocked out unconscious after drinking just a cup of wine and anomaly was Lan Wangji who would sleep first before becoming drunk.

Wei Wuxian's hand was about to withdraw when Lan Wangji reached out. He solemnly wrapped his hands around Wei Wuxian's mischievous finger who poked his stomach a while ago.

Wei Wuxian, “...”

Standing helplessly amidst the chilly night breeze with Lan Wangji seriously inspecting his finger, Wei Wuxian expressionlessly looked up at the moon.

He only made Lan Wangji drink liquor in the hopes that the man would be knocked out and he in result would be given a chance to visit the Burial Mounds without his iceberg bodyguard tailing behind. But now that Lan Wangji was already drunk, Wei Wuxian was suddenly reminded of the countless times that he shot himself on the foot. This was one of those misfortune, no?

Wei Wuxian looked at Lan Wangji from top to bottom. Seeing this version of him, he couldn't help but to stare more. This drunk Lan Wangji was quiet cute!

The corner of his lips twitched. So what if he once again shot himself on the foot? Couldn't he tease this drunk Lan Wangji? But first, he definitely couldn't let Lan Wangji roam around outside like this. Who knew what else he could do?

Trying not to laugh, he let Lan Wangji hold onto his finger and started to walk, “Okay, Let's go back.”

Luckily it seemed that Lan Wangji was quite easy-going when drunk. With an elegant nod, he followed him inside the inn.

Wei Wuxian dragged Lan Wangji discreetly. On the first floor, the owner and her workers were eating around a long table. When they simultaneously looked at the two. Wei Wuxian smiled at them innocently and hurried Lan Wangji upstairs.

After entering the room, Wei Wuxian looked around from left to right before immediately closing the door tightly. It was as though he was going to do something illegal or even immoral.

When he turned around, he saw Lan Wangji standing solemnly in front of him, not moving an inch from where he pushed him to stand earlier.

Wei Wuxian raised his eyebrow and pinched the other's chin, "So serious, Hanguang-Jun!"

Finding the solemnness funny, he tilted the man's face from side to side.

Wei Wuxian spoke seriously, "Lan Zhan, now that you're drunk, why doesn't your face flush at all?"

Since Lan Wangji looked too normal, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but treat him like an ordinary person. But Lan Wangji was after all genuinely drunk and so, Wei Wuxian didn't expect that after Lan Wangji heard his question, he reached out, seized Wei Wuxian's hands on his face, and placed it on his chest?

Wei Wuxian tilted his head, trying to understand Lan Wangji.

Lan Wangji seemed to be discontented that Wei Wuxian couldn't understand his purpose. Without a warning, he grabbed Wei Wuxian's shoulder, and pulled him into his arms. Wei Wuxian's face was slammed right in the other's solid chest. He could even feel a light dizziness from the impact.

As he recovered from dizziness, Lan Wangji's voice came from above, "The heartbeats."

Wei Wuxian was still clueless and couldn't understand what he was saying. He raised his head, staring straight at Lan Wangji's glazed eyes, he asked, "What?"

Lan Wangji frowned for some reason. He reached out and pushed down his head, once again pressing it against his chest. "The face doesn't show anything. Listen to the heartbeats."

As he spoke, his chest vibrated. His voice deep and mellow. A heartbeat pulsated steadily and continuously. Thump, thump. It was indeed a bit fast. Wei Wuxian could finally understand.

Grinning with his set of white teeth, he looked up once again. "I won't be able to tell from your face, only if I listen to your heartbeat?"

Lan Wangji looked away as he answered, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian bent over in laughter. His laugh has a different charm into it that even Lan Wangji who was purposely looking away couldn't help but glance at him in the corner of his eyes.

Seeing him like this, Wei Wuxian collected himself and smiled teasingly, "Why are you averting your gaze, ah?"

Lan Wangji remained silent for a few moments but under Wei Wuxian's unwavering stare, he had no choice but to answer.

"Too bright," Lan Wangji answered earnestly.

With a 'pfft' Wei Wuxian seriously inspected if there was a trace of humor or teasing amidst this frigid expression. In any case, Lan Wangji was drunk and Wei Wuxian had been repeatedly convinced that anything could be expected from a drunk Lan Wangji.

But when he confirmed that Lan Wangji indeed said those words in all seriousness, the laugh that he initially tried hard to suppress erupted like an endless stream.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan ah Lan Zhan! Don't tell me, you think that my smile is too bright that you got blinded by it?"

Lan Wangji was as honest as ever when he nodded, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian held *her* chest, complaining. Who said that Lan Wangji is as cold as a block of ice? This man clearly knows what to say to make his heart go wild!

Seeing Wei Wuxian acting in exaggeration, face brightened by a faint redness, glowing eyes so alluring, and lips like a rose petal, Lan Wangji sulked, "Veil."

Wei Wuxian instinctively touched his face. When the tips of his fingers came in contact with his slightly warm face, he realized that he wasn't wearing his veil.

Wei Wuxian, "Oh, I forgot to wear it."

But as he said this, Lan Wangji reached inside his lapels and pulled something out. Wei Wuxian raised his eyebrow. It was his veil! He remembered now, he left it on Lan Wangji's bed earlier.

Lan Wangji pushed the sheer fabric on his hands, "Wear."

Wei Wuxian decided to play along and wear it. "I wore it, so what now?"

Wei Wuxian waited and waited but he received no reply. Only this time, Lan Wangji was not averting his gaze but instead, staring at him solemnly.

Wei Wuxian held the other's cheek, "Why are you looking at me? Am I pretty?"

Lan Wangji nodded seriously, "Mnn."

This drunkard really was quite entertaining to be with. Wei Wuxian laughed and patted the man's cheeks, "Such a sweet-talker, your future wife would be fortunate."

Yet, at just the word 'wife', Lan Wangji suddenly responded, "Yes!"

He grabbed Wei Wuxian's hand that was patting his cheeks and zipped out of the room like a gust of the wind, rushing down the stairs. Befuddled, Wei Wuxian was dragged down the main hall.

On the first floor, the owner and her workers were still eating. They were all confused as to what this husband and wife were playing that they kept on dragging each other. But Lan Wangji cared less about these people's opinion and didn't spare them a single glance, he was focused on dragging Wei Wuxian outside the doors. So before they could react, the two were already gone.

Even when they reached the streets, Lan Wangji still didn't seem like he was going to stop. He continued to run.

Wei Wuxian, "Just where do you want to go?"

Lan Wangji suddenly halted his steps but said nothing. He looked around as if searching for something. He seemed to find what he was looking for and once again pulled Wei Wuxian along.

In the instant that they stopped in front of their destination, something suddenly flashed across his mind. It couldn't be what he's thinking, right?

Wei Wuxian raised his head, staring dumbly at the plaque hanging on the front door of the store where Lan Wangji had pulled him into. But without a doubt, this could only be the reason they were here.

A shove of a heavy object on his hand was what woke him from his stupor.

Wei Wuxian looked at the dainty pouch on his hands and back to the serious Lan Wangji. Even though he had an idea why they were here, he still questioned the man, "What do you want me to do?"

Lan Wangji frowned. He held Wei Wuxian by the wrist, kicked the door of the store, and dragged him inside. Wei Wuxian slapped his forehead. Aside from being a sweet-talker, drunk Lan Wangji was also quite bold, no?

They made their way inside the store. With the snap of Lan Wangji's fingers, the oil lamps inside the store lit up, revealing what was inside. The store was full of red fabrics, with embroideries ranging from golden patterns to colorful pair of mandarin ducks. Obviously, they were in a shop selling items for weddings! No matter how much he wanted to deny it, Lan Wangji's actions only pointed to one thing!

The owner was shocked awake by the ruckus and hurried downstairs. Seeing this couple with unordinary bearing, he suppressed the yell that he had prepared before going down.

Especially when he saw the glistening sword in Lan Wangji's other hand and the unfathomable black sword hanging on the side of Wei Wuxian's waist. He decided that they were overbearing couples who just wanted to buy wedding clothes on impulse. The owner stood wordlessly on the foot of the stair and let the two of them roam around.

Wei Wuxian didn't know what to say! He was also not quite sure if he should laugh or cry in this kind of situation! He was just teasing Lan Wangji and in a blink of an eye, they were already preparing for a wedding. He wanted to develop their relationship, but he wasn't aware that it would be this quick.

But the drunk Lan Wangji had no idea of his dilemma. He proudly led Wei Wuxian around the store, glancing at him from time to time. When he saw that Wei Wuxian wasn't picking anything, he seemed dissatisfied and paused.

Lan Wangji, "Buy."

Wei Wuxian felt Lan Wangji's dissatisfaction and a part of his heart saddened. He looked around and saw that the store owner's suspecting gaze towards them was turning more anxious every second. Wei Wuxian could understand him. He would also be weary if someone barged inside his store in the middle of the night.

Having no choice but to pick something, he swept his eyes on the items offered by the store. They have ready-made dresses, shoes, and even jewelries. His eyes caught sight of the selection of red veils on the corner of the store. He thought that these things weren't troublesome to bring. He looked at the design and was quite satisfied. He pulled one particular veil from the selection and smiled. Wei Wuxian had no idea why there were pair of rabbits embroidered among these wedding veils but it suited his taste.

He looked at Lan Wangji, "Lan Zhan, do you remember the rabbits in your Cold Pond Cave? Aren't these rabbits look a bit like them?"

Lan Wangji seemed as though he was thinking about it. After some time, he finally nodded, "Mnn."

And then without a warning, the corner of his lips slowly curved upwards. The gentle breeze made its way through the widely opened door, causing the lights to flicker and sway along it. The dancing warm light were reflected on Lan Wangji's eyes. In that moment, it was as though those pair of pale-golden eyes became warmer.

In that instant, Wei Wuxian felt his head whirl dizzily. Involuntarily, a smile made its way onto his face as well.

"This is not fair," He muttered.

All those plan of running away. How could he do that now? Even if Lan Wangji dragged him to the depths of hell, he would willingly follow him. He was completely seduced!

After they were done choosing and paid for the veil and the door repair fee, Lan Wangji reached out and wrapped his arm around Wei Wuxian's waist.

Wei Wuxian was still enamored by Lan Wangji's smile so when he managed to react, Lan Wangji had already brought the two of them to his sword.

"Where are we going this time?" Wei Wuxian questioned as he held onto the big source of heat amidst the cold night.

Lan Wangji, "Lotus Pier."

With this serious tone, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but tease, "I thought you're going to marry me, shouldn't you be bringing me to Gusu instead? What's your catchphrase again. Right! Comeback to Gusu with me!"

Lan Wangji was smug in the first part of Wei Wuxian's speech, but when Wei Wuxian mentioned about the past, Lan Wangji's eyebrows furrowed. Right, this Lan Wangji hadn't asked him that question yet.

Thankfully, Lan Wangji ignored his words and continued with his business.

Soon enough, Lotus Pier came into their view. Those guarding the watch towers recognized them immediately and let them pass through the barriers. Albeit, with quizzical and gossipy expressions.

When they reached the Jiang Clan's newly renovated ancestral hall, standing in front of its countless tablets including Yu Ziyuan's and Jiang Fengmian's, it finally hit Wei Wuxian how abnormal the course of events was.

Wei Wuxian glanced exasperatedly at the man beside him. "Are you sure about this?"

Wouldn't Lan Wangji regret this after waking up?

Lan Wangji did not answer. Instead, he eyed the red veil in Wei Wuxian's hand and seriously reminded, "Wear it."

Wei Wuxian stupidly stared at the red veil on his hand, repeatedly tracing the tiny embroidery of the golden pair of rabbits on it. His actions were calm but his heart was pounding erratically inside his chest. What to do?!

After some time, he sighed. He raised his head and stared at his reflection on Lan Wangji's glass-like eyes.

Forget it. What was he afraid of? He likes Lan Wangji. Lan Wangji likes him too. He was just playing along with him. After all, this couldn't be considered as an official ritual. But even if Lan Wangji didn't remember this night, Wei Wuxian would forever cherish it in his heart.

Finally, he collected himself and grinned evilly, "From today onwards, you will be mine."

He didn't expect to receive an answer from Lan Wangji. He felt Lan Wangji's hand wrapped around his before he heard him say, "Very well."

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji stood side by side. The woman was just wearing a simple veil. The man was even drunk. However, under the heaven, it was hard to find feelings as genuine as theirs. With hearts beating as one, two people who were separated by fate and brought together by fate, decided to join paths.

Even though Wei Wuxian said that he was just playing along, his playfulness vanished into thin air as soon as the two of them started the wedding ritual. Even though, his husband to be was currently drunk, he couldn't help but take this ritual in all seriousness.

Bow to the Heaven. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian stood at the door and bowed deeply to the night sky. They thanked the Heaven for giving them a second chance, for the second life where they could finally be together.

Bow to the ancestors. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian turned around, kneeling and kowtowing to the tablets inside the Jiang Clan's ancestral hall. Wei Wuxian couldn't help but take a peek on Madam Yu's and Uncle Jiang's tablets under his wedding veil. He could somehow hear the former Madam's congratulatory words under her reprimanding scoffs and Uncle Jiang's kind approval.

Thank you.

He smiled bitterly, they aren't here anymore to witness his wedding but he hoped that they would accept Lan Wangji as his cultivation partner. Too bad that this ceremony couldn't be completed without Lan Wangji's ancestors being present.

And finally, Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian faced each other. Bow to each other. First kowtow to walk on the Heavenly path hand and hand. A second kowtow for an everlasting love. A third kowtow to be forever in sickness and in health, till death do they part.

Upon completing their kowtows, Wei Wuxian waited to see what Lan Wangji was going to do next. He felt his hand being lifted. Then, under his veil he saw a blueish sword glare followed by a sting on the tip of his finger. An ominous inkling crosses his mind. Wei Wuxian's heart pounded on his chest.

There was once a famous ritual that was part of a path union, the Eternal Blood Oath. In which, the husband and wife would draw blood and recite incantations to test if the heaven was willing to approve their union. It was a sincere and touching way to know if two people were meant to be together till eternity. But as many weddings between cultivators turned more and more political, its fame gradually died down.

But now Lan Wangji wanted to test their fate using the Eternal Blood Oath and Wei Wuxian was scared shitless to try.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan, we don't have to this, you know?"

There was a long silence on the other side before Wei Wuxian heard a sigh followed by an aggrieved and almost unreasonable speech, "In any case, we should do this."

Wei Wuxian peeked under his veil. After seeing the other's expression, he felt somewhat guilty.

Wei Wuxian could only reluctantly agree, "Fine then, let's do what you want."

Wei Wuxian raised his wounded hand and Lan Wangji did the same. They simultaneously formed a seal using their bloods, placing their palms against each other.

To cross path is fate, to separate is fate.

This oath of blood we take, may love blossom without hate.

The path with our fated, we leave to heaven to dictate.

Wei Wuxian felt like waiting for the heaven's answer seemed so long. His heart drummed nervously in each passing time. Will the heaven not approve of this path union? Was he so tainted to be with the pure Hanguang-Jun? Did they anger the heaven because Lan Wangji was drunk? Sure enough, you shouldn't put your hopes so high up.

Just when Wei Wuxian was losing his faith, the ground below them lit up with a mixture of blueish and red lights. The lights enveloped them, with the heavens singing along with delight.

A drop of purified blood, almost glowing with a trace of gold floated in the air and split into two. Each flying towards Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian.

It remained suspended in front of them before it scattered, sprinkling the ancestral hall with stardust and turning it into a beautiful night sky. Simultaneously, a small blueish mark of daffodil appeared on Wei Wuxian's wrist while what appeared on Lan Wangji's was a glowing red spider lily.

Only the death could separate them, but in every lifetime they would be together.

This marked the end of the ceremony, with the Heaven approving their fate as cultivation partners.

Wei Wuxian was dumbfounded for a moment. He stared unwaveringly at the dimming light on their feet. What did just happen? Their path union shouldn't be recognized by the Heaven at all! After all, the husband was drunk okay! He was drunk. And weren't they still lacking one kowtow?

Wei Wuxian couldn't contain his excitement. Yanking his veil, he pulled Lan Wangji's wide sleeve. "What did just happen? Your ancestors... we haven't kowtowed to them yet!"

The way he asked Lan Wangji was as though he had forgotten that the man was currently drunk. Thankfully, Lan Wangji still gave him the right answer.

Lan Wangji, "Lan Yi."

Wei Wuxian hadn't yet fully absorb the information when the red veil once again covered his eyesight. He felt his body being light, with a tight grip on his waist and legs.

Wei Wuxian, “...”

Suddenly being carried, Wei Wuxian stabilized his body and mind. Lan Yi, he meant the kowtow they did inside the Cold Pond Cave? Wei Wuxian's eyes widened in realization. The forehead ribbon! Excuse him for his excitement, but he didn't know that he was half-way married to Lan Wangji all those years!



Chapter End Notes

I felt bad that I couldn't update these past few days. Got busy with an improvement project that i was made in-charge of. But I do assure you that I will post chap 18 this coming june 13 and it's an arc that will be the turning point of this fic.

P. S. Thanks for all the warm comments! I may not often reply but I read all of it with a smile on my face.

Who are you, really?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Eighteen

It was a joyous night. Amidst the war, amidst the odd situation they were caught in, going back in time, and trying to change the future, Wei Wuxian felt happiness and contentment filling his heart. Oddly, ever since he was given the chance to live again, it was the first time that he let himself truly breathe. Just for this night, Wei Wuxian decided to free himself from all the worries, not to let go but to rest, to release the breath that he had been holding all these time and be with the man whose presence and warmth he never knew he needed so much until the moment he was reborn.

But maybe happiness was just a fleeting thing for a sinner like him. Just when they stepped out of the Yunmeng Jiang Clan's ancestral hall, a cold laugh suddenly stopped them. Lan Wangji halted his steps, stopping about a zhang away from the owner of the voice.

Wei Wuxian sighed helplessly. Of course, such extravagant Eternal Blood Oath ritual would get someone's attention as long as they would look up at the sky.

He took off his veil. Under the moonlight, Jiang Cheng was standing in the middle of the clearing outside the ancestral hall, his arms folded as he stared at them with a furrow between his brows. Wei Wuxian shuddered as his eyes met Jiang Cheng's pair of dark eyes.

"To attempt the impossible. Wei Wuxian, you really understand the Yunmeng Jiang Sect's motto. Better than I do. Better than all of us do," Jiang Cheng muttered between laughter.

His laughter was mixed with anger, sadness, and joy that Wei Wuxian couldn't understand what he meant by these words.

Wei Wuxian collected himself. No matter what, he couldn't let Jiang Cheng confirm that it's him.

Wei Wuxian, "Sect Leader Jiang, we don't understand."

He playfully caressed Lan Wangji's chest to infuriate Jiang Cheng's eyes. Surely, given how thin the man's face was, he would just let them go instead of watching their display of affection.

Jiang Cheng slightly wavered but in the end, he scoffed eyeing Wei Wuxian from top to bottom with certainty. "It seems that you fully understand what I mean."

Wei Wuxian's heart trembled with the other's intense look and at this moment he knew that Jiang Cheng would never accept any excuse. Howbeit, this didn't mean that Wei Wuxian

needed to admit anything. Wei Wuxian patted Lan Wangji's shoulder, "Lan Zhan, let's go."

Jiang Cheng's frown deepened as he looked at the scandalous pair. His eyes dimmed as he shouted, "Where do you think you're going?"

Wei Wuxian's eyebrow rose playfully, "Sect Leader Jiang must know, it's quite rude to interrupt other's wedding night."

Jiang Cheng had reached his limit, "Wei Wuxian!"

"Jiang Wanyin!" Both Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng looked at where the low reprimanding call came from. Shock were completely shown on their faces as they realized that it was the ever so polite Second Jade of Lan that interrupted their heated argument.

Lan Wangji stood tall amidst the attention, holding the beauty in his arms unwaveringly. He glared at Jiang Cheng who was currently blocking their path.

Lan Wangji, "Move."

Wei Wuxian heard Jiang Cheng laughed maniacally as though what Lan Wangji said had made him snap.

Jiang Cheng, "Quite domineering, Second Young Master Lan? You know what, I'm really curious why Wei Wuxian chose to seek you rather than us, his family and became like this."

Lan Wangji, "Watch your words."

Jiang Cheng was quite blunt, "I think you're the ones who should watch your actions."

Having awoken by the sudden occurrence in the ancestral hall, Jiang Cheng rushed here. He didn't expect to witness a wedding being held under his own roof. But surprised was followed by realization and joy. No matter how he tried to deny it, the proof that this wedding had been completed in front of his family's ancestral tablets meant that one of the groom or bride is part of the Jiang Clan. Grey eyes, playful character, and a trouble maker. Did Jiang Cheng need to guess?

But now, the joy of finding Wei Wuxian was replaced with anger. Wei Wuxian was now a woman. He wasn't sure how did this happen and he was scared to admit the possibility that Wei Wuxian was just clinging onto the world of living by seizing other people's body. But he knew that they could accept him no matter what. His cultivation, his new body, they could accept it all. So why did Wei Wuxian hid it from them? Why did he hide his identity? Doesn't he trust them enough? They are family, aren't they? Why did Wei Wuxian seek Lan Wangji instead of him and his sister?

It was all he wanted to say, but his mouth would always try to hurt others than to show that he was hurt, that he was upset. Wei Wuxian was still a man after all, and he just witnessed him marrying Lan Wangji. Another fact that he couldn't make himself admit. So instead, he focused on this.

Jiang Cheng, “Think about it, it was because you played hero and saved Second Young Master Lan, who you just marry under the heavens and in front of my parents, that Lotus Pier was burnt, that my parents died. Huh, so this was why? Second Young Master Lan, you are quite a beauty to seduce Wei Wuxian, aren’t you?”

Wei Wuxian threw away all his intentions to hide his identity from Jiang Cheng after hearing him badmouthed Lan Wangji, “That’s enough, isn’t it?”

Jiang Cheng, “Enough you say? Wei Wuxian! Aren’t you ashamed of yourself? Holding a wedding amidst the war? Running around with the Second Young Master of Gusu Lan instead of going back to your own sect? Didn’t you remember what my mother told you before she died?”

Wei Wuxian stilled. What Madam Yu said to him that night had always been engraved on his bones.

Wei Ying! Listen to me! Protect Jiang Cheng, protect him even if you die, do you understand?

Wei Wuxian, “I...I...”

Wei Wuxian’s head drooped. He felt Lan Wangji’s arms holding him tightened against his body. The warmth he was radiating lightly calmed Wei Wuxian down.

But right now, Lan Wangji was the one who wasn’t calm. He was drunk and was practically not conscious of his actions. All the things that he did was based on his emotions. As he heard Jiang Cheng bringing this up, the rage that he was holding all this time awakened like a turbulent storm.

Lan Wangji, “Jiang Wangyin, if giving you his golden core wasn’t enough, did you really expect Wei Ying to give you his life?”

Wei Wuxian and Jiang Cheng paused blankly as they heard Lan Wangji said this. Wei Wuxian felt his heart skip a beat. He raised his head, looking at Lan Wangji in askance and couldn’t help but whisper, “... You knew?”

Lan Wangji nodded slowly, “Wen Ning.”

Wen Qing and Wen Ning were the only people who knew the true story behind his and Jiang Cheng’s golden core. However, there were never a chance where Lan Wangji could get this information from Wen Ning.

Wei Wuxian, “When did he say it?”

Lan Wangji, “At the Guanyin Temple.”

Guanyin Temple? What Guanyin Temple? But before he could ask Lan Wangji, his wrist was suddenly yank by someone.

A night breeze passed by, sending shivers down Wei Wuxian’s spine. As Wei Wuxian turned his head, his eyes caught Jiang Cheng’s bloodshot eyes. His heart throbbed as the ominous

feeling crept inside him.

Jian Cheng laughed as though he couldn't make himself believe of all these nonsense, "Wei Wuxian! What is Lan Wangji talking about?! You answer me!"

Wei Wuxian evaded his eyes. He couldn't seem to form any excuse.

Wei Wuxian's silence only solidified Jiang Cheng's guess. His heart pounded nervously as his grip on Wei Wuxian tightened to the point of bone breaking. Wei Wuxian's frown didn't remain unnoticed by Lan Wangji.

Lan Wangji rudely kicked Jiang Cheng, sending him flying backwards.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan!"

Lan Wangji, "I am here."

His voice was gentle but his eyes showed bitterness and warmth, as though there was once a time where he couldn't be in Wei Wuxian's side.

Wei Wuxian frowned, *who are you, really?*

Out of the blue, Jiang Cheng who just recovered from Lan Wangji's kick suddenly spoke up, his voice hysterical, "Wei Wuxian, my... my golden core. Tell me the truth, was it yours?"

Wei Wuxian turned his head towards Jiang Cheng. Seeing the other's reaction, he couldn't help but feel guilty. But at this point, he knew that he could only lie. Jiang Cheng was a proud person, knowing where his golden core came from, no one knew what he would do. And they couldn't bear to lose a strong general in this war.

Wei Wuxian, "That's not true. Didn't you get your new core from Baoshan Sanren? And I still have mine."

Jiang Cheng only felt insulted with this obvious lie. The cold light of Zidian started to sizzle in his right hand, illuminating his face that was darker than the night.

Wei Wuxian smiled bitterly, "Very well! A fight it is then."

If this is the only choice left to make Jiang Cheng believe him, he would take this risk. Wei Wuxian jumped down from Lan Wangji's arm. With all the control he could muster, he started to gather his Qi.

Jiang Cheng didn't expect Wei Wuxian to provoke a fight. Zidian immediately unraveled from his finger, lashing out with a sizzling light.

Wei Wuxian intentionally fend off his attack with pure spiritual power. But as the two forces collided and formed an explosion, his eyes widened with panic and shock. He knew that it would be bad, but he didn't expect this to be this bad. His previous move seemed to drain all his strength. Sweat formed on his forehead as two contrasting energies fought inside his body. He felt the light in his eyes flickered between light and dark as dizziness hit him.

The silent Lan Wangji behind him seemed to snap out from his trance. He glanced at Wei Wuxian before whirling around and grabbing his shoulders. Jiang Cheng's expression changed as well. He stopped his whip as his eyes gleamed with alertness.

Lan Wangji, "Wei Ying?!"

His voice rang within Wei Wuxian's ear, echoing endlessly. Wei Wuxian felt a hot fluid running down from his nose. He reached up only to retrieve a handful of scarlet. Accompanied by throbs of dizziness, blood continued to drip down his nose and his mouth, onto the ground.

Wei Wuxian could barely manage to stand, holding onto Lan Wangji's arms. Yet against his current predicament, he still managed to smile. Wei Wuxian, "Oh, you're already awake?"

Lan Wangji, "Yes."

Then as though the remaining energy finally seeped out from his body, Wei Wuxian closed his eyes.

Lan Wangji, "Wei Ying!"

Jiang Cheng, "Wei Wuxian!"

Seeing Wei Wuxian lost his consciousness, blood decorating his pale face, and eyes tightly closed, Jiang Cheng's previous bravado and Lan Wangji's calm vanished into thin air.



Chapter End Notes

Alright, quite short, right? Tell you the truth I cut a considerable chunk of this chapter. Let's say that it was supposed to go the guanyin arc way with the angst what so ever misunderstanding after sex way. But then my mind told me, let lwj spill the beans to jc and reunite the siblings, hmnn? Sorry there's no smut, hmmn? Hahaha!

Who was really lying?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Nineteen

It was as though the shadow of the past played in front of Lan Wangji's eyes. An injured Wei Wuxian without his consciousness was once again lying in his arms, his body was cold and his breathing ragged. Wei Wuxian looked so fragile; it was as though a blow of a wind could shatter his body to pieces.

Now that Wei Wuxian is unconscious, his defense was completely gone and all his weakness was displayed. Lan Wangji could see it clearly. Wei Wuxian was tired and exhausted, Wei Wuxian was aching, both body, mind, and spiritually.

Watching this version of Wei Wuxian that differed greatly with the cheerful youth in his memory, Lan Wangji felt his heart being squeezed tightly. He... he still couldn't keep him safe. He became complacent for the months that had passed so smoothly and thought that what he was doing to protect Wei Wuxian was enough. But a moment of negligence had caused this bad thing to happen to Wei Wuxian. Lan Wangji's jaw tightened. He couldn't help but blame himself for what happened.

Lan Wangji carefully supported Wei Wuxian down the ground, leaning the small frame against his own broad chest, not caring about the dirt on the ground or the blood that came from Wei Wuxian staining his pristine white robes. His long eyelashes casted a gloomy shadow under the moonlight as he worriedly looked down at the person in his arms.

His hand unnoticeably shook as he put his two fingers against the thin wrist of Wei Wuxian, gently tracing his meridians with spiritual energy.

Wei Wuxian's meridians were in chaos, becoming the battlefield of two opposing energies. Not like before, they could no longer keep each other in-check. The resentful energy was definitely ferocious and wouldn't let the newly formed golden core to stabilize. Facing the bombardment from the denser resentful energy, the golden core started to be unstable causing the flow of the spiritual energy to be chaotic. Spiritual energy could not soothe its own flow, what more guard against the resentful energies? This situation.. Lan Wangji was afraid that Wei Wuxian was having a minor Qi deviation!

Lan Wangji furrowed his brow as his mouth turned grim. He decisively pushed Wei Wuxian's accupoints, sealing his spiritual power for now. Sometimes, the greatest way to survive is to retreat. By sealing the golden core in Wei Wuxian's body, the resentful energy will believe that it had already won. This way, it wouldn't bother the hidden golden core of Wei Wuxian. Afterwards, Lan Wangji will play cleansing music to reduce the amount of resentful energy in Wei Wuxian's body. But it was a temporary solution and Wei Wuxian should still be checked.

by a skilled healer. Lan Wangji could only think of one person to do this. The person who had also helped soothe Wei Wuxian's relapse in his previous life, Wen Qing.

After temporarily settling Wei Wuxian's situation, Lan Wangji finally had time to deal with Jiang Cheng.

Lan Wangji let go of Wei Wuxian's wrist, gently placing it down. He raised his head, looking at Jiang Cheng angrily with evident trace of blame and animosity.

Jiang Cheng whose mind was still in turmoil for all the shocks that he had received this night was taken aback. Lan Wangji was never been friendly with him throughout this confrontation, but this time, he truly felt the chill in the other's eyes penetrating to his bones. This aura, Jiang Cheng had an illusion that he was facing some powerful experienced elder. But how could Lan Wangji whose age was not far from his could release such aura? It was really impossible. Jiang Cheng suppressed this weird feeling as he shifted his gazed towards the unconscious person in Lan Wangji's arms. His eyes that was looking at Wei Wuxian suddenly became complicated.

Jiang Cheng, "What's wrong with Wei Wuxian?"

Wei Wuxian? Lan Wangji's expression turned grim, his lips flattened into a straight line as his angry gaze sliced Jiang Cheng. He knew that *she's* Wei Wuxian yet he still hurt *her*?

Lan Wangji did not directly answer Jiang Cheng's question, instead he said in a cold voice, "You hurt him again."

Again. Just like his enmity towards him, something that Jiang Cheng couldn't comprehend.

"I hurt him, so what? It wasn't like I'm using my full power" Jiang Cheng retorted but the arrogance on his tone slowly faded with each passing word that came out from his mouth. Jiang Cheng glanced at Wei Wuxian's pale face with a trace of guilt, "Wei Wuxian... Wei Wuxian should know this."

"So what?" Lan Wangji repeated his words, his tone seemed to tell something more.

Lan Wangji's sword like eyebrows was slightly raised and his glass like cold eyes stared at Jiang Cheng like cold daggers. Being looked at in this way, Jiang Cheng felt as though he was suddenly submerged into cold water. It was supposed to be a small trick when played against cultivators, but what about Wei Wuxian? His heart shook as he remembered what Lan Wangji had told him earlier. He had seen that Wei Wuxian still has his spiritual power, but the lid of doubt had already been opened.

Jiang Cheng glared at Lan Wangji with bloodshot eyes, "Tell me what's wrong his golden core?"

Lan Wangji stared at Jiang Cheng, his hostile eyes had a trace of surprise. However, he still remained silent as though he was thinking about something.

It was actually the confrontation between Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian that had brought back Lan Wangji to his consciousness. At first he was ignorant of what was happening and why Wei Ying was using his unstable spiritual energy to fight with Jiang Cheng. But things became clearer now that he had a chance to analyze the situation.

He had doubts that Wei Ying became like this in order to cover up the matter with his golden core from Jiang Cheng. Even before, it was clear that he didn't want Jiang Cheng to know about the golden core transfer incident.

But since it escalated to a situation that Wei Ying had to take this drastic action, Jiang Cheng must've found some clues, but how? Without further information, Lan Wangji could only stop his analysis here.

He sighed. In the end, if Wei Ying really want to hide this matter to Jiang Cheng, Lan Wangji will not reveal it. Only, he didn't know that he already did.

Lan Wangji no longer wanted to deal with Jiang Cheng's issues. Deciding that he should play *Cleansing* for Wei Wuxian as soon as possible he stood up with Wei Wuxian in his arms.

Seeing Lan Wangji taking Wei Wuxian away, Jiang Cheng blocked their way decisively, "Where are you taking Wei Wuxian?"

Lan Wangji continued to advance, completely treating Jiang Cheng as air.

Jiang Cheng, "You can't take him!"

Lan Wangji frowned, "Move."

"Move? Wei Wuxian is part of the Jiang Sect, we should be the one taking care of him!" Jiang Cheng raised his voice, conveniently ignoring the fact that Lan Wangji was now his brother's husband.

Lan Wangji, "You did not." You did not when you can, you did not when he needed you to do so.

Jiang Cheng could not understand this so he chose to ignore Lan Wangji's words. He stepped forward, trying to forcibly get the unconscious patient from Lan Wangji's arms.

Lan Wangji placed Wei Wuxian's weight on his arms and used his palm to strike Jiang Cheng on the chest. Jiang Cheng flew a few zhangs away and vomited a rich amount of blood. Holding his chest, he glared at Lan Wangji.

Lan Wangji, "You are not qualified to touch her."

The voice was freezing cold; the attitude was serious. It sent shivers down Jiang Cheng's spine as Lan Wangji looked at him coldly, once again unleashing the momentum that a young and green cultivator like him should not have. This time, Jiang Cheng could no longer disregard it.

Jiang Cheng felt like he was being suffocated, he staggered a few steps backwards with disbelief and confusion written all-over his face. His head was in a complete mess.

“A’Cheng!”

It was at this time that his sister showed up with other cultivators who also heard the commotion coming from the Ancestral Hall and decided to check what was happening. Coming here, they thought that the Wen Sect had invaded their camp. They hadn’t expected that they would instead witness the Jiang Sect’s Sect Leader being attacked by Hanguang-Jun. Then they noticed the person that Hanguang-Jun was carrying and became more confused. What exactly happened between this three?

Jiang Yanli immediately run towards her brother, trying to support him by the shoulder. The other cultivators also reacted. No matter how confusing the situation was, they were still part of the same sect and should support each other. The members of the Jiang Sect stood behind Jiang Cheng and Jiang Yanli while the members of the Lan Sect lined up behind Lan Wangji and Zhengye Xiangu.

Jiang Yanli turned to his brother, “A’ Cheng, what’s happening? Why are you and Maiden Zhengye...”

Jiang Cheng noticed the arrival of other cultivators and his brows knitted into frown. What he had learned was not something that he could share in front of this people.

Jiang Cheng swept his eyes to his sect members, “There’s nothing to watch. Go back!!”

Some understood his meaning while others exchanged glances confusedly. In the end, they could only reluctantly miss the gossip or else they were afraid that Jiang Cheng would hit them with Zidian.

Lan Wangji also spoke, “Withdraw.”

Unlike the Jiang Sect cultivators, the Lan Sect cultivators that came to watch the commotion didn’t show their reluctance even if they have. They obediently left the scene, seeing that Hanguang-Jun has a rare evident anger on his face.

After the unconcerned parties departed, the only ones left were Jiang Cheng, Jiang Yanli, Lan Wangji, and the unconscious Zhengye Xiangu, Wei Wuxian. Jiang Yanli looked at her brother whose frown couldn’t be more deeper. Then to the usually calm and stoic Lan Wangji whose appearance was no better than her brother. The reason for these two heroes’ worries and anger, is it not obvious?

Jiang Yanli’s gaze wandered around Zhengye Xiangu’s face. It was her first time seeing her unveiled face but it was now covered with blood. She was clearly a stranger but Jiang Yanli couldn’t help but worry for her.

Jiang Yanli, “Is Maiden Zhengye alright?”

Lan Wangji paused then answered mildly, “Should be alright for now.”

Jiang Yanli caught the important details and offered, "Then, you should settle her first."

But before Lan Wangj could agree, Jiang Cheng had already interrupted.

Jiang Cheng, "No! He can't bring her away!"

"A'Cheng?" Jiang Yanli was startled by Jiang Cheng's reaction while Lan Wangji's hostility which was partially suppressed with Jiang Yanli's presence surged again.

When Jiang Yanli first saw what had transpired in front of the ancestral hall, she of course had doubts in her heart. Anyone with eyes could see that Lan Wangji and Zhengye Xiangu didn't have a simple relationship. But now, her brother had suddenly been involved with the pair. On-lookers couldn't help but let their imagination run, let alone her. And no matter what side she tried to view the situation, it was her brother that was in the wrong here.

Jiang Yanli squeezed her brother's arm lightly, "A'Cheng, you should calm down."

Jiang Cheng turned to his sister but he was in no way calmer, instead his emotion became more chaotic. "How could I calm down? Why should I calm down? This woman... A'Jie, this woman is Wei Wuxian!"

Jiang Yanli's dark pupils retracted, her hands that were clutching Jiang Cheng's sleeves suddenly loosened.

Zhengye Xiangu is Wei Wuxian. Jiang Yanli was really doubting her hearing right now. She always had this thought that Zhengye Xiangu is familiar to her, always unconsciously seeing the silhouette of Wei Wuxian from the woman. Before she only thought that it was just because they looked 70% similar, but who would have thought... Tracing her sight back to the maiden in Lan Wangji's arms, Jiang Yanli couldn't see the semblance because of the blood covering her face but her heart could already feel the familiarity.

After a moment of shock, Jiang Yanli eventually schooled her emotion. Wei Wuxian or not, the most important thing right now is to treat her injuries.

"A'Cheng things could wait. Zhengye Xiangu... " Jiang Yanli paused and looked as though she had made up her mind as she continued, "A'Xian needs to be treated first."

Jiang Cheng bit his lower lip. He knew it too and he was even feeling guilty about what happened to Wei Wuxian. After being reprimanded by his sister, he finally quieted down.

Jiang Yanli turned to Lan Wangji after calming her brother. If before she would allow Lan Wangji to take Zhengye Xiangu away, this time it was different. If it was really her A'Xian that she hadn't seen for almost a year, she wouldn't be at peace having her away for the second time.

Jiang Yanli, "Let's settle A'Xian first and talk?"

Lan Wangji was initially against the idea but Jiang Yanli's stance as Wei Wuxian's Shijie eventually made him yield. This woman had exchanged her life for Wei Wuxian before and Lan Wangji wouldn't forget about that. He nodded, "Please lead the way."

After all the ruckus, the four figures, one being carried by Lan Wangji left for Wei Wuxian's residence. Jiang Yanli finally decided to fully believe her brother and so instead of bringing Zhengye Xiangu to *her* temporary residence inside the lotus cove, they brought *him* to Wei Wuxian's room.

Lan Wangji carefully settled the unconscious woman on the bed. It was inappropriate to have two men in an unmarried woman's room but none of them thought about it at that moment.

Lan Wangji sat on the side of Wei Wuxian's bed, bringing out his Guqin, and placing it horizontally on his lap. He seemed to not care about the two other people standing on the room. Jiang Cheng sneered but Jiang Yanli held his arm to warn him.

Jiang Yanli, "A'Cheng, could you get Elder Lin for A'Xian?"

Jiang Yanli, aside from caring for Wei Wuxian's situation was also doing this to separate the two for a moment so that they could calm down. But Lan Wangji was not cooperative at all. He did not even look up as he immediately disagreed, "Not convenient."

Jiang Cheng scoffed, "Is convenience more important than Wei Wuxian's health?!"

Lan Wangji raised his head and glared at Jiang Cheng as though saying that he himself was not the one to talk about Wei Wuxian's health when he was the one that injured the latter.

To be fair, Lan Wangji would also think the same if it was the previous him. But their past life taught him that not everyone could be trusted, especially with the matters concerning Wei Wuxian's resentful energy.

Jiang Yanli understood Lan Wangji's concern and timely interrupted, "I understand." Jiang Yanli shifted her gaze to her brother, "Then, A'Cheng, please get some hot water for A'Xian.

Jiang Cheng was clearly not happy but his sister meaningfully looked at him. Finally, he reluctantly agreed and left to get the hot water that the injured person needed.

Jiang Yanli watched her brother's figure fade in the shadows before going back to Wei Wuxian's chamber.

Lan Wangji was already caressing the seven strings of his zither. The soothing and calming music started to spread inside the room, cleansing the soul of anyone who would hear it. The creased eyebrows of the woman lying on the bed started to loosen, indicating that the music was indeed effective and helping her.

Jiang Yanli tactfully remained silent and stood quietly. She had witnessed before the interaction between Wei Wuxian and the Second Young Master of the Lans. Others might think that they were enemies or two lads who could not get along but she differed with the others' opinion. She could see that even though Wei Wuxian was committed in irritating Lan Wangji, he genuinely wanted to get the other's reaction and Lan Wangji who was indeed new to the noise that Wei Wuxian was introducing to his usually silent life was not completely averse to it, instead, a part of him seek for such untamedness.

Looking at them now, wasn't she correct all this time?

The last note of zither reverberated, extracting Jiang Yanli from her thoughts.

Lan Wangji looked up at her, "Maiden Jiang."

Jiang Yanli, "Second Young Master Lan, will A'Xian be alright?"

Lan Wangji, "A minor Qi deviation, Maiden Wen should be able to heal him."

Jiang Yanli was confused why Lan Wangji was also familiar with the leader of the Wen Rebels but she didn't show it. Still so many questions to ask and another one was added.

Since this is the case, Jiang Yanli would get this opportunity to ask, "A'Xian... is his injuries related to A'Cheng?"

Lan Wangji didn't hide the truth from her, "They fought and Wei Ying was injured in result."

Jian Yanli was already convinced that this Zhengye Xiangu was her A'Xian but Lan Wangji calling her Wei Ying completely removed all the doubts that was left in her heart. The question was why her brother did it to Wei Wuxian and how? Wei Wuxian or Zhengye Xiangu, their strength was recognized by the whole Wulin. How could her brother injure her?

Jiang Yanli tried to ask Lan Wangji but he gave her a vague reply, "This, Maiden Jiang should ask her brother."

"I, I understand," Jiang Yanli nodded and decided to wait.

It wasn't long before Jiang Cheng came back. Her brother surprisingly obediently brought the hot water and did not call for a healer.

Jiang Yanli took over and found a piece of cloth to clean Zhengye Xiangu. Then she raised her eyebrow towards Lan Wangji who was still seating beside Zhengye Xiangu.

"Second Young Master Lan should not worry, I will take care of her," Jiang Yanli assured, hinting the man to exit the room. She also looked at her brother warningly. Zhengye Xiangu and Lan Wangji might have an ambiguous relationship but it was still inappropriate to let him stay. Lan Wangji himself did not know that he was already married with this woman and Jiang Cheng who knew it did not bother to remind him.

In the end, Lan Wangji's propriety forced himself out of the room with Jiang Cheng.

A moment of silence passed between the two of them, and Jiang Cheng could tell that Lan Wangji had no intention to break it. Jiang Cheng became irritated and could no longer force his calm.

Jiang Cheng was direct, "What's wrong with Wei Wuxian's core?"

Lan Wangji gazed at the brightly lit room as though he didn't hear anything.

Seeing that Lan Wangji had no plan to answer, Jiang Cheng angrily held the other's lapels.

Jiang Cheng, "Wei Wuxian, that brat, fought me just to prove that the rigidly rule abiding Second Young Master of Lan was lying. He fought me and he became like this in result! So answer me Second Young Master Lan, who was lying between the two of you?!"

Lan Wangji finally paid attention to Jiang Cheng. He was not a fool. Based on Jiang Cheng's reaction and words, it was very much likely that he said something when he was drunk. In the end, it was indeed him that should be blamed for what had happened.

But speaking of this golden core incident. It was part of the reasons why he hated Jiang Cheng. If only there's another path, would Wei Wuxian take it? Would he still die if he did? But because of Jiang Cheng there's no reason for the ifs. Wei Wuxian's only choice was to continue to walk in a single plank bridge of a dark narrow river.

Lan Wangji looked at Jiang Cheng unwaveringly as he was being rudely held on his lapel. This person was so important to Wei Wuxian to the point that the other gave him his golden core. But in the end, it was also him who led the siege to kill Wei Wuxian. So why should he be protected from knowing the fact that the golden core revolving in his lower dantian was once Wei Wuxian's?

Lan Wangji said coldly, "Wei Wuxian's core is in early stage. Fighting a Nascent Soul cultivator like you was a huge burden to him."

It was the longest sentence that Lan Wangji had ever said to Jiang Cheng. However, Jiang Cheng had no time to think about this right now. What Lan Wangji revealed to him, Jiang Cheng could more or less understand. Was it just saying that Wei Wuxian had just recently started to cultivate? But how could that be? Wei Wuxian had long since reached the Nascent Soul stage and was one of the strongest geniuses in the history. It would only be possible if his previously formed golden core was taken away. There are many questions on how this thing happened but the answer to why was very clear. It was for him.



Chapter End Notes

I was sick and could not post an update. It's been so long but I hope that you all are still interested in this story. Lovelots!

Do Not Disturb The Newlyweds!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying!”

Wei Wuxian seemed to hear Lan Wangji anxiously calling out his name before he passed out. When he woke up again, as he opened his eyes, Wei Wuxian was greeted by a familiar sight that made him surprised and melancholic at the same time. In front of him was a wooden board. Drawn on the board was a funny series of kissing heads. He clearly remembered, these were the sketches that he drew on his own bed at Lotus Pier.

Why am I here?

He raised his slender hands in confusion. It was pale, slender, and very feminine. He was obviously still Zhengye Xiangu yet he found himself lying on his old bed.

Wei Wuxian blinked twice. He finally noticed that beside him, on the corner of his bed, was a sitting jade statue.

Wei Wuxian absentmindedly reached out. His hands caught hold of one of the jade statue’s white wide sleeves. It wasn’t as pristine as he expected it to be. Instead, it was stained with blood.

His mind slowly became clear. The blood stain on this supposed pristine white sleeve, wasn’t it his?

Wei Wuxian propped himself up against the headboard of his bed with great difficulty. He fought against the dizziness that suddenly hit him as he observed the jade statue. Its eyes were closed with eyebrows slightly wrinkled together. There was a narrow Guqin placed horizontally above its lap and its slender pale hands were frozen above the seven strings.

Wei Wuxian frowned. This jade statue was undoubtedly Lan Wangji, but every bit of the jade statue’s appearance made him think otherwise.

There was something wrong here. No matter what the situation was, even during the tiring war in their previous lives, Lan Wangji never let go of his discipline. Suddenly sleeping without even keeping his Guqin was so unlikely him.

In his peripheral vision, Wei Wuxian saw a black ball hurriedly escaping towards the window and his question was instantly answered.

“So it was you?” Wei Wuxian laughed bitterly. This dream demon should really stop being meddlesome.

“Brat, you’re finally awake!” The black dog answered but didn’t stop his actions of escaping.

Wei Wuxian smiled yet this smile sent shivers down Elder Heiying’s spine, “What have you done to Lan Zhan?”

“What have I done? Of course your master will only do things that are beneficial to you!” Elder Heiying proceeded to awkwardly laughing as he finally jumped out of the window.

“He left this master in that shabby inn and he still have the nerve to be angry?! How ungrateful! He should thank this master instead for helping him cultivate the relationship that he failed to cultivate even after two life times! Pei! Pei! Pei!”

Wei Wuxian held his forehead helplessly as he heard his master’s grievance from afar. He supposed, that master will indeed cause him no harm, only trouble.

“And you, why are you still sleeping? Hmn?” Wei Wuxian rudely poked the soft cheeks of the still sleeping Lan Wangji.

Once was not enough. The softness was quite addicting and it wasn’t harmful at all so he poked several times.

Wei Wuxian was immensely enjoying himself, not noticing that the object of his teasing had already opened his eyes. It was only after his mischievous paws were caught that he was guilty shocked.

Lan Wangji’s deep voice suddenly rang beside his ears, “Wei Ying.”

Wei Wuxian raised his head. Seeing that he was caught red-handed, he could only laugh awkwardly, “Lan Zhan, you are finally awake!”

Lan Wangji stared unwaveringly at his eyes and didn’t say anything.

Wei Wuxian felt his ears burning from the attention, “What’s wrong?”

“Is this?” Lan Wangji murmured as he shifted his gaze down to Wei Wuxian’s wrist that he was currently holding.

Wei Wuxian saw what he was looking at. It was now clear what Elder Heiying meant when he said that he had helped Wei Wuxian cultivate his relationship. So he invoked the memories of Lan Wangji when he was drunk. Now, that was quite troublesome. He was not wrong after all, Elder Heiying had indeed brought him trouble.

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath. After sometime, he finally decided to answer truthfully, “Lan Zhan, I’m sorry. I know I shouldn’t have taken advantage of you when you are clearly drunk. But I... my feelings are sincere and I’m willing to take responsibility for everything that had happened. But wait... we are already married! It doesn’t matter! We can still have as many wedding ceremonies as you want. So I...”

After saying this heartwarming shameless confession, Wei Wuxian was finally lost for words. Unable to think of anything more to say, he decided that action was better than words. He mustered his courage and caught Lan Wangji unprepared as he stole a feather like kiss from Lan Wangji's lips.

Wei Wuxian waited for his judgement nervously. His heart pounded against his chest, his back was drenched with sweat, and his peach blossom eyes stared intently, waiting for Lan Wangji's reaction.

The shocking confession just now struck Lan Wangji with such force that he still hadn't finished processing. He thought that it was just a wishful dream, however, Wei Wuxian had confirmed it himself, not only by words but also with action.

He couldn't count how many times he had dreamt of this moment. Now that it really happened, Lan Wangji was messed up severely. It was as though his body had turned into a heavy log. He froze so much that he didn't even know where to put his hands.

Wei Wuxian had realized that something was wrong with the current Lan Wangji, "Lan Zhan, did you hear what I said?!"

Lan Wangji's lips moved, "You..."

The great Hanguang-Jun had never once stuttered with his words. He was always concise, comprehensive, and decisive, but now it was coated with hesitation.

If it was really the Lan Wangji of this timeline, he might be caught surprised but wouldn't be as doubtful. But he was the Lan Wangji who had a little hope for his feelings to be requited, the Lan Wangji that will be contented by just protecting Wei Wuxian, and the Lan Wangji that was already happy for having a very much alive Wei Wuxian by his side. After all, he was also the Lan Wangji that Wei Wuxian asked to get lost. It wasn't a surprise that he paused with hesitation. Another moment later, he continued, "You said..."

He seemed as if he wanted to repeat it to make sure he didn't hear it wrong. It was as though even when Wei Wuxian kissed him, he thought that it was only a dream. But for Lan Wangji, it was indeed too hard to ask for confirmation. Wei Wuxian realized it and immediately decided to give him the assurance that he needed, "Lan Zhan, I-look at me."

Lan Wangji rigidly looked at Wei Wuxian. This time, not many emotions could be seen on his eyes, "Mn."

Wei Wuxian took a deep breath, "I know I always teased you in the past. I was young and I didn't consider what you will feel. You might probably think that just like before, I'm also just teasing you now. But I'm serious right now. If there's something that made you doubt me, you can ask me and I will explain it to you."

Hearing this, Lan Wangji was persuaded to open up, "...you asked me to get lost."

Wei Wuxian froze and stared at the person in front of him disbelievingly. It was his turn to be doubtful of his hearing.

He remembered everything that made him doubt who this Lan Wangji was. He knew things that he shouldn't know, honed swordsmanship that he shouldn't have, actions that were too mature. No wonder why!

Wei Wuxian looked down, emotions flashing in his eyes. He murmured to himself incoherently, "You... You are my Lan Wangji. The one that kissed me in the phoenix mountain, the one that visited me in the Burial Mounds, the one who saved me after the battle in the Nightless City, and the one... the one that I asked to get lost, but Lan Zhan I..." Wei Wuxian suddenly raised his head, intently looking at Lan Wangji's eyes, "Lan Zhan, I never wanted to lose you. I was just afraid, afraid that I will also cause you harm just like all the people that died because of me."

Hearing this, Lan Wangji's eyes widened slightly.

It was only natural that Lan Wangji wouldn't believe him. He was tortured by a smiling oblivious person who knew nothing of his crimes. If Lan Wangji would really so easily believe that the person who heartlessly asked him to get lost and rejected his feelings would suddenly confess to him, that would be abnormal. After he thought so, Wei Wuxian felt his chest go heavy. His heart hurt so much it shivered. He didn't dare think of it any longer, but he knew that he should increase the dose.

Wei Wuxian suddenly reached out and grabbed his shoulders, continuing, "But! But from now on, I will not ask you to leave nor I will leave you again! I know I was wrong; I know I should've trust you. How could you die because of me? You are strong! You even protected me from many harm."

"..."

"You're really great. I like you."

"..."

"Or in other words, I fancy you, I love you, I want you, I can't leave you, I whatever you."

"..."

"I want to night hunt with you for the rest of my life."

"..."

Wei Wuxian put three fingers together, pointing towards the sky, the earth, and finally his heart, "And I want to sleep with you every day. It's not because of anything else. I really just like you so much I want to sleep with you. Anyway, we are already married so it's only natural."

"..."

"Heck! I don't want anyone but you-it can't be anyone but you! You can do anything to me, however you like it. I'll accept everything, as long as you're willing to..."

Before he even finished, his thin waist was grabbed swiftly. His petite body slammed against Lan Wangji's chest. He didn't notice when Lan Wangji retrieved his guqin, but before he knew it, he was already the one sitting on his lap.

Wei Wuxian couldn't let another sound. Lan Wangji had already embraced him tightly, stopping his shameless words with his lips.

Lan Wangji's breaths were short and disordered. His hoarse voice whispered beside Wei Wuxian's ear, "...fancy you..."

Wei Wuxian recovered from his shock. He raised his both arms and intimately circled it around Lan Wangji's neck, "Yes!"

Lan Wangji continued, "...love you, want you..."

Wei Wuxian raised his voice and with an infatuated smile, he kissed Lan Wangji on his forehead ribbon, "Yes!"

Lan Wangji's voice became tighter and his arms that was hugging Wei Wuxian on the waist tightened consequently, "Cannot leave you... do not want anyone but you... it cannot be anyone but you!"

He repeated the words that Wei Wuxian said to him over and over again, his voice was trembling at the same time. Wei Wuxian was almost under the illusion that he was about to cry.

Wei Wuxian waited for him patiently. After a moment, Lan Wangji finally said, "Wei Ying, we are married."

Wei Wuxian grinned, he let go of Lan Wangji's neck, pulled Lan Wangji's right hand away from his waist and placed it side by side with his own right hand. Their wrist simultaneously lit up with reddish and bluish hue, revealing the beautiful daffodil and spider lily flowers that were the symbol of their union that was blessed by the Gods.

Wei Wuxian, "Even the Nine Heavens is our witness."

Wei Wuxian tenderly placed his palms against both of Lan Wangji's cheeks, "Lan Zhan, believe me, I love you and I am willing in this marriage."

Lan Wangji's tensed face finally softened, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian also sighed, "Lan Zhan I'm very happy!"

Wei Wuxian said this yet his eyes were glistening with unshed tears. What he said next was no longer mixed with shamelessness but was filled with his worries that had bottled up inside him, "Waking up in this past was really surreal. I can save them, prevent them from dying. But it was too good to be true and I'm being drowned into confusion of what was real and what was not."

Lan Wangji gently wiped his tears as he listened.

Wei Wuxian suddenly smiled, “But you came, you are different from before. I was confused with your abnormality yet it was also your presence that pulled me from my turmoil. Lan Zhan, if not because of you, I might really think that it was only a dream. That even if I successfully saved everyone, I would still not find my inner peace. Lan Zhan... thank you.”

With a long silence, Lan Wangji replied, “Between you and me, there is no need for ‘thank you’ and ‘sorry’.”

Lan Wangji let a small smile, “If you really want to save the world, let me accompany you.”

“Lan Zhan!” Wei Wuxian was really touched with this selfless words. More so with Lan Wangji’s blinding smile. He buried his face on Lan Wangji’s chest and wrapped his arms around his waist.

Wei Wuxian, “You are really good to me.”

Lan Wangji helplessly hugged him back. He still remembered the cold past without this person in his arms. He waited and waited but Wei Wuxian never came back. There were times that he thought of giving up and letting go. But he couldn’t... he couldn’t really force himself to forget about Wei Wuxian. He resented the Gods for letting a righteous person like Wei Wuxian to die while letting those with greed to remain alive, he resented that they took the person he loves from him, he resented their long parting.

It came to a point where he would be contented if Wei Wuxian just look at him again. As long as he is alive, as long as he could still protect him.

Lan Wangji couldn’t believe that there would be a day that Wei Wuxian would return his love. And for that, he was really blessed.

The two of them hugged each other for some time. There’s no words to say. Just being in each other’s arms was enough for them. But Wei Wuxian has really a power to ruin such harmonious situation. At the end of the day, he couldn’t stop his shameless mouth from uttering provocative words.

Wei Wuxian whispered, “Lan Zhan we are married.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Wei Wuxian pulled away. He suddenly reached out his right hand, lifted Lan Wangji’s chin, and bent down to press his lips onto Lan Wangji’s.

Only after a long time did Wei Wuxian part the tiniest bit. Eyelashes brushing against each other’s, he whispered, “How was it?”

Lan Wangji, “...”

“Hanguang-Jun, do you know that weddings should be consummated?” Wei Wuxian continued to tease, not knowing how dangerous it was for him to tease Lan Wangji while he was practically sitting on his lap. Or maybe he knew it very well...

Wei Wuxian continued, “Give me some reaction, won’t you? You’re so cold. Right now, shouldn’t you be pinning me...”

Before he could finish, Lan Wangji wrapped his hand around his neck. With rough motions, he pressed Wei Wuxian’s head down, and the two started kissing again.

At this very heated moment, Jiang Yanli and Jiang Cheng were leading a cloaked figure into Wei Wuxian’s courtyard. As they heard the music that would make one’s face flush and would cause one’s heartbeat to raise, they tacitly halted their steps.

The cloaked figure laughed meaningfully, “Never mind, paying Xiangu a visit tonight or tomorrow wouldn’t make a difference.”

Jiang Cheng acted as though he was going to barge inside the room, “That person was injured!”

The cloaked figure glanced at him with cold eyes. Her tone suddenly became unfriendly as she said, “And you’re the one who injured *her*.”

Jiang Yanli knew that she should soothe the situation, “Doctor, will A- Maiden Zhengye really be alright?”

“Hanguang-Jun had sealed *her* spiritual power so there’s really no big problem. Some exercise wouldn’t be bad,” she truthfully answered before turning around, clearly not leaving the two any choices. But after a few steps, she stopped as though she forgot to do something. She raised her hand and a bunch of silencing talisman flew from her sleeve, sticking against the windows and door of Wei Wuxian’s chamber.

“How troublesome,” she continued to walk away, laughing inside as she observed the siblings flushed face. “Let’s go and not disturb the newlyweds!”



Chapter End Notes

I added many dialogues from the original cause why not? It would be a shame and I myself would be discontented if those lovely words were omitted. Hope we share the same opinion. Lovelots!

Fourteen Years of Yearning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty One

Late in the morning. The calming sound of Guqin could be heard coming from one of the private courtyards of the Jiang Clan. Two passing Jiang disciples who just finished their morning training halted their steps, quite curious about the piece that was being played. One was eating nuts while the other was chewing a grass. They indeed looked like a pair who loves to gossip on others.

“Isn’t that Hanguang-Jun’s mourning song?” One of them asked, shoving a piece of nut inside his mouth and munching it loudly as he peeked at the courtyard that obviously have its occupiers now.

All of them were new recruits of the Jiang Sect during the war so no one knew who was the original owner of this courtyard. Though it seems that from now on, Hanguang-Jun would be staying there.

“Is’t?” The one with the fresh grass on his mouth listened carefully to the piece. “It doesn’t seem like it though. Not heavy to the heart at all.”

His companion contemplated, “Oh? I thought it’s that song. But you’re right. This one is not sad, it’s even blissful!”

“If it’s really Hanguang-Jun, he will not play such inauspicious song.” he spat the grass that he was chewing and continued in a quiet voice, “Have you heard about the commotion that he caused the other night?”

“Of course! I witnessed it myself. Sect Leader Jiang was badly injured and even spat out blood. And Hanguang-Jun looked like he would kill him at any moment.”

“I heard that Zhengye Xiangu was also injured by Sect Leader Jiang. Thinking about this, I haven’t seen her come out since then.”

“Do you think she’s heavily injured?”

“That, I don’t know. But if it’s the truth, then our force will be lessened when the war broke out again.”

“You are right. Why would Sect Leader Jiang even injure her? She seems so nice even though she practices demonic path.”

“It must be jealousy!”

“Jealousy?”

His companion leaned over and whispered, “There’s two gossip running around. Some says that Sect Leader Jiang is a cutsleeve and is really enamored of Hanguang-Jun’s beauty!”

His companion choked on his nuts, “What?! Sect Leader Jiang is so so... he doesn’t seem like a cutsleeve at all! That must be only a rumor.”

“I think so too. So I’m more inclined to the other gossip,” he proudly said, not too eager to tell it to create some suspense.

“What is it?” the other offered his nuts, almost fawning.

“Everyone with eyes could see that Hanguang-Jun and Zhenye Xiangu have something between them, right?” He waited for his friend’s nod before continuing. “Apparently, Sect Leader Jiang also fell for Zhengye Xiangu’s beauty and strength. But Zhenye Xiangu already have Hanguang-jun. So Sect Leader Jiang challenged Hanguang-Jun into a battle. Zhengye Xiangu, being her kind self, stopped them and she was injured in the process.”

“So that’s how it is...” the pair stopped gossiping as they heard footsteps coming from behind them.

They turned around and greeted the two other disciples that were also passing by. The disciples greeted back and continued walking. The gossipy pair exchanged glances and let out a sigh of relief. Thankfully they stopped in time. Those two disciples were in fact from Gusu Lan and if they heard their gossip, even though it was more against their own sect leader, they might be offended as their Hanguang-Jun was part of the gossip. But looks like they had celebrated earlier than needed because the two Lan disciples halted their steps.

“Do not talk behind one’s back,” one of them said warily.

The two Jiang disciples knew they were wrong so even though the Lan disciples should not impose their rules in the Jiang Sect’s territory, they still apologized. After that, they immediately hurried away.

When the two Jiang disciples were finally gone, it was time for the two Lan disciples to be curious with the piece that was being played in the nearby courtyard. Unlike the previous two, they were trained in music and knew that the piece was the same as the one they labeled as ‘mourning song’. The pace was just changed into something more lively and most importantly, the yearning aura was replaced by contentment. They meaningfully looked at each other. She’s indeed that *person*. She’s the subject of his inquiries, the reason for his longing. When they saw her in the foot of Mouth Yiling, they already have doubts. But then, Hanguang-Jun still played inquiry afterwards so they were momentarily confused. Thinking about it, it might be because even though he found her already, they still had to be apart. Now that he’s finally with her, it’s only natural that their Second Young Master would be happy.

As the gossip continued to spread like wildfire outside the said courtyard, its inside remained quiet and calm.

The soft radiance of the sun and the gentle cool wind entered the room. The woman lying on the bed made a soft noise as she squinted her tear stained eyes. Her throat was dry and the words that came out from her mouth was almost inaudible but not to the cultivator sitting by the window. He looked up, letting a rare small smile to grace upon his usually serious face. There was a Qin on his lap and he was playing the very same song that everyone was curious about.

“Sounds familiar,” she whispered before smiling. Her smile was so warm and bright that the sun failed in comparison. “So early and you are awake already?”

The piece ended and the man retrieved his qin back with a wave of a hand. He didn’t tell her that it was not early at all and that she was the one who woke up really late. Helpless and quite fond, he stood up and thoughtfully served the lovely woman a tea to cleanse her mouth.

“Thank you...” she eyed the man that settled himself on the side of the bed. After cleansing her mouth with a tea, she suddenly moved closer. Using his shoulder to support her weight, the woman lifted her body and pressed her lips on corner of his mouth.

“Wei Ying...” Lan Wangji’s eye widened slightly.

Wei Wuxian’s lips were moist and soft with a faint smell of tea. Even after a passionate night that they had shared together, the esteemed Hanguang-Jun still felt heat spreading on the tips of his ears as the receiving end of these small yet affectionate actions.

Wei Wuxian rested *her* small face above *her* dainty hands that were resting on Lan Wangji’s shoulder. He once again smiled like a sunshine in the morning as he looked at his beloved, “Good morning, Husband!”

Hearing this, an unexplainable feeling tugged Lan Wangji’s heart. He might not show it on his impassive face, but Lan Wangji felt really happy inside.

Lan Wangji hold Wei Wuxian’s neck, pressing his lips against his as an answer. The kiss was more tender than that of Wei Wuxian’s innocent peck.

“Lan Zhan, don’t be shameless under the broad daylight. There should be a rule about this on your sect, right?” Wei Wuxian said this but there’s no trace of him wanting Lan Wangji to stop at all. Instead, his words were merely to tease the other to continue their shameless act.

Indeed, he got what he wanted. Wei Wuxian yelped as his body was suddenly pressed against the bed.

“Wei Ying, don’t be loud.”

Wei Wuxian cocked his elegant eyebrows, “You want it when I’m loud, no?”

“Wei Ying!” Lan Wangji said dangerously and before Wei Wuxian could have a chance to be loud again, he already sealed his lip with his own.

The two of them rolled over for quite some time, kissing and hugging but only that. Because Lan Wangji was still worried about Wei Wuxian’s health and honestly, even if he’s a

cultivator, Wei Wuxian also have his limits.

After playing around, the two of them had their breakfast and as they waited for the special guest that will check on Wei Wuxian's condition, they started to talk about their distant past and how they travelled back to this timeline.

“I came from the further future.”

His voice was low and there was an inexplicable gloom in it.

Wei Wuxian was surprised, “How many years?”

Lan Wangji looked away, “...Fourteen years from when Wei Ying left.”

“...fourteen years,” Wei Wuxian mumbled.

He thought that Lan Wangji had travelled back in time with him. He didn't know that he was wrong all along.

Fourteen years. For fourteen years, Lan Wangji had been mourning for him. He also said *left*. Indeed, given Lan Wangji's character, he wouldn't give up and entertain the thought that he already died. So he was searching and waiting for him for fourteen years? Wei Wuxian's heart ached so much just by thinking about this. “I'm sorry... I'm sorry that I left you.”

Lan Wangji, “I said that there's no need for ‘sorry’ and ‘thank you’ between the two of us.”

Wei Wuxian shook his head, “But I left you alone. Those fourteen years...”

Lan Wangji, “It's fate. I could not defend Wei Ying before. Those fourteen years helped me understand everything.”

“It's not that simple, it's not Wei Ying's fault.” Lan Wangji once told him these words but he did not listen. He only knew that many people died and he caused it. When he woke up in the past, he understood that Lan Wangji might be right. But still, like Lan Wangji, he didn't understand everything, who their enemy was, why they did it and how. The only thing that was clear was that he still caused many of those incidents.

“It was clearly me. Wen Ning killed Jin Zixuan and his hateful cousin. The corpses and spirits were the ones who wreak havoc in the Nightless City. However, they are just my knives.”

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying is not the only one who could control corpse puppets.”

“You mean someone else, controlled them? How was that possible?” Wei Wuxian suddenly wanted to laugh bitterly. Indeed, how could it not be possible? He's not a God, how conceited of him to think that no one could snatch control from him? Back then his body was already being consumed by the resentful energy and his relapse was getting more and more frequent. Someone with the possession of Yin Iron might really have a chance to snatch control from him. “So Wen Ning had not lost control in the Qiongqi path?”

Lan Wangji's eyes turned cold, "Back then Jin Guangshan was eager to kill you, but Yunmeng Jiang Clan defended you. My brother and Sect Leader Nie also thought that the accident regarding the Ulcerating Curse should be investigated first."

It was his first time knowing that even when they had separated paths, Jiang Cheng had still defended him. Even Lan Xichen and Nie Mingjue wanted to conduct an investigation. He actually did not completely receive injustice, only there's someone who manipulated everything behind the scene.

Wei Wuxian lowered his head on Lan Wangji's chest, "So he used Wen Ning to drive a wedge between me and the other Clans. I can't believe that the immoral sect leader of the Jin Sect has the ability to be a shrewd schemer!"

Lan Wangji caressed his soft hair, trying to calm him down. "He isn't."

Wei Wuxian looked up, "What do you mean?"

Lan Wangji, "Jin Guangyao planned for him."

Wei Wuxian was surprised, "Jin Guangyao? Isn't he Zewu-Jun and Chifeng-Zun's sworn brother?"

With this, Lan Wangji's face turned solemn. Wei Wuxian could see pain in his eyes but he chose not to ask him about this yet.

Lan Wangji continued, "Jin Guangyao wanted to earn Jin Guangshan's approval."

Wei Wuxian remembered the gossips about Jin Guangyao's roots. He was a son of a prostitute and wanting to earn the approval of his father might be connected to this. If he was really desperate, then obeying Jin Guangshan's commands might really be his priority.

Wei Wuxian sighed, "Many people wanted me dead. It's really hard-working of them to collaborate in sending me to my grave."

He laughed bitterly until his laugh faded. What replaced it was regret and self-loathing, "But it was also my fault for being so conceited that I wouldn't even listen to you. It was my arrogance that let others take advantage of me."

"Wei Ying," Lan Wangji reached out, resting his palm against Wei Wuxian's face.

"Huh?" Wei Wuxian was compelled to look at the other's glass like golden eyes.

"You never intended for that to happen," Lan Wangji seriously said. It was not only a mere assurance but was filled with trust and belief on Wei Wuxian. "I know that you tried your best."

Wei Wuxian looked at those trusting eyes and couldn't help but smile. "Right, those mistakes had already been made, No use of regretting anymore."

His tensed heart finally loosened, "But thankfully, we were given a second chance."

Lan Wangji, “Going against fate might have its consequence.”

Wei Wuxian nodded, “I know... but I can’t just watch things repeat its course.”

Lan Wangji leaned over and kissed Wei Wuxian’s forehead, “Mnn, I said I will accompany Wei Ying. Will change fate with you.”

Wei Wuxian laughed mirthfully. Lan Wangji was just really good. So good! So understanding! So mature! Wei Wuxian suddenly pulled himself away from Lan Wangji. He seriously looked at Lan Wangji in the eyes, “Lan Zhan, so you’re fourteen years older than me?”

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying!”

Wei Wuxian just laughed as he stood up and walked towards the window, “Wen Qing is here!”

Lan Wangji also heard the woman’s steady footsteps.

“Did I disturb you two?” she asked meaningfully, earning a quite obvious blush from Wei Wuxian. “I heard from Elder Heiying that you two finally realized things. Here, some salves as a wedding gift.”

“Thanks, I truly need this,” Wei Wuxian albeit bashful couldn’t help but eye Lan Wangji accusingly.

Lan Wangji looked away, his already red ears turning a shade deeper. It made Wei Wuxian giggle and Wen Qing could only sigh for feeling like she shouldn’t be intruding this private moment.

Thankfully, Lan Wangji have some sense to leave the two women alone to catch up with each other.

Lan Wangji, “I trust Maiden Wen will care for Wei Ying.”

Wen Qing raised her elegant eyebrow, “Of course, Second Young Master Lan. And I will inform you if there’s already a good news.”

Even though they knew that Wen Qing was just talking nonsense and it was really impossible to hear the good news this early, they couldn’t help but blush by just the thought of it. Wei Wuxian choked while Lan Wangji’s steps appeared to be faster as he walked out of the room.

Wen Qing sighed, “How are you?”

“Feels like I had been run over by an army of corpses,” Wei Wuxian mumbled but he did not seem as though he had been wronged at all. Especially with the obvious rose tint on the woman’s snow like face.

“The salves would help,” Wen Qing laughed, not sympathetic at all.

Wei Wuxian reclined on the wooden divan with a pout on his face, “I met this madam during one of my visit in my favorite restaurant in Yiling. She was from military lineage, even her husband had been a great Marquis. She told me that her mother, her sister in law, and even her previous maid had it hard having a husband who practices martial arts. If we meet again, I will tell her that they should be thankful that their husbands are not cultivators with infinite arm strength!”

Wei Wuxian stomped his foot. Lan Zhan even have this weird quirk that Wei Wuxian had never seen on Nie Huaisang’s picture books. How did Lan Wangji even know such thing? He was so confident as though he had studied it for years! Gods! Just thinking about it made that part hurt!

Wen Qing just laughed it off. Being a doctor, she had heard about such complaints many times already. That’s the reason why she gave Wei Wuxian salves as a wedding gift.

The two proceeded to treating Wei Wuxian’s relapse. Lan Wangji was right. Wen Qing was indeed the perfect person to treat Wei Wuxian.

Wen Qing, “You should not use your spiritual energy for a month. Focus on stabilizing your core first.”

“Aiya! Wen Qing, do not look at me as though you’re going to attack me with your needles,” Wei Wuxian whined.

“Just follow my instructions and drink my prescription, understand?!”

“Yes, A’Xian understands!”

Jiang Yanli witnessed this interaction as she entered the room with her lotus soup. Even with her kind nature, she couldn’t help but feel a little envious. But she also understood that it was Wen Qing who took care of Wei Wuxian when she wasn’t there to be with him. Jiang Yanli smiled, “How old is our Xianxian that *she*’s so obedient?”

Wei Wuxian’s eye widened in surprise as he saw his Shijie. But soon he realized that Jiang Cheng must’ve told her about his true identity. Wei Wuxian smiled at her and raised his three fingers just like before, “Xianxian is already three!”

Seeing that he made Jian Yanli laughed, he finally heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he noticed what she was holding and almost teared up, “Shijie’s Lotus Pork Rib Soup! I miss it so much!”

“Is Xianxian old enough to drink this soup?” Jiang Yanli asked teasingly.

“No, but Shijie could help Xianxian blow it for *her*,” as Wei Wuxian spat this nonsense, Jiang Cheng just happened to stepped inside the courtyard.

Before the person was even seen, he had already reprimanded Wei Wuxian, “Fooling around again! I will not let you drink Ah Jie’s soup alone!

Jiang Cheng's words sounds bad, but there was no trace of resentment in it. Wen Qing who was only silently watching the three's interaction until now raised an eyebrow. In the illusion, she only saw Jiang Cheng as the serious sect leader with anger issues. Private matters such as this were not part of what she saw. But now, she might need to reevaluate the young sect leader.

And as Wei Wuxian heard this familiar tone, he couldn't help but slip back to his former self, "Jiang Cheng, what is the meaning of this? Am I not the sick one here?"

Jiang Cheng scoffed, "You shut up! You still have many things to explain and me sharing your soup is only natural!"

Jiang Yanli smiled after seeing her brothers get along again. "Alright, there's enough for all of us." Jiang Yanli then shifted her gaze to the healer in the room, "Maiden Wen should also join us."

"Thank you, Maiden Jiang. However, I think it was not even enough for the two of them," Wen Qing amusedly looked at the two adults already fighting over the meat of the soup like three-year-old children.

"Then, I shall cook another pot for Maiden Wen," Jiang Yanli invited.

Wen Qing got her hint and nodded, "It will be my pleasure."

Surely, Lan Wangji wouldn't be happy to know that they left these two alone, especially, amidst the ridiculous rumors that were running around. But it was also obvious that Jiang Cheng and Wei Wuxian have many things to talk about.



Chapter End Notes

Not really good with angst and Jiang Cheng is now younger than his past self with even an alive Shijie beside him so he shouldn't be a complete bitter gourd, right?

P.S And don't worry about NHS, I did not forget about him. The time travelers will meet soon!

P.P.S Mixed things up. I first wrote sixteen years but it should be 13 years of waiting + one year of solving the mysteries and planning to go back in time. I am so sorry.

Two Monsters



Chapter Twenty-Two

Yueyang City. The war had broken out in the territories governed by Wulin but Yueyang was one of the lucky cities that were too far away from the eye of the chaos to see obvious effect. It was still as lively as before. Almost as though no war was happening in the North.

A striking pair of a man and a woman walked side-by-side through the bustling crowd. The woman wears a veil on the lower part of her face, but it failed to cover her outstanding beauty. Just her peach blossom eyes were enough to charm both genders, not to mention her sunny personality that gave her a natural allure. The man beside her was also exceptionally good-looking and his cold countenance made him look like an untouchable deity who descended from the nine heavens. Though his coldness was also the reason why the noisy crowd of Yueyang seemed to be deliberately avoiding them, as if there was a barrier surrounding the pair that separated them from others.

Wei Wuxian's melodious voice sounded amidst the noisy crowd. "You are so amazing, you scared the people away."

The woman's words were full of teasing and *her* voice was mixed with suppressed laughter, but Lan Wangji just looked at her silently, not saying a single word.

Wei Wuxian pouted as he whirled around and walked backwards to face the man, "Why are you looking at me like this? Hanguang-Jun, your bad mood has been going on from when we left the Lotus Pier. If you have a question or something is bothering you, just say it. You can ask me, you know?"

Lan Wangji's brows shifted lightly as if he was worried that Wei Wuxian would trip and be stepped on by the bustling crowd.

Getting no answer, Wei Wuxian continued, "Lan Zhan, we are already married, technically husband and wife. Is there still something that you cannot tell me?"

Wei Wuxian had almost bumped into someone as he continued to walk backwards. Lan Wangji frowned slightly, grabbing the woman's willowy waist, and forcing *her* to walk alongside him.

Wei Wuxian yelped, both scandalized and surprised by this sudden public display of affection. He scanned the crowd. His cheeks quickly heating up as he saw the attention that they had garnered.

Meanwhile, the great Hanguang-Jun didn't mind the stares of others as he continued to bring his wife away, "Walk properly."

Wei Wuxian sighed. It truly is troublesome to have this kind of overbearing Young Lord as a husband. He raised his head begrudgingly, but when his sight landed on the other's sharp jaw, beautifully carved nose, thin lips, and mesmerizing golden eyes, his lips unconsciously curved upwards. This was the effect of great beauty ah! He then decided that he might as well properly act as this Young Lord's obedient wife.

The husband and wife finally had their peaceful walk. Wei Wuxian grabbed Lan Wangji's arms and pulled him towards the stalls, buying this and buying that. There's nothing to be afraid of when he's in-charge of his husband's money.

All of a sudden, Lan Wangji spoke, "Did you speak to Jiang Wanyin?"

Wei Wuxian, who was choosing from the assortment of orchid hairpins, looked up. At this moment, Lan Wangji's eyes that were usually impassive were reflecting a dissatisfied reaction.

Lan Wangji had put a silencing barrier around them making the atmosphere stiff. The temperature around them decreased drastically but ironically, Wei Wuxian's heart warmed up.

Wei Wuxian chuckled, "So you are in a bad mood because of this?"

He moved closer to his husband, basically pasting himself against his body. Wei Wuxian whispered, "Lan Zhan, as I said to you many times, we are already married. What's there to be afraid of when you had already eaten the rice?"

The tip of Lan Wangji's ears immediately turned red as he listened to these untamed words. However, Wei Wuxian was wrong. His mood was indeed caused by Jiang Wanyin, but not because he was jealous. Instead, he was angry.

Lan Wangji, despite his wife's flirting, was still displeased, "He tried to hit you with Zidian."

Wei Wuxian frowned, "It's just Zidian. Unless you believe that I seized this body. But how could I still be this pretty if I did?"

Lan Wangji, "I believe you, but Jiang Wanyin did not know."

He was not sure if Wei Wuxian only seize his current body and yet, Jiang Wanyin still tried to hit him with Zidian.

At this moment, Wei Wuxian also realized what Lan Wangji was concerned about.

"I... I was the first to attack him..." Wei Wuxian mumbled. His tone was full of self-blame, like the reason why Jiang Wanyin unraveled his Zidian was really because of him and not because of the other's anger issues.

Lan Wangji saw how uncomfortable he had made Wei Wuxian into and was immediately defeated.

Lan Wangji changed the topic, "Did you tell them about the past?"

Wei Wuxian was relieved that Lan Wangji let it go. The two of them continued to walk as Wei Wuxian narrated what happened. “Jiang Cheng, Shijie, and I had a talk. But I did not tell them where we came from...”

Jiang Cheng already knows that he gave him his golden core. It was a long and arduous explanation until he finally convinced Jiang Cheng that he was willing in doing so. It also helped that he already formed his new golden core and could still cultivate.

Along the way, they also understood why Jiang Cheng went missing. Apparently, it was not because of his stubbornness. Jiang Cheng was caught by the Wens as he was deliberately getting their attention from Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian had to admit that many misunderstanding had happened in his original timeline. If they had talked things over, things might have ended up differently. Though there was no use for regretting it now since everything was going to be different.

Afterwards, he also told them that he was only disguising himself as a female so that he could easily revert back to his original identity after the war. All the mysteries surrounding his transformation were all blamed to his strange dog that the siblings were surprised for him to have. After all, they knew how much he was afraid of those creatures. They were also glad that he was no longer is.

However, Wei Wuxian had still kept them oblivious from his rebirth. He was a coward. He couldn't tell them that in another future, he had caused so many deaths. That Jin Zixuan died, then his Shijie sacrificed herself for him, and that they left Jiang Cheng alone to take care of the young parentless Jin Ling.

Unsurprisingly, it all came down to the reason why he did not come back. He was afraid to affiliate them to himself and that was really his true reason. His Shijie and Jiang Cheng were not happy to hear this.

They had assured him that they are willing to stand by his side. But he knew that doing so will only put them in danger. He didn't want to put them in a difficult position. No matter what they want to say, it's his final decision.

After a couple of crying, shouting, and coaxing, the siblings finally agreed to keep it a secret that Zhengye Xiangu is actually the Head Disciple of the Yunmeng Jiang Clan, Wei Wuxian.

Following his brief narration of what happened, Wei Wuxian reverted back to his cheekiness as he teased Lan Wangji, “Though I cannot explain to them how the perfect Hanguang-Jun was conned into marrying me.”

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying, I am blessed to have you.”

Suddenly Wei Wuxian placed a hand against *her* chest, “You... Hanguang-Jun, let's make a deal. Please warn me before you say something so romantic, or else, my weak heart won't be able to take it.”

Lan Wangji, “Okay.”

Wei Wuxian, “Lan Zhan-what a person you are!”

Wei Wuxian hugged the arm of this perfect man as he laughed so hard in helplessness. Truly, Lan Wangji is the funniest person he had ever met!

Lan Wangji caressed the woman’s soft hair, equally helpless, “Stop teasing.”

Wei Wuxian chuckled, “Alright! Everything is okay now. Why don’t we continue to enjoy Yueyang, mnn?”

A moment later, Wei Wuxian was enjoying his Tanghulu as Lan Wangji’s sleeves were filled with more and more random things.

Wei Wuxian bit off one of his Tanghulus, “Lan Zhan! Look at these playthings!”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Wei Wuxian didn’t need to ask him to do so. His eyes had never once left Wei Wuxian after all. He reached out and picked up a butterfly-shaped woven grass. As he remembered the young child that he raised as his son when Wei Wuxian died, the corner of his lips unconsciously curved up.

Wei Wuxian who was holding many woven and wooden playthings almost dropped it as he saw his husband’s genuine smile. Wei Wuxian’s heart warmed up. He was really really happy that Lan Wangji remembered his A’Yuan. No wonder, no wonder he took so much care of him when they met in the Caiyi Town.

But as he remembered the past, Wei Wuxian suddenly turned solemn. He always wanted to ask Lan Wangji, but he was afraid to hear the answer.

Lan Wangji noticed that Wei Wuxian became silent and looked at him in concern, “Wei Ying?”

Wei Wuxian nervously asked, “Lan Zhan… A’Yuan… Did A’Yuan survive?”

He heard the other man sigh. Lan Wangji gently took the playthings from Wei Wuxian’s arms back to the stall as he answered, “Wei Ying should not worry, he grew up into a proper cultivator.”

Wei Wuxian raised his head and looked at Lan Wangji’s golden eyes. He then realized something, “You raised him?”

Lan Wangji nodded, “Mnn.”

Suddenly, Lan Wangji was enveloped into Wei Wuxian’s unique smell of fresh lotus flower who suddenly wrapped his arms around his waist.

Wei Wuxian, “Lan Zhan, you are really awesome!”

Lan Wangji helplessly hugged him back. His heart warming up as his nose was filled with the smell of lotus. After consummating their marriage, one peculiar thing that they had noticed was along with the marks on their wrist, they could also smell each other's unique scent. Wei Wuxian with the smell of fresh lotus flower and Lan Wangji with the smell of Orchid.

Wei Wuxian particularly like the smell of Orchid on Lan Wanji's body mixed with the faint smell of sandalwood that came from the incense that he regularly used in his room.

Wei Wuxian nestled in Lan Wangji's arms, not minding the people around them. Their good relationship really made many passersby jealous. Except, they were hugging for too long already and it didn't seem like their still planning to buy the toys they were looking at earlier.

“Uhmm... are you still going to buy these playthings?” The vendor nervously asked.

Wei Wuxian chuckled and pulled away, “Lan Zhan, we should give our A’Yuan these toys!”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

The pair who was obviously in a better mood bought many things for A’Yuan. The vendor couldn’t be any happier to meet such rich couple!

“Let’s go there!” Wei Wuxian ran away and left Lan Wangji to deal with the playthings that they bought.

Lan Wangji sighed as he followed him. He was helpless yet he was also fond of this side of Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian was like a bird who was suddenly freed from his cage. Going around, trying and buying many things. His laughter filled the streets of Yueyang as his husband guarded him from the back.

However, the two of them were strolling for quite some time when an accident happened. Lan Wangji saw a familiar figure and was distracted for only a brief moment. When he turned back to look at Wei Wuxian, he was already gone.

Lan Wangji searched around. His face was as still as calm as before, but his heart was becoming more and more unsettled for every second that he couldn’t find Wei Wuxian.

Suddenly, there was someone who tapped his shoulder. Lan Wangji heaved a sigh of relief as he smelled the familiar fresh smell of lotus flower. He turned around and was met with a blue monster Wei Wuxian. Wei Wuxian was holding a colorful mask against his face. It was a mask with fangs and horns that was only made to scare children and obviously didn’t have any effect on the calm Lan Wangji.

Wei Wuxian laughed out loud, removing his colorful mask, and revealing a beautiful grinning face that was so contrasting with his ugly mask.

Lan Wangji’s eyes flashed with unknown emotion. He once again saw the familiar figure and it was now skipping carefully towards Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian was oblivious of this and thought that Lan Wangji was just dissatisfied with how ugly his mask was. With this, he laughed even more.

“Immortal Maiden Zhengye,” someone tapped Wei Wuxian’s shoulder just like what he did to Lan Wangji.

The voice was clearly deepened deliberately and Wei Wuxian, being his curious self, unconsciously answered to the person’s call by turning around. He did not expect that he would instead fall for the same prank that he had set for Lan Wangji!

“Ahhhhh!” Wei Wuxian jumped in horror as he was met with an even more ugly blue creature. It was heavily disfigured with an awkward grin that would scare even the adults.

Lan Wangji held his wife, he was evidently not amused that Wei Wuxian was pranked by others to the point that he would jump into his arms like he had seen a dog.

Wei Wuxian released his claws from Lan Wangji, dusted his robes and pretended to be calm.

He glared at the new person who was laughing so hard he was even holding his tummy.

Wei Wuxian, “Nie-gongzi, I didn’t know that you have a hobby of playing pranks to just anyone?”

They practically had no connection other than that short conversation in Caiyi Town. It was only natural that Zhengye Xiangu saw Nie Huaisang as rude. But he wasn’t really just Zhengye Xiangu, yes?

Nie Huaisang looked at Lan Wangji with big confused eyes, “You didn’t tell him?”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Didn’t tell him what? Wei Wuxian was also confused what the two of them were talking about.

Nie Huaisang nodded in understanding afterwards. So it was indeed the case. No wonder Wei Wuxian thought that he didn’t know that it’s him.

Nie Huaisang, “That’s really something that you would do.”

Lan Wangji was polite, “I’m not the right person to tell *her*.”

Lan Wangji had still not told Wei Wuxian that Nie Huaisang was also like them and that he was the mastermind of this time travel.

Many things had happened after Wei Wuxian died but Lan Wangji only told him that his name had been cleared and the true culprits had received their proper retribution.

Wei Wuxian didn’t know that Nie Mingjue also died. That this death was the catalyst that unearthed every bad thing that Jin Guangyao had machinated, that the Jins had done.

When Nie Mingjue died, Nie Huaisang had done many things to give justice for his brother. Almost everything that happened from the Mo Village and afterwards was orchestrated by Nie Huaisang. Even Lan Wangji himself was not clear in some matters. It was only right to let the person himself explain.

Nie Huaisang, “I’m quite touched but Hanguang-Jun really don’t need to give me face. Because was there something that shouldn’t be shared between couples? You’re technically sharing the same heart and the same bed!”

Wei Wuxian coughed, “That… You seemed to be aware of many things.”

Nie Huaisang covered his mouth with his fan, “You flatter me Wei-xiong. I really didn’t know anything.”

What nonsense! Who would believe such excuse?! He even knew his true identity! Wei Wuxian wanted to retort back but Lan Wangji spoke up first.

Lan Wangji, “We should discuss this in private.”

That was something that’s unquestionable. Lan Wangji had long since put a silencing barrier around them but one could still see their actions and the movement of their mouth.

Lan Wangji led them towards the least crowded restaurant in the city. They rented a private room and ordered an abundant lunch full of spicy dishes and jars of alcohol since the couple had not yet eaten their lunch.

Wei Wuxian chuckled and shifted his gaze between Lan Wangji and Nie Huaisang. “Now that there’s no other people here, mind explaining things to me?”

Lan Wangji nodded. He put his chopsticks down, chewed and swallowed his food completely before speaking, “Wei Ying, he is like us.”

Wei Wuxian’s eyes widened, the spicy strip of chicken on his mouth almost dropped as he exclaimed to Nie Huaisang, “Like us?! You’re from our original timeline?”

“Yes, I came with Hanguang-Jun,” Nie Huaisang admitted.

“But why?” What is the reason why his timid classmate would take the risk to go back in time?

“That… we should start a few years after you died…”



Little Devil



Chapter Twenty-Three

A thick heavy atmosphere could be felt in a certain private room in the unknown restaurant in Yueyang. Inside were three cultivators facing each other in silence. It seemed like they had discussed something depressing and no one could utter a word after that.

A few more moments had passed before the youth in a black robe outlined with exquisite golden pattern looked down at his hands as he finally opened his mouth.

“I’m not a saint.”

“I’m not so forgiving.”

“I had...” Nie Huaisang’s hand tightened around the fan on his hand as he continued, “I had to give my brother the peace that he deserves...”

Wei Wuxian sighed internally. In their previous encounter, he did not notice how different this Nie Huaisang was from the carefree youngster that he knew. However, this moment showed him how broken this man was.

He glanced at the person on his side. Nie Huaisang and Lan Wangji, they really suffered a lot. No wonder they chose to go back in time.

Wei Wuxian’s gaze travelled back to Nie Huaisang. Right at this moment, Nie Huaisang suddenly laughed bitterly. His breathing was uneven, as though thousands of emotions were bubbling inside him. Even Wei Wuxian could feel the pain in his laughter.

The laughter died down and what was left was a bitter smile. “But it didn’t make me happy. Sometimes, I even missed that person... and even regretted what I did to him. I know I *hated* him, but I also grieved over scheming to kill him and using Er-ge in the process.”

Nie Huaisang looked up, gathering his courage to look at Lan Wangji in the eyes. “Hanguang-jun, I know it’s long due but I want to take this chance to apologize for what I did to your brother.”

His voice was still of a youth and a hint of immaturity could still be heard, but his resolve and sincerity would let one know that he’s an adult.

Wei Wuxian once again shifted his gaze to the serious jade-like statue on his left. He was sitting properly with his back straight as a rod. One could not find any fault in him from his head to his toe. It was without a question that he is a complete embodiment of a prim and proper young master from a great cultivation sect. He quietly listened to Nie Huaisang,

respectfully letting him finish his words. As he heard him apologize to him, an unknown emotion flashed on his eyes but quickly disappeared like it had not been there.

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

It was clear that Lan Wangji had already forgiven Nie Huaisang even before he apologized to him. If not, he wouldn’t be here and wouldn’t join him in this time travel. However, forgiving didn’t equate to forgetting. One could still remember the bad things that a person is capable of doing. This will become a transparent barrier that would prevent trust to be completely built between the two of them. But as fellow time-travelers, they knew that they couldn’t let it to ruin their relationship.

Nie Huaisang also understood this and immediately thanked Lan Wangji. He raised his three fingers to take an oath whilst smiling in relief, “You can trust that it won’t happen again in this timeline. I wouldn’t and I wouldn’t dare.”

Lan Wangji only nodded and didn’t say a word.

Wei Wuxian coughed a few times to lighten the atmosphere.

“Nie-xiong, haha! Honestly, everything is to be expected, except, you are the one who made it happen,” Wei Wuxian decided to divert the conversation.

Even though, it wasn’t just a complete diversion since he really wanted to say this to Nie Huaisang. Because who would believe him if he goes further back in time and tell their younger selves that, *“Hey, this classmate of yours who only knows how to catch birds and paint fans all day long will plan for the end of some future Chief Cultivator!”* Really! Unbelievable! So! Shocking!

Nie Huaisang fanned himself. He didn’t look so flattered with Wei Wuxian’s words. Instead, he meekly explained, “Circumstances forced me to, Wei-xiong...” He suddenly hid his face behind his fan as he commented, “ah it’s really hard to call you brother when you’re actually a beauty. I would rather call you meim-”

Immediately, a cold aura was shot towards Nie Huaisang. Wei Wuxian really want to smack this guy on the head. He just got pardoned by Lan Wangji and yet he dared to make the man displeased right after. Truly without fear!

But Wei Wuxian was actually delighted. Because it inspired him to tease Lan Wangji by making the man call him Mei-mei later on!

Wei Wuxian tilted his head, looking at the man beside him. Lan Wangji was still sitting with his straight back, and looking as dignified as always. But Wei Wuxian knew that the small furrow between his brows meant that he wasn’t so pleased to hear what Nie Huaisang wanted to call Wei Wuxian.

Lan Wangji noticed his gaze and asked, “Wei Ying?”

Wei Wuxian chuckled. He winked his left eye and leaned towards Lan Wangji, whispering, “Don’t worry for I will not let anyone but you to call me Mei-mei... Er-gege.”

The tone at the end of his words lifted up, its teasing intent more than obvious.

With heavy eyes, Lan Wangji stared at him before looking away. His ears as red as beet was displayed in front of Wei Wuxian’s eyes. Wei Wuxian felt his heart melt. He moved his lips beside his ears and called in a coquettish voice, “Lan Er-gege...”

Lan Wangji’s breaths seemed to have stuttered. When he turned his head to look at Wei Wuxian, his eyes held a hint of warning.

On the other side of the table, Nie Huaisang was sipping his drink as quietly as possible and trying his best to be invisible. With a smiling eyes, he looked like he was enjoying a show in some famous tea house.

Wei Wuxian, on the other hand, didn’t mind their enthusiastic audience. Next to Lan Wangji’s ear, he had already relentlessly repeated ‘Lan Er-gege’ over half a dozens of times, softly and lightly. Lan Wangji seemed to have finally run out of patience.

Without a warning, he sealed Wei Wuxian’s lips with his own. The room finally quieted down. After a moment, he pulled away as though he had not kissed Wei Wuxian in front of others.

“Anymore, and you will be silenced,” he warned.

Wei Wuxian pulled away as he grinned victoriously. He straightened his robe and turned to Nie Huaisang, “Alright, where did we stop? Oh, as I was saying, I didn’t expect for you to change so drastically. However, I understand that it was because of your brother. So I assume that you wanted to prevent his death this time, Am I right?”

Nie Huaisang, suddenly becoming the center of attention, could only nod helplessly. He really wanted to praise Wei Wuxian for quickly switching topics after such display of affection.

Wei Wuxian, “Are you going to kill Jin Guangyao? No, he should still be Meng Yao right now. So... are you going to kill Meng Yao?”

The smile on Nie Huaisang’s face noticeably faded. Is he going to kill Meng Yao, that small soldier in the Nie Camp whose only wish was to prove himself to his father? Is he going to kill that person who will one day become his third brother? The person who would often bring him arts and fans as presents whenever he visits the Unclean Realm? Is he really going kill that Jin Guangyao that only showed him kindness?

Meng Yao or Jin Guangyao, he never once mistreated him except for the time that he killed his brother. Nie Huaisang already killed him once for that, thinking that he would be happy afterwards. In the end, he couldn’t help but pick up his blood-stained hat and built a cenotaph with it. He did that for the third brother that he knew.

So is he going to kill Meng Yao? The corner of Nie Huaisang's lips curved back as he answered decisively, "No... who I'm going to kill is the root of all of this."

This wasn't an answer that he came up with in the nick of time. Instead, it was a decision that he made during his wishful dreams in his past life, thinking that if he was given a chance, he would want to lead Meng Yao into the right path instead of killing him.

No one is originally evil. Often times, a villain was also once a victim. And for Jin Guangyao, his yearning for his father's approval was the root of his wickedness. Therefore, if he's going to kill someone, it should be that man.

"Jin Guangshan," Wei Wuxian supplied for him.

Jin Guangshan was very ambitious. To cement his power after the fall of Qishan Wen Sect, he was willing to shelter mass murderers, assassinate fellow clan leaders, annihilate clans, and use his own son's death for political gain. He was really no better than Wen Rouhan.

Wei Wuxian, "Even before I died, the greed of Jin Guangshan was already evident. I couldn't help but wonder how and why other sects tolerated them and still let them be the ruler of Wulin."

Lan Wangji spoked coldly, "The Jin Sect was the least affected during the war."

Nie Huaisang nodded, "Compared to other cultivation sects that fully committed themselves into fighting the Wens, the Jins had pretty much preserved their power."

"So many troubles and the root cause is only one person. This mission is quite easy, no?" Wei Wuxian laughed but the other time travelers couldn't argue for they agreed on what he said.

Yes, Jin Guangyao had done most of the bad deeds, but if not for wanting to prove himself to his father, would Jin Guangyao really do those evil deeds? Would he be so desperate to even kill the Jin disciples and be seen by Nie Mingjue causing a huge crack with their relationship? Would he still feel so cornered if not because he discovered that Qin Su is his sister? As for Nie Mingjue's death, Nie Mingjue had indeed insulted him but there was a point where Jin Guangyao admitted that it was Jin Guangshan who wanted him dead for political purposes.

Killing Jin Guangshan wouldn't completely guarantee that Jin Guangyao will not turn black, but it's clear that his death will bring more gain and no loss at all.

In this case, Meng Yao will have no father to prove himself into. While in advance, Jin Zixuan will inherit the position of Jin Sect's Leader with the help of his still alive mother.



The three time travelers walk out of the restaurant, each carrying their heavy thoughts. Changing the future events couldn't guarantee them complete success but they had to try. What is the use of their future knowledge if they're just going to watch the unfortunate things to happen again?

Lan Wangji will protect Wei Wuxian with all his life.

Wei Wuxian will save the Wen remnants and prevent Jin Zixuan and Jiang Yanli from dying.

And Nie Huaisang had to save his brother from dying while preventing Meng Yao from turning black.

It wouldn't be easy, but they decided to do it anyway. After all, they weren't alone in this. They have themselves to rely on.

"It didn't seem like you came here just to meet us," Wei Wuxian suddenly said after they had walked a few zhangs away from the restaurant.

Nie Huaisang laughed mysteriously, "The time is ripe. Had managed to catch down a certain lecherous sect leader after a long time of laying traps."

Wei Wuxian's eyes brightened, "Giving us a good show, Nie-xiong?"

Nie Huaisang was about to reply to the beautiful maiden's flattery but abruptly stopped as he felt chills on his nape. Nie Huaisang raised his head, timely meeting the sharp gaze of Lan Wangji. Hehe, Hanguang-jun is indeed a gentleman and he would surely not like what he will see. But what he planned for that sect leader was well deserved.

Wei Wuxian noticed the two people's exchanged. He pouted as he clung on Lan Wangji's arm.

Wei Wuxian, "Hanguang-Jun, I know you are old, but don't be a fuddy-duddy. After all, Nie-xiong made an effort to accomplish his plan."

Lan Wangji understood the current Nie Huaisang more than Wei Wuxian did and somehow had an idea of what he was trying to accomplish. He didn't want Wei Wuxian to see such dirty thing but he also knew that he shouldn't control Wei Wuxian. In the end, albeit not willing, he could only concede.

Lan Wangji, "We are only watching from afar."

Wei Wuxian's eyes that were hopefully staring at Lan Wangji brightened, "Alright alright. My husband is the best!"

Lan Wangji didn't say a word. Only looking at Nie Huaisang meaningfully. Nie Huaisang smiled at him before immediately looking away. He coughed awkwardly as he hastened his steps towards the venue of the show that he painstakingly prepared.

Largest brothel in Yueyang. A boy cladded entirely in black from head to toe was leaning against the doorway as he played with a dagger. This boy was really beautiful. His eyes are round and black and there's a natural curl in the corner of his lips. Paired with a white face that still has some baby fats, one could not deny that he looked really cute. However, there's a dark aura surrounding this teen and one could tell that his thoughts was full of mischief. So even though he was standing conspicuously in the doorway of a brothel, no one would think that he was selling his skills.

Xue Yang kicked a stone in front of him. He was someone who would easily be bored so when that two-faced didn't come back after a couple of hours, he was already turning impatient.

The stone that he kicked rolled towards the dark alleyway beside the brothel and stopped in front of a pair of feminine shoes. Not long after the rock was thrown back at him, hitting precisely the center of his forehead. Xue Yang immediately released a killing intent as he turned his death glare towards the dark alleyway. With his good eyesight, he could vaguely see three silhouettes standing in the dark of which two were familiar to him.

Xue Yang was even in a worse mood but still unfalteringly walked towards the alleyway.

The first person that he recognized amidst the dark was obviously Lan Wangji who was dressed in white and with an equally white face.

Xue Yang, "Ice-face is here? Thought he's still chasing his wife?"

Nie Huaisang chuckled, "Already caught ah!"

That's when Xue Yang noticed Wei Wuxian. He could not fully see her in the dark but it was enough for him to know that this woman is definitely a beauty and fitted perfectly with the description of the famous Zhengye Xiangu. His eyes brightened as he saw the beautiful maiden. He was happy to see her, not because she's beautiful, but because he wanted to learn dark arts from her.

Wei Wuxian waved his hand and smiled behind his veil, "Is this Xue Yang? What a beautiful boy!" Feeling the sharp gaze of his companion, he coughed awkwardly before he shifted his gaze to him, "Of course, my Lan-Ergege is even more beautiful ah!"

Xue Yang scoffed at Lan Wangji before turning and smiling at Wei Wuxian. He cupped his fist together and decisively bowed before Wei Wuxian, "Please accept this one as disciple!"

Wei Wuxian gawked in astonishment. In his past life, he never once accepted a disciple. Aside from the fact that those interested had a hard time finding him, those that indeed found their way towards the Burial Mounds were harshly rejected. He really didn't want to spread diabolism.

But this person was said to repair Stygian Tiger Amulet to its half power with just self-study. Wei Wuxian think carefully. Xue Yang was a natural in demonic cultivation and would be attracted to it no matter what. Instead of letting this Little Devil experiment on his own, why not guide him?



The Savior And His Damsel In Distress

Chapter Notes

RUNNNN!!!! IM SERIOUSLY GOING TO WHITEWASH XUE YANG, SO FOR THOSE WITH A FRIGID HEART, RUUUUUNNNNNNN!!! HAHAHAHA 

And I don't know what had gotten into me to make this melodramatic plot. Just enjoy this as an extra since it's not usual for the lazy me to update this early, mmn? 

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty- Four

It was the first time that Wei Wuxian met Xue Yang but he already heard of his infamy from Nie Huaisang. To say the least, this beautiful looking youth with a radiant smile could be a little bit vengeful. To be specific, he had no qualms about annihilating a whole clan for a finger that he had lost, or tricking an honorable Daoist to slaughter innocent people.

The natural course of events should be killing him before he could be a real threat to humanity, but Nie Huaisang had not eliminated this dangerous variable. Instead, he kept Xue Yang close to him. Wei Wuxian could clearly see what stand Nie Huaisang wanted to take in this alteration of the future.

Meng Yao and Xue Yang were already tainted with vengeance but to say that it was pitch black paint was also wrong. No matter how small, there's still hope and Nie Huaisang didn't want to give up on them. For this, Nie Huaisang earned Wei Wuxian's respect.

Wei Wuxian observed the boy who was smiling at him radiantly. He was confidently waiting for Wei Wuxian's answer, chin slightly raised and eyes squinted into crescent-moons. It greatly reminded him of his past self. In fact, they were really somehow the same. Both were orphans, both were once a street rat. However, Wei Wuxian was fortunate enough to be rescued from the streets earlier than Xue Yang. Or else, Wei Wuxian wasn't sure if he could still be righteous as he is right now had he stayed on the streets longer or had he experienced Xue Yang's trauma.

Xue Yang didn't seem to mind that Wei Wuxian was observing him. He even looked like he was instead enjoying such attention. Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow. Wrong, looking closely at his white hand gripping tightly around his dagger, Xue Yang was nervous more than he let it show.

Wei Wuxian suddenly smiled. Nie Huaisang's judgement wasn't wrong. Xue Yang is still human capable of being saved.

He pondered, Xue Yang was also said to repair the Stygian Tiger Amulet to its half power with just self-study. Xue Yang was a natural in demonic cultivation and was obviously a genius. Instead of letting him experiment on his own that could result to him being in the derange state that he would be in the future, why not guide him?

No one is inherently evil. Wei Wuxian also knew clearly that it will be based on his teaching if demonic cultivation will negatively affect Xue Yang's heart. It will be a huge responsibility but Wei Wuxian had decided, "Spiritual or resentful energy, you have to know that what's important is where you will use it. No matter what you had experienced, promise me that you will only use your power to fight the evil and help the weak."

Xue Yang dumbly stared at him for a while before it sunk into his little head, "You mean..."

Wei Wuxian nodded. Xue Yang suddenly chuckled and bowed to his new master, "Fight the evil... hehe. Master, this one understand!"

Wei Wuxian had not understand these words, but when *that* time came, it would dawn to him that everyone had wronged Xue Yang deeply in their past lives.

The group of four headed inside the brothel using a secret passage way. Waiting at its end was a breathtakingly beautiful maiden dressed as a high end courtesan. Wei Wuxian was heroically and charmingly kind of seductive beauty but this courtesan was a fragile like beauty that would naturally earn the protection of any man. Seeing that Lan Wangji and Xue Yang were unaffected by her charm, Wei Wuxian had to admit that among men, there were really some that are anomalies.

The courtesan knowingly led them to a special side room. Wei Wuxian was surprised. This room was indeed special for it was divided from the main room using a peculiar copper wall. From this wall, one could see the inside of the main room!

The courtesan smiled politely. "Lord and Madam should not worry for this will only let you see the other side but not the other way around."

It was clear that she's one of Nie Huaisang's people and had already met Xue Yang so these words were naturally addressed to the couple. It was just a wonder how she could address Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian properly. Nie Huaisang... seemed to have a close relationship with her.

"Sisi, I had troubled you," Nie Huaisang replied for them. One could not see a trace of the incompetent Heir Nie from him as he said these words.

The courtesan performed a side curtsy as she looked at Nie Huaisang gratefully, "This lowly one is very much willing... Young Master Nie, Sisi is thankful for everything that you did."

Sisi's soft voice was unstable and full of emotions as she said these words to Nie Huaisang. When he heard it, Nie Huaisang's gaze dimmed as though his resolve had somehow wavered. But Sisi already stood up straight and once again regained her courteous smile.

Sisi, "Sisi is really happy that I met *you*... farewell."

The willowy figure turned around, walking away from them. Her every steps were resolute and her small figure carried to it a great conviction.

Wei Wuxian glanced at Nie Huaisang only to see him biting his lower lip. Then he murmured in a low voice, “Farewell.”

Sisi halted her steps. She didn’t turn around but they could hear her melodious chuckle. She then continued walking out of the room. The sound of the sliding and closing of the door was amplified amidst the silence inside the room.

This parting seemed to mean forever...

Nie Huaisang clenched his fist but he still didn’t follow her. He remained like that until sounds came from the main room. The person who came in couldn’t be any more familiar to them, Jin Guangshan! Wei Wuxian was astonished to see the appearance of this man. He clearly remembered that though Jin Guangshan is really perverted, half of the ladies that he played with were actually willing. It was because he was handsome and as a cultivator, looked quite young. But now, this handsome sect leader became bony, his face sunken, and the color of his skin was of unhealthy yellow.

Jin Guangshan came with Sisi who was walking half a step behind him. The two settled down at the table that was already full of drinks and foods.

Nie Huaisang was still not in a good mood so it was Xue Yang who explained the situation. It turned out that it was not Jin Guangshan’s first time coming here. When Sisi served him before, she purposely made him ingest a certain kind of Gu. These parasites that were living off his blood and cultivation weren’t actually the reason why Jin Guangshan had become like this. This Gu have the ability to amplify the desires of a man. But these Gus would only have a chance to suck his vitality whenever he would cave in to his desire. In short it was his lecherous nature that made him like this.

But Jin Guangshan will not really die. His desire will only amplify more and more. He will not feel content unless he did it with a woman who also have Gus in her system. But doing it with her is also not a good thing.

Xue Yang continued, “When the Yin meets Yang will be the moment that the Gu will truly mature.”

Wei Wuxian’s eyes widened in apprehension, “You mean...”

“Sisi also ingested it...” This time, it was Nie Huaisang who answered Wei Wuxian.

There are many kinds of Gu but they are the same for a fact that they are made to test the self-control of humans. A man and a woman that were both infected by it should never consummate. As long as they could suppress their desires, these Gus could naturally be also cured.

Wei Wuxian, “But you are regretting it, so why not stop her?!”

Nie Huaisang laughed bitterly, “It’s already too late.”

Wei Wuxian, “You-”

Did Nie Huaisang really became heartless for his plans? No matter how much he had been dense about his feelings before, he could still see that Sisi like Nie Huaisang, even to a point that she’s willing to sacrifice herself for his plan. But it’s never right to use other’s feelings to make them sacrifice their lives for you!

If Nie Huaisang could remain sitting, Wei Wuxian couldn’t!

However, after he stood up, he felt that his right hand was being held by Lan Wangji. The man looked at him in the eyes and shook his head.

Wei Wuxian, “Why... also you?”

Lan Wangji sighed, “It’s Yin Incinerating Gu.”

Lan Wangji is also a healer of his own and had already identified the Gu that Sisi and Jin Guangshan ingested.

Wei Wuxian knew that Lan Wangji was not joking. He could only slump back to his chair as his rage was quickly replaced with pity for Nie Huaisang.

No wonder. Even though Nie Huaisang's resolve wavered, he still did nothing. It was too late. This certain kind of Gu is actually not harmful to Jin Guangshan. As long as he waited until the Gu in Sisi fully absorb her vitality, the Gu in him will naturally leave on their own. But the Gu in Sisi will really kill her no matter what. She could only let Jin Guangshan take her so they both will die.

This selflessness... why would she do this? Wei Wuxian looked at Nie Huaisang. If it's just because Sisi love Nie Huaisang, would it really be enough for her to willingly sacrifice herself for his plan? Wouldn't she want to be with him instead? Unless she has her own reason for killing Jin Guangshan.

Nie Huaisang also sighed, “If it’s only my decision, do you think I will let her use this kind of Gu? Shouldn’t I use the Yang Incinerating Gu instead? In the first place couldn’t I just hire someone else? Or just assassinate Jin Guangshan instead? But what could I do? It’s her wish after all. She said that dying after personally killing Jin GuangShan is what would really make her at peace and if she failed then it's only right for her to die. Her cultivation is not enough to assassinate Jin Guangshan and she said that this is the only thing that she’s good at...”

Sisi was once a Young Miss in a small cultivation clan in Yunmeng. Her father dotted on her and her mother loved her dearly. Her great grandfather had been a friend of a great figure when he was still living. Through this, she became a betrothed to an heir of a great clan. She was living a perfect life, only waiting for her right age to be wedded into. Until that tragedy happened.

Though she was young at age, she could still clearly remember the events that ruined her once perfect life. Her mother was beautiful just like her and she didn't lack admirers even when she's already married. However, her, being married into a relatively powerful clan prevented other's from coveting her beauty. But the appearance of a powerful cultivator changed everything. He's extremely lecherous and didn't care if the beauty that he had taken a liking already has a husband and daughter. Naturally, he didn't mind offending such small clan.

That powerful cultivator ruined her mother's reputation. The concubine of her father took this opportunity to scheme against her mother. It came to a point that they made her father believe that her mother had always been cheating on him and that she is also the product of her mother's immoral deeds. Her father flew into rage and personally executed her mother while she was sold off to a brothel.

That powerful cultivator didn't care about any of these. He disappeared after ruining her mother's reputation. His identity remained unknown to everyone.

When she was sold off to that brothel in Yumping, she was only ten years old. There she met Meng Shi and her son Meng Yao. Meng Shi was pretty educated for a courtesan and she even dreamt of having her son cultivate. Sisi, it was how she was called after being sold, saw the fake cultivation books that Meng Shi bought for her son. She was once a daughter of a small cultivation clan and had already learned how to gather Qi. She volunteered to teach Meng Yao. This made Meng Shi happy and decided to take care of her like her own daughter. It still needed years of grooming before she could serve as a courtesan and in this years, Meng Shi served as her mother.

The three of them live peacefully amidst that hard situation that they were in. But Sisi had never forgotten her past and deep within her heart was a thirst for revenge. However, she knew that she's weak and she even didn't know the name of that powerful cultivator.

Until a few years ago, in her death bed, Meng Shi deliriously recalled how she and Meng Yao's father met. Sisi had already heard about some stories about this mysterious person and of course she had doubts that this could be the powerful cultivator that she was looking for. However, Meng Yao's father seemed to be a playboy but would never force himself to anyone so Sisi did not think about it deeper. But after listening to Meng Shi's detailed description of that man, she couldn't be any clearer that the powerful cultivator who ruined her mother was also Meng Yao's father. Meng Shi also revealed the identity of that person. He is none other than Jin Guangshan, the sect leader of Lanling Jin Sect who's infamous for his lecherous deeds!

She already knew who's the person who ruined their lives but she wasn't strong enough to take her revenge. She was hopeless and powerless, so what could she do? She only has her beauty to rely on but this beauty is also something that she couldn't be thankful of. Her face was slowly turning from a fresh young bud to a beautiful fully-bloomed flower. She became famous but this also attracted the hatred of the other girls who made life difficult for her. Misfortune also come one after another. One of the wife of her customer hired thugs to ruin her face. In this desperate fleeing, she met Nie Huaisang.

After knowing her situation, Nie Huaisang had also told her his plan to kill Jin Guangshan. Sisi immediately volunteered to enact this plan. This was how their cooperation started. But fate is really playful. She fell for this savior that came when she most needed help, while he didn't notice that, he too, fell for this damsel in distress until the moment of their last farewell.

They came here to enjoy the closing show for Jin Guangshan, but the death of another character left them with the feeling of regret, hollowness, and in the end, respect.

“Nie-Xiong...” Wei Wuxian called out.

“You are her betrothed, am I right?”



Chapter End Notes

As I said earlier, this plot was the fruit of my sudden insanity. Sisi and NHS should not have feelings for each other base on my draft but I tried to put my self on their shoes, specially to Sisi's. Wouldn't you fall for your savior?

So from the previous chapter NHS was kinda excited for this. But as I had mentioned, he only realized his feelings after Sisi thanked him.

No paper money for me?



Chapter Twenty- Five

Years ago, former Sect Leader Nie encountered a mishap and was rescued by a kind-hearted wandering cultivator. Old Nie is a man who believes in karma. To repay the kindness of his savior, he promised to fulfill one favor for the man as long as it's within the moral standard. The wandering cultivator only have his granddaughter and great granddaughter as kin and only wished for the Nie Sect to take care of them. Hearing this, Old Nie immediately remembered his great grandsons. This wandering cultivator has a really kind soul and his family members couldn't be that bad either. Therefore, Old Nie decided to protect the man's great granddaughter by marrying her into the Nie Clan.

Initially, Eldest Young Master Nie was the chosen groom for this betrothal but he resolutely refused. Nie Mingjue didn't say it but everyone knew that he did it for Nie Huaisang. He was persistent into making Nie Huaisang lead the sect one day. Therefore, he couldn't marry or have a child to any woman to avoid the struggle of power in the future. And so, Nie Huaisang's marriage had been set in stone since he was at the age of five.

Nie Huaisang was made aware of this betrothal ever since he could remember and his feelings towards this future wife was very lukewarm. He knew that he should fulfill the promise of his great grandfather, but he was also not overly enthusiastic about it. He thought that maybe if he could meet her, his feelings and stand towards this marriage would somehow be clear. However, he was never given that chance.

One day, they were suddenly shocked by the news that she and her mother died. He remembered how angry his father back then and knew that their deaths were not that simple. However, no one explained it to him.

Later on, Nie Huaisang found out that her clan had met a downfall and knew that it was the work of his father. That was the last time that he heard a news from that small clan, not knowing the truth of what really happened to her and her mother.

Nie Huaisang was still young and it didn't affect him that deeply. Years passed, this incident that had been buried at the back of his mind soon faded with the passage of time... until he completely forgot about that one girl who would have been his wife.

But the twisted strings of fate were really hard to untangle. In the course of seeking revenge, Nie Huaisang met Sisi. Sisi is a woman with a dark past and just like him, her heart was also full of revenge. After she had learned about the dirty things that Jin Guangyao did for Jin Guangshan, Sisi willingly allowed Nie Huaisang to use her as a tool to expose Jin Guangyao.

Sisi was a key character in the destruction of the father and son. After returning, she was also one of the first few people that Nie Huaisang seek.

Nie Huaisang deliberately arranged an encounter with Sisi. Pretending to be the savior that saved the damsel in her distress moments. Only she didn't know that this young man who came when she most needed help will also be her doom. It was heartless, he was heartless... or so he thought.

Sisi, she was just a tool, a piece that should be disposed after being used... but she's more than that. Behind her fragile looking beauty is a fighter, a brave woman who would do anything to exact revenge against the man who destroyed her life.

Nie Huaisang thought that he is already heartless, but every moment that he spent with Sisi made him think otherwise. Because of her insistence, he decided to guide Xue Yang instead of killing him. Because of her, he started to understand Meng Yao. Nie Huaisang came from the world where he used many lives as his death bed and Sisi made him see his mistakes. But there's only one miscalculation that he could no longer correct... he could no longer save her.

Nie Huaisang once had a betrothed. He never hated nor like her, he just thought that maybe meeting her might change his feelings. If only he wasn't too late in understanding his own heart... She... she wouldn't...

Nie Huiasang bowed his head, no longer able to look at the scene in front of him. His nails were digging hard against his palms, blood starting to seep from it, but the pain within his chest was so great that he could no longer notice the wound on the both of his palms.

"I'm sorry I did not recognize you," Nie Huaisang mumbled with self-loathing. The clues were all there, he was just blind to notice. If only he tried to learn more about her past. If only he didn't treat her as a tool...

"Nie-xiong! Wake up!" Wei Wuxian shook Nie Huiasang hard but the man in front of him was still delirious. His eyes were unfocused as he stared at the two dead bodies in the other room.

"Feiyun!" Nie Huaisang abruptly stood up, mindlessly running towards the main room. Feiyun, he finally remembered the name of that girl who would have been his wife if fate didn't play tricks with their lives.

Wei Wuxian exchanged a knowing look with Lan Wangji as they followed Nie Huaisang with Xue Yang.

Nie Huaisang was rushing towards the main room when suddenly, his path was blocked by a young man. The young man held Nie Huaisang firmly, preventing him from entering the room.

"Let go! I have to see her! I have to save her!" Nie Huaisang struggled but it was all in vain. The young man was clearly determined to stop him.

"A'sang, it's what Jiejie wanted. Are you really going to make her sacrifices in vain?"

"No, she didn't have to sacrifice anything. I'm going to save her..." Nie Huaisang voice was so weak while tears continued to flow from his eyes. He raised his hand and touched the

tightly closed door in front of him. It was only a small distance, but Nie Huaisang felt that it was so hard to reach her.

“It’s too late. She’s already dead.”

“I... I...” Nie Huaisang’s vision started to clear out. He finally recognized the young man who was supporting him. “Yao-ge, I failed her.”

Meng Yao smiled sadly, “We should respect her choice.”

Footsteps rushing from the first floor were heard. Meng Yao looked at the three people behind Nie Huaisang and nodded, “We should go now. If others see us here, all of Jiejie’s sacrifices will be in vain.”

Wei Wuxian hesitated for a moment but he also knew that at this point, they could no longer do anything to save Sisi. Worse thing was if they were seen here and be tied with Jin Guangshan’s death.

Meng Yao lead the way while supporting Nie Huaisang. Wei Wuxian tugged Lan Wangji’s sleeve as they followed behind.

“Wei Ying?” Lan Wangji frowned.

Wei Wuxian stared at Lan Wangji’s golden eyes. In the end, he only shook his head with a sigh. Actually, he was just wondering why Meng Yao was here. In this incident, it was not just Sisi who died. Meng Yao’s father who he always wanted to please was now dead, so why isn’t he affected?

Wei Wuxian glanced at the tightly closed door as they passed by. He somehow had this thought that the self-less lady inside this room did many things to help Nie Huaisang. It was just a pity that she could no longer be with him in the end. In fact, Wei Wuxian could turn her into a sentient corpse just like Wen Ning but letting her enter the cycle of reincarnation was what she deserves.

The night was abnormally cold, the road was empty of people, and the hearts of three people standing in the middle of the silent street of Yueyang were particularly heavy. They watched as Meng Yao led Nie Huaisang away until their figures faded into the dark.

Xue Yang stared at their leaving figures, “Sang-ge clearly loves Si-jie but why would fate not let them be together?”

Wei Wuxian slid his fingers between Lan Wangji’s slightly cold ones, “Maybe that’s how fate works. Perhaps in the next life time, the red strings that crossed would be finally tied into a tight and sturdy knot.” He looked up and his eyes were full of emotions as he stared at Lan Wangji, “Am I right, Lan Er-gege?”

Lan Wangji tightened his grip on Wei Wuxian’s hand as he answered, “Wei Ying is right.”

Xue Yang nodded innocently. He was really clueless with things concerning about love.

Wei Wuxian started to like this apprentice even more.

They started to walk on the opposite path with depressed hearts. A while later, the two adults in teenage bodies heard a sniffing sound beside them. They looked around and saw Xue Yang secretly wiping away his tears with his sleeves.

Wei Wuxian was speechless, "This kid..."

Xue Yang raised his head stubbornly, "What's with that look? I clearly didn't cry."

Wei Wuxian chuckled and the heavy feeling in his heart slightly lightened, "Alright, you didn't cry. Should we burn some paper money for Maiden Sisi?"

Xue Yang's eyes brightened but he realized what was wrong, "There should be no store open at this hour, right?"

Wei Wuxian did not expect Xue Yang to take it seriously but he still replied meaningfully. "You don't have to worry, we have a master here."

Lan Wangji was drunk when it happened but Elder Heiying made him dream of what happened that night in details. Of course he understood what Wei Wuxian was talking about.

Moments later, Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji stood at the side, watching Xue Yang carry out a few random incense sticks, candles, and paper money. Walking over to the side, he built something that resembled a stove using bricks and rocks. He squatted in front of it and started to burn paper money, silently fanning the fire.

Seeing this, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but frown, "Hanguang-Jun, look at what this kid is doing in front of other people's doors. You're not even stopping him."

Lan Wangji replied in an indifferent tone, "As his master, you can stop him."

Wei Wuxian was also affected by Sisi's death and couldn't bear to stop Xue Yang. What more, he was the one who gave Xue Yang this idea of burning paper money. He sighed and let the kid do what he wants. In any case, it's so late in the night and no one is outside. But he still wondered loudly, "Why would dead people want money? They can't receive it anyway."

Xue Yang who was busy burning paper money heard him and looked up, "Master, how do you know?"

Wei Wuxian murmured, "How do I know? Isn't this a common knowledge in the cultivation world?"

And of course, he could not accept it since he was immediately reborn into the past after he died.

Xue Yang, "But what if they can actually receive them?"

Wei Wuxian asked himself in silence, what if this is really the case? Then, did someone burned them for him?

The more he thought about it, the more he wanted an assurance.

He turned to his side and whispered to Lan Wangji, "Hanguang-jun, have you burnt paper money for me? At least you've burnt paper money for me, right?"

His voice was weak and seemed that he was just forcefully assuring his own heart.

Lan Wangji glanced at him. He looked down, dusting away the ashes that stuck to the bottom of his sleeve, then stared quietly into the distance, giving not a single word of reply.

Looking at this obvious evasion, Wei Wuxian didn't know whether he should laugh or cry. Really? He had not burnt anything?!

Then he looked at the other's eyes and somehow understood, "You did not believe that I was really dead, did you?"

Lan Wangji did not answer his question but Wei Wuxian knew that it was really the case. He really didn't know if he should be hurt or touched by this.

So many things happened and all of them were really tired. After Xue Yang finished paying respect to the dead, they decided to take a rest before fulfilling their real agenda here in Yueyang City. After they ate their meals, they let Xue Yang stay in the room opposite them while Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji stayed in the same room, waiting for the dog that they had not seen for a day.

Not long after, they heard sounds of scratches on the window. Wei Wuxian personally stood up and welcomed their guest, Elder Heiying. Who would have thought that there would be a day when he will willingly welcome a dog?

Wei Wuxian, "Long time no see, Old Black! Is there a good news?"

The black dog jumped inside and sat lazily, "Of course, there is. But I didn't expect for the Chang Clan to be really disgusting."

Wei Wuxian raised an eyebrow curiously. Xue Yang's words earlier somehow echoed in his head.

Elder Heiying generously shared to them what he saw inside the Chang Clan while he was investigating the whereabouts of the last piece of the Yin metal, "That sickening clan...."



Small gift from me, hope you don't dislike!



谢建锐

Chang Clan Extermination

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty- Six

In Yueyang City, the Chang Clan was the overlord. They are the only cultivation clan in the area and thus, was very powerful compared to common people. They could be considered the local tyrants of Yueyang and couldn't be considered as good people. They are arrogant and like to demonstrate their authority over the weak.

These things are normal for the territories that are not governed by the major sects. The major sects have many things to take care of and will only intervene when they receive a formal complaint. But was it really easy for normal people to make contact with the major sects? Normally, major sects will use the governor to mediate. Unfortunately, in Yueyang City's case, their governor was the dog of Chang Clan. Not to mention receive their complaints, the governor will even imprison them on his own accord. This was the strong influence of hierarchy and was really hard to change.

Being tyrants was one thing, but this time, the Chang Clan had gone overboard. This Chang Clan... they were not that different from Wen Rouhan. They were the parasites of the society and what should be done to parasites? They should be exterminated!

Carrying the black dog in his arms, Wei Wuxian dragged Lan Wangji towards the Chang Clan residence. Earlier, Elder Heiying already searched for the location of the remaining Yin Iron. It's only because of the limitation with his corporeal body that he was not able to take it away.

However, it doesn't matter since it was their original plan to let the dream demon survey the situation first. Whereas, it's going to be Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji's job to take it away in the middle of the night.

All was quiet. The household lights had already been blown out, and the doors of the Chang Clan residence were shut tightly as well. From outside of the tall walls, the courtyard seemed to be pitch black, but as Wei WuXian leaped up the wall, before he even reached the roof, he suddenly paused, Something's wrong.

Lan Wangji felt it as well, whispering, "There is a barrier"

Elder Heiying spoke in his arms, "those with secrets to keep will always be careful."

Wei Wuxian thought about what Elder Heiying narrated earlier. His eyes flashed a glint of murderous intent as he nodded silently.

He exchanged glances with Lan Wangji and they tacitly jumped from the wall. The two landed soundlessly and left the main entrance. They went to a corner on the other side of the Chang Clan residence and carefully climbed up.

After hiding behind a rooftop, they finally peeked into the courtyard. As he saw what's inside, Wei Wuxian couldn't help but gaped in shock. Even Lan Wangji's eyes shrank, his gaze sharp and cold.

In the Chang Clan courtyard were many people and candlelight. It wouldn't be wrong to say that every member of the Chang Clan was present. From youngest to eldest, women, and men, all were there holding a candle as they stood in a circular pattern. They were surrounding hundreds of lumps with the familiar piece of iron floating in the center.

Wei Wuxian squinted his eyes and as he saw clearly what those lumps are, he almost jumped impulsively to hack all the members of the Chang Clan into pieces. Wei Wuxian gritted his teeth! These lumps are clearly children! Some are even infants! Had it not been for the firm hands that was holding his hand and caressing it soothingly, he would really start a massacre.

Lan Wangji looked at Wei Wuxian's eyes as he gently shook his head. "Wei Ying, it's too late."

Wei Wuxian's pupils shrank. He looked back at the Chang Clan's Courtyard. Reality showed him that it was indeed too late. With the presence of red fluid seeping from their bodies, it was obvious that they were already dead. Wei Wuxian's heart clenched with anger. "How could they..."

Wei Wuxian also felt guilt in his heart. If they came a little earlier, they could've saved these innocent children!

Elder Heiying had already told them that the Chang Clan were holding children as captives, abusing and enslaving them. Seeing that the true purpose of these children was to use them as sacrifices made his stomach to revolt and his rage to surge. How could there be such people like them? They are not humans!

The black dog felt the change in Wei Wuxian's aura. He looked up and opened his mouth.

"Child, you had not seen the other realms," Elder Heiying shook his head as he murmured. But his round eyes showed that he was also not pleased to see such sacrifices.

Wei Wuxian glanced meaningfully at the black fur ball in his arms but said nothing. Where this demon came from was really a mysterious place. However, the most important thing to do in this current moment is to stop the Chang Clan before they could finish this human sacrifice.

The Yin Iron is sinister in nature. If it consumed all these blood sacrifices, it is hard to say how disastrous it would cause in the future. Thinking about this, why did they had not heard of this incident before. Did someone else also stop the Chang Clan in their previous lives? If yes, who? A name immediately popped inside his head. It's no other than the boy who used the very same piece of Yin Iron to repair the Stygian Tiger Amulet, Xue Yang!

As Wei Wuxian was trapped in his thoughts, they suddenly felt a presence below them. They looked below and saw a teenager staring at them.

“Holy sh*t!” Wei Wuxian blurted out.

Lan Wangji, “Weiying, Language.”

Wei Wuxian quickly calmed himself and extracted his mind from his puzzling thoughts. The fact that this person was there was already enough as an answer.

Wei Wuxian whispered, “Alright sorry! Lan Zhan, you're really a fuddy-duddy and you, Xiao Yang, what are you doing here?”

“Master, why did you and ice-faced leave me?” Xue yang instead retorted. His voice was immature and with a tone that had a hint of being wronged, he somehow ended up looking cute.

“We thought you were sleeping?” Wei Wuxian lied expertly.

Xue Yang, of course did not buy it, “You didn't have any plan to bring me along.”

“Who said that?!”

“It's obvious!”

“Someone's coming, both of you shut up!” Elder Heiying angrily interrupted, his ears were pricked up as he was surveying the surroundings.

Wei Wuxian uncaringly answered the concerned black dog, “Come come if they can. Who's afraid of them?! Xue Yang, you go start the fight.”

But Xueyang was clearly concerned with something else. With his face mixed with equal curiosity and caution, he turned his head from left to right.

“Who?” Xue Yang frowned as he searched for the owner of the old voice.

“Idiot, who are you calling so rudely?” the black dog peeked his head out from Wei Wuxian's arms and scoffed.

“You you you...” Xue Yang couldn't seem to finish his words.

“Yes, I'm a talking dog,” Elder Heiying tried to say as nonchalantly as possible.

“This...”

Wei Wuxian slapped his forehead helplessly, "Old Black, really?"

"What?" Elder Heiying asked back as though he was really clueless.

Wei Wuxian could no longer care about them. He sighed and looked at Xue Yang like an old helpless mother, "Alright let's talk about this later. Xiao Yang, you can tag along but don't cause any trouble."

"Great, master is the best!" Xue Yang quickly collected himself and celebrated in a quiet voice. However, he still couldn't help but question life as he once again glanced at the black furry creature in his master's arm. How could a dog talk?!"

But Xue Yang was not given any chance to think about this anomaly as Wei Wuxian already waved his hand, scooping him with dark energy. "Let's go Xue Yang. Let's punish the evil!"

Xue Yang's eyes turned round from surprise. A second later, his lips curved up into a sincere smile. "Master, take the lead."

Wei Wuxian smiled meaningfully.

"No, you take the lead." As his master said these words, Xue Yang felt his body being thrown into the air and shooting in a fast speed. Before he knew it, he was already landing face first on the Chang Clan grounds. He quickly adjusted his body, thinking if it was too late to break this master-disciple relationship.

Wei Wuxian was not idle either and quickly rushed forward to open fire, giving no time for the Chang Clan to react. His attack arrived even before Xue Yang landed.

The Chang Clan members had no choice but to scatter to avoid the sudden surge of resentful energy, inevitably breaking the formation and stopping the Yin Iron from absorbing the blood sacrifice.

"Who are you?" Chang Ping shouted as he pulled out his sword.

Simultaneously, the poor Xue Yang followed by his heartless master, and the uncaring Hanguang- Jun landed on the Chang Clan Courtyard. Elder Heiying jumped from Wei Wuxian's arms, his presence was truly terrifying. With the four standing side by side, the Chang Clan member's one by one unsheathed their weapons, preparing to attack.

Amidst the standoff, Wei Wuxian's melodious voice resounded, crisp and clear, "Chang Clan head, you're really quite bold. Even I, the grandmaster, would not even think of sacrificing innocent people to cultivate the Yin Iron."

Upon hearing her words and seeing the presence of the black demon dog and the stoic man in white, Chang Ping had finally realized who this woman was. Chang Ping's heart clenched with panic.

"I... I..."

Before he could even speak, Wei Wuxian already interrupted him. The beautiful maiden in red raised her hand as she chuckled, “Don’t you treat us as fools with your excuses. Let’s not talk and just fight.”

Wei Wuxian turned to his left and beckoned, “Xue Yang.”

“Master,” Xue Yang obediently bowed. Wei Wuxian had finally earned his full respect and trust. Even though, he still felt a little wronged after his master’s mischievous action.

“You may now punish the evil.” And take your revenge was left unsaid.

“Lan Zhan, will you accompany me?” Wei Wuxian smiled.

Lan Wangji nodded, “Mnn.”

Wei Wuxian span his dizi between his fingers as he positioned his back against Lan Wangji’s back. He raised the flute against his lips and the eerie sound of flute reverberated inside the Chang Clan residence, making one’s hair to stand and mind dizzy. As Wei Wuxian was controlling the resentful energy, Lan Wangji was dutifully protecting him from sneak attacks.

It was few against hundreds but no one would doubt that this small group could really exterminate their whole clan. The Chang Clan could only grit their teeth and fight.

Outside the area of the battle, a black dog stood desolately.

“Brats, did you all just ignored this old man?!” Elder Heiying shouted but also did his best to help. He started to use his power, choosing the children to enchant. They were not the Chang Clan after all. They could not really kill these children.

A poor kid even saw Old Black talking and fell on his own without Elder Heiying enchanting him.

Wei Wuxian noticed what the black dog was doing and smiled approvingly.

Defeated cries resounded continuously. Even the neighboring households were alarmed. But no one would have the guts to go and help the Chang Clan. Some of them were even happy that the tyrants finally met their retribution.

It was already in the early morning when all became quiet. As the sun started to rise, the once lovely residence of the Chang Clan also lit up with a blazing red hue. Eaten with the raging fire, what would be left was only ashes.

As for the culprits of this massacre, they were peacefully travelling towards Yiling.

Tossing a blue qiankun pouch, Wei Wuxian smiled as he observed the spirited youth skipping in front of them. He was now the one responsible for bringing the black dog and it seemed like he was very enthusiastic in bothering the old demon.

Wei Wuxian, “Xiao Yang is really not that bad as a disciple.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Wei Wuxian, “But I couldn’t help but think that with him around, I have a big child.”

Wei Wuxian looked up and very clearly saw a soft smile on Lan Wangji’s lips that resembled sunlight reflected over a snow.

Wei Wuxian’s eyes were immediately opened wide and round. He couldn’t help but gulp. “Lan Zhan, you… aren’t you smiling too often lately?”

Lan Wangji was very honest, “It is because of Wei Ying.”

Everyone knew that Hanguang-Jun was always cold and never smiled, most stoic. It was still the truth, but this shell that Lan Wangji built around himself were just of no use against Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian chuckled, he was indeed very very lucky to have this man.

As they continued to walk, Wei Wuxian also continued to talk, “Speaking of child, I really want to see my A’Yuan. I’m an irresponsible mother for leaving him for months.”

Wei Wuxian raised his head and feigned anger, “It’s all because of the very capable Hanguang-Jun for not letting me to escape!”

Lan Wangji, “Wei Ying should have told me. We could have visited A’Yuan together.”

Wei Wuxian was speechless. So it was now his fault? Thinking about it… it was indeed his fault. Lan Wangji had never forbidden him from going back to Yiling. It was him who didn’t want to let Lan Wangji accompany him in going back.

“Never mind, we will be able to see him tomorrow!”



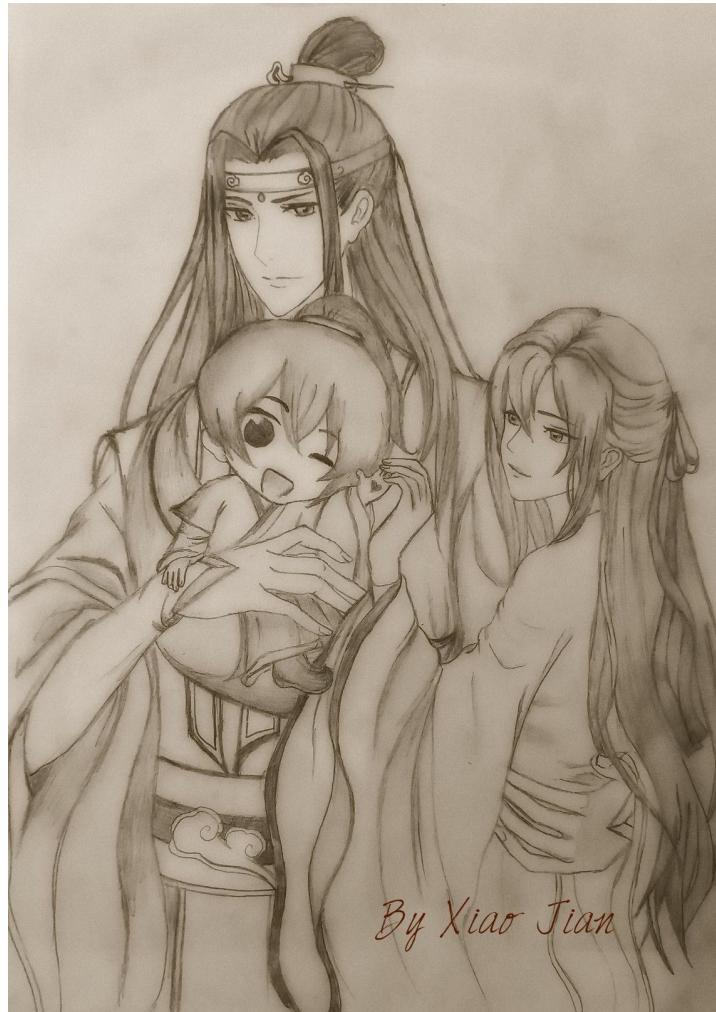
Chapter End Notes

We are nearing the end with the Nightless City battle as the only remaining arc. I don't know what to feel. In one side I'm happy that I would successfully finish writing one of my fave story line, in another, I feel sad for it to end. Wuwuwuwu.

The Reunion



Chapter Twenty- Seven



[This might sound vain, but I particularly like this artwork of mine. Hope you feel the same
[]

The Burial Mounds, a mountain known for its eerie and gloomy atmosphere, was covered with black miasma all year round. Spanning from its foot to the peak was like a veil that prevents people from peering what it really was like inside. Even though it was a common knowledge that, like its name suggests, the Burial Mounds should be a mass grave and a haven for walking corpses and vengeful spirits, no person had really seen and live to tell the outside world what it looked like inside.

While the cultivation world was in uproar because of the current campaign to overthrow the tyrannical regimen of the Wens, the Burial Mounds remained the same sturdy harbour of evil, or so what the outside world could see. Because instead of harbouring evil, this place where

many people would choose to stay away from, was giving shelter to the innocent and powerless people caught in the war.

At this time, three cultivators and a dog stood at the entrance of the mountain. They came straight from Yueyang and only arrived at Yiling in the middle of the night. It was advantageous for them as this was the best moment to enter the mountain as discreetly as possible.

“Are we really going to enter this mountain?” the youngest from the group asked.

“I thought you want to learn my tricks and yet don’t have the courage to enter the Burial Mounds?” a woman under her veil chuckled.

How could this be the same? Just the amount of resentful energy needed to perform demonic tricks and the one present in the Burials Mounds were drastically different. This little friend might be a daredevil, but he was not oblivious of the stories about the Burial Mounds. It was tacitly agreed upon that no one could come out alive from this cursed place. Majority would try to avoid just being near it. He couldn’t really see the reason why would they voluntarily seek death. After all, he was still too young to commit suicide.

Seeing the undisguised reluctance in the kid’s eyes, the woman in veil laughed even harder. The man beside her sighed as he silently supported her. She laughed for quite some time before stopping.

The veiled woman tried to catch her breath as she decided to be serious once and for all, “My bad, my bad. The walls have ears and I really can’t explain it here to you. But trust your Master. If I say that it’s safe to enter the Burial Mounds, naturally I’m not trying to get you killed. Even an orthodox cultivator is willing to go with me, so what is there to be afraid of?”

As she said these words, the woman in veil intimately wrapped her arms around the said orthodox cultivator.

The kid snorted inside. How could they be the same? He is just her disciple while he is her husband whose tolerance towards her mischief would make others shy.

Never mind, this master had changed his initial impression about her through and through, making him repeatedly ask himself if he really did the right choice to request her to be his master. She left him alone in the inn, threw him in front of the enemies, and made him the babysitter of the mysterious ancient beast who could talk. Now, she was asking him to commit suicide.

But when it comes to heart, she was indeed the purest soul he had ever met. He had met many people and experienced the cruelty of the monsters hiding under their human skin. This master, he believed, would not do things that could really endanger their lives.

“I apologize for doubting the Master’s intention,” he said purposely in the tone of an adult.

“Xue Yang is wise,” the veiled woman smiled, suppressing her laugh.

It was indeed Xue Yang, Wei Wuxian's disciple. So who could this disgustingly sweet couple be if not Wei Wuxian himself and his husband, Lan Wangji?

The master and disciple had finally come into consensus, but this small episode had caused unnecessary delay to their group that the black dog with them was already in a sour mood.

“What’s with the delay? Do you think I have a whole lifetime to shelter these kids inside my space?” the black dog scoffed in contempt. He wasn’t an evil, but nor was he a saint. Letting the survivors of the Chang Clan to stay at his space was a great burden to his powers so the earlier he could release them, the better. But these humans really had to talk about nonsense things at this moment. Since he was in a foul mood, he couldn’t help his mouth to also spit out some foul words, “I really couldn’t understand why sparing the lives of these children wasn’t enough that we even have to take them along.”

“One should be a bigger person,” Xue Yang spoke seriously.

This only earned him a look of contempt from the old demon. “Brat, if you don’t know how to use words properly, then just don’t use them.”

After reprimanding Xue Yang of his wrong usage of idiom, he then proceeded being the annoying old dog that he was originally was, “And I’m not even a person, nor I am big.”

“You...” Xue Yang was unable to utter a word out. This old demon’s words were really powerful. He had never met someone who would talk about their own selves that way.

“Pfft! Alright alright, if we’re going to talk about the bigger person, it is, of course, my husband!” Wei Wuxian couldn’t stop himself, receiving a look from Lan Wangji.

“Ehem!” Wei Wuxian cleared his throat. “So shall we go inside?”

When no one refused, Wei Wuxian finally took a step forward to lead their group. As the master of the Burial Mounds, he didn’t need any incantation to be recognized by it. Naturally, it wouldn’t refuse the people that he would willingly bring along.

The formerly condensed black miasma covering the whole mountain slowly parted, mysteriously giving way to their group. Lan Wangji walked alongside Wei Wuxian while Xue Yang, who had a small dispute with the black dog earlier, still bent down and picked up the beast before following.

As he noticed how the intimidating resentful energy deliberately avoided their group, Xue Yang’s eyes widened and glanced at his master with astonishment. He vowed to himself that from now on, he wouldn’t doubt his master. Instead, he promised to give his earnest to learn from her.

Their group ascended the mountain unhindered and soon arrived at the clearing located at the middle of the mountain. From here upwards, the mountain was wrapped with multiple residences with houses built from exquisite black bamboos. In the middle of these residences was a high majestic black stairway leading to the peak of the mountain where a huge cave was located.

Even though everything was black, the residences and the stairway was decorated with special red lanterns that lit up the whole place. Because of this, one would not be frightened, but would only feel awe that such place existed behind the blanket of black miasma surrounding the Burial Mounds.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but hold his breath. Almost a year had already passed after he woke up in his teenage body here in the Burial Mounds. That time, the Burial Mounds was still covered with resentful energy in its every corner and the living creature inside it was only him, the old demon dog, and the small peasants he didn't know existed.

He remembered feeling so empty inside. The burden on his heart after the death of many people was so heavy... so painful that he already felt numb. He was really tired that even if he was given a second chance, the first thing that he thought of was to kill himself. Wei Wuxian glanced at the black dog in Xue Yang's arms. His mouth curved up into a small arc. Thankfully, this dog was with him.

Wei Wuxian sighed as he shook his head. He once foolishly shouldered the lives of many people without enough power and only caused them death. This time, he still did the same but he already learned how to accept the help of others. From then on, many things had started to change. It was him who caused the deviation of the future events and he had never regretted doing so.

Wei Wuxian looked up and noticed the alluring red lanterns decorating the whole mountain. His eyes glistened with unshed tears as he saw this scene, remembering the old days in his past life. He couldn't help but hum as he started to ascend the stairway, "Who cares about the crowded broad road? I'll walk the single-plank bridge all night... All! The! Night!"

"Wei Ying..."

"Hmmn?" Wei Wuxian turned to his side and saw Lan Wangji looking at him with unknown emotion.

Lan Wangji, "This time I am accompanying you."

It was a simple sentence but the meaning was really heartfelt. Wei Wuxian was lost for words for a second before he burst out in a mirthful laugh. Back then, Lan Wangji indeed left after visiting him even though A'Yuan asked him to stay for dinner.

Wei Wuxian wrapped his hand around Lan Wangji's wrist and pulled him along, "Yes yes, Rich-gege should stay. I heard a secret that there would be many foods tonight. We should eat together."

Lan Wangji seriously nodded, "Mnn."

"Don't leave us! We also want to eat good food!" Xue Yang called from behind.

"Are you saying that this old demon is also a glutton like you? You don't know but I don't need these lowly things to maintain my life. When I ascended to the position of High Demon I..." Elder Heiying clearly wanted to disagree but he ended up boasting again about his

origin so Xue Yang, who was already tired of listening about these stories during their travel from Yueyang to Yiling, had to stop him from speaking any further.

“Okay okay, I’ll eat everything,” Xue Yang said before running to catch up with the couple.

“Brat!”

Xue Yang pretended not to hear him and energetically climb the stairway behind his master and Lan Wangji.

When they reached the mountain peak, they realized that Wei Wuxian was indeed not making things up when he said that there would be good food tonight. Even Wei Wuxian himself didn’t expect this to happen.

The three humans and a dog stood at the entrance of the Demon Slaughtering Cave as they watched the clamour inside. There was a line of small tables set around the cave hall with complete set of foods filling it. The larger table placed on the foremost seat was specially field with red mouth-watering dishes. Just by looking at it, Wei Wuxian had to swallow hard.

“You are finally here,” a joyous voice sounded behind them.

Wei Wuxian and the others turned around. What welcomed them was a smiling face of the Wen Rebels’ leader, Wen Qing. She stood proudly in a green robe with Wen Ning by her side.

“G-greetings Zhengye Xiangu, Hanguang-Jun!” Wen Ning saluted.

The two nodded back before Wei Wuxian turned to his sister, “Wen Qing! When did you come back?”

“Why not? You told me that you’re going to go back and I decided to do your follow-up examination. And after all, our side is already very stable. It is your Jiang territory that isn’t,” Wen Qing provoked.

Wei Wuxian pouted, “That’s why I came back.”

He will refine a loyal version of the Stygian Tiger Amulet precisely to stabilize the situation in the Jiang territory’s border.

“Yes, you came back and these people who had not seen you for months will naturally want to welcome you,” Wen Qing pointed to the crowd inside.

The residents of the Burial Mounds also noticed the arrival of Zhengye Xiangu. They stopped what they were doing and turned towards the group.

“We welcome Zhengye Xiangu!” Uncle four greeted first before the others repeated his words in unison.

“We welcome Zhengye Xiangu!”

The scene was really awkwardly formal. Wei Wuxian hurriedly waved his hand and reprimanded them, “What’s with this unnecessary formality? We are family ah family!”

Hearing their savior’s words, everyone became at ease and laughed at him.

Wei Wuxian shook his head while also laughing. Then he suddenly stopped as though he just remembered something. “Eh? Where’s my A’Yuan ah?”

Wei Wuxian turned to Wen Qing in askance. Then, he suddenly saw something moving behind Wen Qing. Wei Wuxian smiled as he peeked at the little one hiding behind Wen Qing’s back.

“Is my A’Yuan not going to greet his A’Niang?” he said in a deliberate sad voice.

Wei Wuxian then turned to Lan Wangji with pitiful expression, “Husband, what to do? It’s your fault that A’Yuan could no longer recognize me.”

Lan Wangji did not say a single word but instead placed his large hand against Wei Wuxian’s head to make him lean over his shoulder.

“*Cough*,” Xue Yang gawked in disbelief. What a shameless couple indeed.

The adults were laughing inside but the little one innocently believed them. He slowly stepped forward with his small feet and bowed, “A-A’Yuan… A’Yuan greets A’Niang and A’Die…”

He just finished his words when he was lifted by a strong set of arms. A’Yuan’s eyes widened as he saw the enlarge jade-like face of his father. His initial shocked was quickly replaced with many emotions before it settled to joy. A’Yuan raised his small hand and slowly placed it against Lan Wangji’s face. As though finally realizing that he was not dreaming, droplets of tears suddenly poured from the little child’s eyes.

“Ba… baba!” he uttered before bursting into tears and burying his face in Lan Wangji’s neck.

The Wen remnants were shocked by this, Wen Qing and Wen Ning were shocked by this, and of course, Wei Wuxian would be shocked by this turn of events.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji exchanged knowing glances. Something… isn’t right here. However, they could not just jump into conclusion without a solid proof. So no matter how much they want to ask the little child, it wasn’t the right time. The Wen remnants gave their much effort to prepare this banquet and they couldn’t ruin it. Never mind, no matter what A’Yuan meant with his strange actions, it couldn’t be harmful.

“Alright, I’m really hungry so shall we start the feast? Uncle Four, where’s your delicious wine ah?” Wei Wuxian naturally diverted everyone’s attention.

Uncle Four liked being praised for his wine making skill. He laughed happily as he threw a jar of fragrant wine to Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian expertly caught it and walked towards the foremost seat. Lan Wangji carried A'Yuan as he followed his wife. While Xue Yang and Elder Heiying were guided by the Wen siblings to settle the Chang Clan remnants first.

Wei Wuxian ate his food as usual but his eyes couldn't help but drift towards the little child in Lan Wangji's lap. The child, on the other hand, had already recovered and was now happily eating his light food... just like a little Lan. Wei Wuxian was really shocked with this absurd thought.

When he raised his head, he so happened to meet a pair of pale golden eyes. Lan Wangji nodded to him. Even though he didn't say anything, Wei Wuxian was sure that they were thinking about the same thing.

"This..." Wei Wuxian's heart was suddenly sent into turmoil.

After the banquet, the crowd one by one dispersed until it was only the family of three who was left in the Demon Slaughtering Cave hall.

A'Yuan, or it was more right to call him Lan SiZhui, nervously sat with his straight back as he faced the two people who was familiar yet unfamiliar to him. They were so young and his Xian-ge... how did he became so beautiful.

Almost a year ago, his spiritual sense merged with young A'Yuan. It was a body of a child and his spiritual sense was also damaged badly. He could not take full control of A'Yuan's body and would most of the time sleep to recuperate. He was still not sure if it was only a dream that he was brought back to the past, but during the few times that he was awake, he did everything to help with his little power.

He was not aware why the Xian-ge in his memory became a woman but he was sure that this would be a problem for his father. What if the reason why his father disappeared in his timeline was to find his Xian-ge? Then, he would not recognize his Xian-ge in female form!

Lan Sizhui then thought that if he could make Wei Wuxian bring him along to Gusu and let his father see him, Wei Wuxian would inadvertently reveal his true identity.

On his second spiritual sense awakening, he found out that his father and Wei Wuxian, now his mother, already met again. He really wanted to smack his mother for still denying that *she* was in fact Wei Wuxian. But he was still a child and could only throw Chen Qing in the hopes of his father recognizing it.

On his third spiritual sense awakening, he could finally maintain his control over the little child's body but he was already abandoned by Wei Wuxian. In the time that he could not see Lan Wangji nor Wei Wuxian, he really couldn't ascertain if this world was only a dream. Until tonight when his father held him in his arms just like when he was a little kid, when he touched his warm face, and saw the same concern hidden behind those apathetic eyes. Lan Shizhui was very happy that he had not realized that he gave himself away with his actions leading to their confrontation at this moment.

“Fa... Hanguang-Jun, when you did not comeback months after Zewu-Jun visited you, Teacher Lan commanded the whole sect to search for your whereabouts. Then in the Burial Mounds, we found...” Lan Sizhui’s eyes glistened with tears. He had already taken full control of little A’Yuan’s body but it was, after all, still the mind of a child.

“...We found Bichen and Sect Leader Nie’s fan together with your corporeal bodies’ traces of destruction.” Lan Sizhui explained.

“One should not grieve excessively... but how could I not?” Lan Sizhui’s tears fell down like waterfalls.

Seeing Lan Sizhui crying with his small body of a child, Wei Wuxian couldn’t take it anymore. He stood and pick up the child still sitting uprightly in front of them. He then sat down beside Lan Wangji who looked at them with warm gaze. If others saw this scene, they would indeed think that they are one harmonious family.

Lan Sizhui felt the warm hug of Wei Wuxian and was comforted by it. He sobbed but still managed to continue. “Hanguang-Jun disappeared with Sect Leader Nie. I know something was wrong so I asked Uncle Wen Ning to accompany me to the Burial Mounds once again. I’m not really good with arrays... I triggered something then the light suddenly engulfed me. The last thing I can remember was Uncle Wen Ning shouting for my name.”

Lan Sizhui had then realized that Wei Wuxian was hugging him. He politely stepped away. Bowing his head, he continued, “When I woke up, I was already in my young self’s body. It was only a few months ago that I completely took control over my body. It was hard for me to talk; I apologize for not telling Young Master Wei of my situation.”

Wei Wuxian frowned, “What Young Master Wei? Are you renouncing our mother and son relationship?”

Lan Sizhui raised his head in surprise, “I... I...”

Wei Wuxian sighed, “In the past, we treated you as our own son. In this lifetime, I had formally adopted you, while Lan Zhan and I had already taken our three bows. Now, we are your rightful A’Niang and A’Die.”

Lan Sizhui stared at Wei Wuxian in disbelief. In his heart... they were really his parents but could never call them as his at will. Now, Wei Wuxian was saying that he could and he should. The feeling was really surreal.

Lan Sizhui glanced at Lan Wangji to see if he was thinking the same. Even though Hanguang-Jun adopted him before, he had never called him his father. He knew that he cared for him but was not really sure if it was really the care of a father to his son.

Lan Wangji noticed his gaze. He raised his hand and patted the child’s head.

Lan Wangji, “Sizhui, Wei Ying is right. It was I who had wronged you before. This time... please call me father.”

After hearing this, the child once again burst into tears. He raised his short hands and hugged his mother and father's neck. Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji looked at each other in the eyes before tacitly patting the child's back.

Their family of three had finally reunited...



Yīn Hǔ Fú Didi

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty- Eight

After their talk, the three retired to Wei Wuxian's room in the Demon Slaughtering cave. His room was simple with a single study table and a bed that could fortunately fit the three of them. Thankfully, he was used to staying at the Bloody Cold Pond Cave so this place was not messy.

Wei Wuxian lit the lamps on the cave walls while Lan Wangji was gently placing the already sleeping A'Yuan on the bed. When Wei Wuxian turned around, Lan Wangji was already sitting on the side of the bed, staring at A'Yuan with unknown emotions. Wei Wuxian sat on the other side of the bed as he watched his husband fixed the stray hair on A'Yuan's face.

Wei Wuxian shifted his attention to the sleeping child. He had to admit that he was really different from the trouble maker that he knew from his past life. Even while sleeping, this child looked so well-behaved and proper. It was no doubt that Lan Wangji raised him. Thinking about this, Wei Wuxian raised his head and returned his gaze to Lan Wangji. He couldn't help but shake his head and smile.

Lan Wangji looked at him, "Wei Ying?"

"Nothing," Wei Wuxian paused. He leaned on the headboard of the bed and sigh. As he looked up and down between the father and son, he couldn't help but nod as though he had confirmed something, "I just think that A'Yuan looked so much like you; no one will doubt me if I said that he is your biological son."

"..."

"What? I'm serious ah!" Wei Wuxian swore, raising his three fingers towards the sky.

"Mnn," the corner of Lan Wangji's lips slightly lifted as he met Wei Wuxian's mischievous eyes with his own. He then touched A'Yuan's plump cheeks and continued, "Furen said, A'Yuan is our son."

Lan Wangji said these words in a half-asking-half-reminding tone. His low magnetizing voice sent tremors into Wei Wuxian's heart.

"..."

Wei Wuxian was speechless for a second before laughing, "That's right. He is our son. I just hope that Fujin will not regret this~"

“Mnn?”

“Not regret if your uncle got into Qi Deviation when he finds out that we made A’Yuan in such a young age.”

“...”

Wei Wuxian smiled triumphantly. Since he met this Old Man Lan Zhan in this new life, he had been shooting himself in the foot. Now, he would even feel proud for such simple things he made that could make Lan Wangji wonder about life.

“After the campaign, I will let Uncle and Xiong-zhang meet you and A’Yuan,” Lan Wangji finally reacted.

Wei Wuxian hesitated, “You don’t have to...”

Lan Wangji shook his head, “No matter, Wei Ying and Sizhui are my family.”

“Lan Zhan you...” Wei Wuxian was really helpless. He understood that Lan Wangji want them to be recognized by the Lan family and he was really touched by this intention. He could only heave a sigh, “...thank you. I know, between the two of us, there should be no *sorry* and *thank you*, but what can I do when you always do things that are so moving?”

Lan Wangji reached out and touched Wei Wuxian’s face. There’s no word to utter when they could completely understand each other’s heart.

Remembering the serious matters in hand, Wei Wuxian was the first to break the lovely atmosphere, “Lan Zhan.”

“Mnn?” Lan Wangji was a little confused.

“It’s about the array you used to re-open the crack between the space and time...”

Wei Wuxian shared his thoughts to Lan Wangji. So far, there’s him, Lan Wangji, Nie Huaisang, and A’Yuan. If he’s not wrong, the crack could be opened at any point in time after he died and will throw them at the same period of time before the Sunshot Campaign.

Wen Ning and Jiang Cheng didn’t seem like they came from the other timeline. Although Meng Yao was somehow different, he already died in the previous timeline.

“There are no suspicious person in our sect. The sect leaders who attended the meeting were also normal,” Lan Wangji assured.

He and Nie Huaisang were also fearing that others will travel back in time. From when they arrived in this timeline, they had been paying attention to any strange happenings, especially around the certain people that could be of great variable in the future.

Wei Wuxian heaved a sigh of relief after hearing this assurance.

Nevertheless, the most urgent matter right now was to stabilize the Jiang Sect territory. To do this, he had to start forging the well-behaved younger brother of the Stygian Tiger Amulet.

The next day, the husband and wife, together with the powerful old demon, entered the Bloody Cold Pond Cave.

When Wei Wuxian first created the Stygian Tiger Amulet, he didn't expect that it will have a power that was so much for him to control. Not Only did its powers nearly overwhelmed him, the Stygian Tiger Amulet was bound to no one. Unlike many spiritual weapons, which only respond to their owners, the Stygian Tiger Amulet can be used by whomever grasps it; whether they are good or bad, friend or foe.

The second time he created it, he already had a vague understanding of what went wrong on his first creation. But the Burial Mounds was in urgent need of it so he was not given a chance to confirm his inference.

The Stygian Tiger Amulet was made out of mysterious iron. Originally, this mysterious iron came from a piece of large artifact that was forge from purest energy of the earth with the power of origin that could create and destroy life. A series of incidents happened that caused the original artifact to be tainted with resentment and led to more serious matter that resulted into the separation of the original artifact into five parts. Three parts were now in the possession of Wen Rouhan, while two parts landed on Wei Wuxian's hands.

The parts of the mysterious iron had been soaked in yin energy for millennia. It's near to impossible to cleanse it. Wei Wuxian had already given up on that idea since he himself uses demonic cultivation.

Needless to say, the Yin Iron could only be cultivated and forged with the fire of resentments from different spirits and this was where things started to be complicated. Why would the Stygian Tiger Amulet obey anyone that could grasp it? It was obviously sentient yet unlike any other spiritual weapons, it's not loyal to one master.

It's wrong to say that unlike other spiritual weapons, the Stygian Tiger Amulet has no identity. Rather, the problem was being soaked in yin energy for millennia and then forge with resentful energy from different spirits gave it too much identity.

Wei Wuxian knew that there's only one way to solve this problem. Like how an emperor could make an empire, Wei Wuxian could also use absolute power to control these spirits. This really became simple with the presence of his master. Wei Wuxian didn't have an emperor, but he had an old demon.

Inside the Bloody Cold Pond Cave, the Stygian Tiger Amulet was solely embedded into the high platform with incantations surrounding it like veins, sulking and feeding from the resentful energy of the Burial Mounds. But soon, it will have a competitor.

Wei Wuxian flew above the crimson pond and sat onto the air in a lotus position. A piece of iron reeking with resentful energy floated in front of him. The ritual has yet to start but a thin layer of dark miasma was already gathering around them.

Lan Wangji stood at the corner of the cave. His hands tightly clenched around the hilt of his sword as he watched the scene with eyes showing rare worries.

Wei Wuxian produced a dagger from his sleeve and unhesitatingly cut his palm.

Seeing this, Lan Wangji's feet moved subconsciously, wanting to stop Wei Wuxian. Clenching the hilt of his sword even tighter, he managed to stop himself.

Elder Heiying also entered the cloud of resentful energy. He let a wound appear on his paws. Together, they offered their blood to the Yin Iron, forming a contract between the three of them.

The piece of Yin Iron slowly lit up with a crimson hue and started to spin. The spinning turned faster and faster every second as the amount of resentful energy it was attracting grew thicker and thicker.

Wei Wuxian and Elder Heiying who were in the middle of this turbulence focused their attention into forging the Yin Iron. Wei Wuxian's hands blurred as he successively formed strange hand seals that were obviously his own inventions. Meanwhile, Elder Heiying was not idle either. He closed his eyes and sent intent to the Yin Iron.

Lan Wangji watched this chaotic scene silently, but his heart was in complete turmoil. He couldn't help but remember their past lives. People only knew that Wei Wuxian is strong, that he could control legions of corpse puppet with a piece of metal. They didn't know his struggles, didn't know how he lived and survived inside the Burial Mounds, didn't feel the coldness and hollowness that his missing golden core created. They didn't know that he had to put his life on the line in order to cultivate the piece of iron that they badly wanted to steal and that the reason he created it was to help stabilize the situation in the border of Jiang Sect territory.

To Lan Wangji, Wei Wuxian's life was the most important. However, he also respected him, respected his decisions and choices.

Lan Wangji didn't know how long he had waited, but for him it felt like forever.

The thick miasma of resentful energy started to dissipate, leaving a smiling Wei Wuxian with a humming new Stygian Tiger Amulet in hand. But this ritual had taken a heavy toll in his body. He started to feel dizzy as his vision started to blur. With consciousness slipping away, he smelled the refreshing scent of sandalwood and immediately let go of his worries.

Lan Wangji noticed that Wei Wuxian and Elder Heiying were in a bad shape. He immediately flew towards them and caught them in his arms before they completely lost consciousness and fall. He hurried and brought them to Wen Qing who was already prepared in case something bad happened during the ritual.

"It's only exhaustion. They should be awake by tomorrow," Wen Qing assured, tucking Wei Wuxian's hand back into the blanket.

"Mnn," Lan Wangji responded even though it was evident that he was still worried.

Wen Qing opened her mouth. In the end, she chose not to speak. She eyed Xue Yang and directed, “It’s enough for Lan Wangji to be here. Don’t disturb your master’s rest.”

Xue Yang worriedly glanced at his master. His mouth pouting with defiance.

Wen Qing’s patience had reached its limit. She reached out for his ear and unkindly pulled Xue Yang out of the room.

Wen Qing, “Your master didn’t need your care, but Elder Heiying does!”

“Ouch! Ouch! Ouch! You let go!” Xue Yang protested but still followed.

A day had passed and the two patients indeed woke up. Wei Wuxian smelted the fragrant smell of a familiar dish even before he opened his eyes.

He sat up and immediately saw that above his study table was indeed a bowl of pork ribs and lotus root soup. He rubbed his eyes to see if it was only his imagination but the soup was still there, making his stomach rumble uncontrollably.

Wei Wuxian looked around the room but there’s no one present. He slowly got out of his bed to reach for his food but a large hand stopped his actions.

“This soup is already cold,” Lan Wangji’s deep voice sounded beside his ear.

“You walk so silently, you could pass as a ghost,” Wei Wuxian joked.

“...”

“No fun...” Wei Wuxian pouted. He wanted to say something but he noticed something and asked Lan Wangji instead, “What’s with that cloth tied around your shoulder and waist.

“...” Lan Wangji did not immediately answered. He instead started placing the newly heated soup that he had just brought on the study table while moving the old ones aside.

But Wei Wuxian, who had personally taken care of A’Yuan for the past months, had still understood the situation.

“I get it, it’s for A’Yuan,” Wei Wuxian chuckled.

Lan Wangji sat on the side of the bed with a soup in hand. He scooped a spoonful of soup to stop Wei Wuxian’s mouth, “You had not eaten for a day.”

“Alright, *Fujin* is really caring... ouch it’s hot!” Wei Wuxian whined jokingly.

Lan Wangji knew that it was Wei Wuxian’s another nonsense, but he still considerably blew the second spoon of soup before feeding it to Wei Wuxian.

“Our family is really poor,” Wei Wuxian suddenly said.

“Why?” Lan Wangji asked as he was scooping for the third spoonful of soup.

“There’s only soup and no meat,” Wei Wuxian seriously answered.

Lan Wangji stilled, his hand holding the spoon remained suspended a few inches away from Wei Wuxian’s mouth. After a quick internal deliberation, he put the soup back to the bowl and dotingly scooped a piece of meat for the picky patient.

Wei Wuxian, “That’s why I say, *Fujin* is really caring. Not only he hangs a cloth around his torso to carry his son, he even patiently feeds his sick wife.”

“...”

Wei Wuxian had finally had enough fun, “Alright alright. You’re really more adorable when you’re not shameless. Even cute when you do household chores. Right! I forgot to ask, is Shijie here?”

“No.” Lan Wangji pulled-out a piece of white handkerchief from his robe and naturally cleaned the corner of Wei Wuxian’s mouth.

“No? Then who cooked this soup?”

“...”

“...” Wei Wuxian also wordlessly looked at the man who was already placing the bowl of soup back to the study table.

“You cook this?” Wei Wuxian asked the obvious.

“No... You cook this.” He said more certainly.

“...”

Hearing no denial, Wei Wuxian reached out and grabbed his wrist. “Don’t. I mean, I want to eat more of it! I want to eat the whole pot!”

“A’Yuan also wants to eat meat!” A small voice of a child interrupted.

Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji saw A’Yuan running towards them with his adorable short legs.

Wei Wuxian cooed, “Come come, A’Yuan and I will eat the soup that *Fujin* worked hard to make!”

“...”



Chapter End Notes

I'm really lazy right now. No, I'm always lazy. If this chapter is not clean and you find many technical errors, please do forgive your lazy author. I don't have beta readers so yeah... Well, I'm lazy so I would really be ashamed if there's a beta reader waiting for my random updates. Anyways, two chapters to go. Might proof read it when I have time lol. XOXO.

The Hungry Family

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Twenty- Nine

“Take care of A’Yuan.” Wen Qing said with a hint of reluctance.

When Wei Wuxian told her that there were other people, who just like him, also broke through the barrier of space and time to return to the past, she really don’t know what to feel. But she also knew that she should bear the burden of being the only “present one” who knew this secret.

And now, even her little nephew was one of them. It was really bizarre to think that A’Yuan’s current soul was now a few months older than her A’Ning. Therefore, whenever she saw the little ball acting so mature, her heart felt so complicated.

Nonetheless, she couldn’t help but still see him as a little child. So when he resolutely decided to go with his parents, she was somehow hesitant.

“Wen Qing, rest assured that I’m not going to let any claws touch our little bunny!” Wei Wuxian promised as he himself raised his claws and pinched the cheeks of the child in Lan Wangji’s arms.

Lan Sizhui held the hand of his mother, wanting but not having the heart to stop the claws that were pinching his soft cheeks.

“Wei Wuxian!” Wen Qing reprimanded as she slapped Wei Wuxian’s hand.

Wei Wuxian, “Of course, A’Niang is an exception~”

Wen Qing rolled her eyes at Wei Wuxian before turning towards A’Yuan. She patted the child’s cheeks that were now slightly red and reminded, “A’Yuan, be good. Stick to your parents, but don’t follow your A’Niang’s bad examples.”

“Ouch! What’s with the personal attack?” Wei Wuxian dramatically held his borrowed chest.

“Shut up! You want to kiss my needles?” Wen Qing threatened.

“Aiyo! Don’t always use violence. No wonder you’re still single~” Wei Wuxian teased as he ran and hid behind Lan Wangji.

“Wei Wuxian!” Wen Qing yelled.

“Please calm down.” Lan Sizhui who was the root of all this chaos tried to intervene but no one seemed to hear him.

At this moment, he felt a large hand patting his head, like a father encouraging his son. Lan Sizhui then realized that he was no longer Lan Sizhui, the head disciple of the Lan Sect. He’s now A’Yuan, the son of Wei Wuxian and Lan Wangji. He was just a little child and his words earlier were a little too mature for his age.

He took a deep breath and decisively used his young self’s strongest weapon. Lan Shizhui reached out with his short arms and managed to tug Wen Qing’s robe.

Wen Qing stopped her actions towards Wei Wuxian and curiously looked at the small hands that were trying hard to get her attention.

Lan Sizhui put his head down as he weakly said, “A’Yuan… Aunt Qing, A’Yuan will be good. A’Yuan promised!”

After saying those words, Lan Sizhui felt his face heating up. It was as though his cheeks and ears were burning. He really wanted to find a safe place where he could hide himself.

The instant that he hoped for a safe shelter, he heard a low chuckle beside his ear before his father leaned him on the crook of his neck.

Lan Sizhui froze for a moment, his mind having a hard time processing what had just happened. After a moment, his face heated up even more. His father laughed at him?! Lan Sizhui would never expect that there would be a day when he would make his father laugh! Suddenly, he didn’t know if he should be more ashamed or just be straight proud.

The moment the child’s small voice resounded, it attracted everyone’s attention.

Wei Wuxian had to admit that if A’Yuan decided to act cute, it would definitely be fatal. See? Even Lan Wangji was amused. Wen Qing? Never mind, she was completely defeated.

Wen Qing, “Alright, our A’Yuan is really an obedient child. Come come, give Aunt Qing a kiss and I will let you go.”

Wei Wuxian shook his head at Wen Qing’s display of double standard. He peeked from Lan Wangji’s shoulder and saw A’Yuan still hiding his face. The child slowly pulled away from Lan Wangji’s hug and then shyly face Wen Qing.

Lan Wangji considerately stepped closer as Lan Sizhui leaned forward to give Wen Qing a kiss on the cheeks.

“Good boy!” Wen Qing patted the child’s head, making him more embarrassed.

Seeing the little child’s red face and ears, Wei Wuxian whispered into Lan Wangji’s ear, “He’s really your son,”

“...”

After the little episode with Wen Qing, the family of three, together with the black dog and Xue Yang, flew back to Yunmeng.

It was exactly five days, the agreed upon day when they reached the Yunmeng Jiang Sect. But as they got near the Lotus Pier, Wei Wuxian felt that something was wrong.

He heard sounds of swords clashing and battle roars echoing all over the place. Wei Wuxian's pupils shrank. Lotus Pier was now being attacked by the Wen Clan. The attackers were a hundred or so, but Jiang Cheng with a few disciples were the only ones fending them off.

Without delay, Wei Wuxian controlled his new sword and accelerated down the Lotus Pier.

Jiang Cheng had already given Subian back, but Wei Wuxian couldn't use his spiritual power for the time being. Nevertheless, this sword he had created in his free time was still handy. Its power relies on resentful energy that couldn't be more abundant during this time of chaos.

Wei Wuxian drew resentful energy towards his sword as their group landed on the middle of the battle field. He and Lan Wangji faced their backs against each other as they started to show their supreme swordsmanship.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but remember how Lan Wangji also watched his back before even though they had a conflict because of his new cultivation technique.

“A’Yuan, you know what? Your father was really awesome back then.”

Given that Wei Wuxian even had a spare time to talk to his son shows how this battle was really easy. Not to mention how odd it was for Lan Wangji to bring a child in the middle of the battle field. Little did they know that this little child was a head disciple of Lan Sect in his other life.

Lan Wangji fended an attack for Wei Wuxian before reacting, “Your A’Niang’s control was remarkable.”

Wei Wuxian understood and smiled, “You’ve really changed, even knows how to praise my control over corpse puppets.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Lan Sizhui, “...” *Are they really talking to me?*

“Come on! Please show your opponents respect by not flirting here.” Xue Yang didn’t understand what damn past they were talking about, but he was sure that they were really annoying.

“Do not disrespect your elders,” Lan Wangji reprimanded.

Wei Wuxian giggled, “What Hanguang meant was, show respect to us first.”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

“Whatever! Just fight!” Xue Yang rolled his eyes. He kicked the incoming opponent to show how one should treat their opponents.

Wei Wuxian had to agree with Xue Yang in this, “Fight!”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Lan Sizhui also joined even though he was just an audience, “Fight!”

Elder Heiying who finally got onto his audience position above the peach blossom tree whispered, “You go fight yourselves.”

Their new addition was really top-notched. Wei Wuxian, Lan Wangji, and Xue Yang, who among them is not a prodigy? If they didn’t want to alert others with Elder Heiying’s identity, could this still be called battle? Even Wei Wuxian was only using his sword to fight!

Jiang Cheng’s group noticed the change in the wind of the battle. When they saw the three monsters fighting along side them, their mouth couldn’t be more widely opened.

“Isn’t that Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu?” a Lan disciple recognized the two.

“Indeed, it’s them. They finally came back!”

“But who is that little devil? His dual sword technique is really commendable,” a Jiang disciple also mentioned.

“Who knows? Who cares as long as he is helping us....”

Jiang Cheng was fighting beside these noisy disciples. As he heard them talked about Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian, he immediately surveyed his surroundings to find them. However, the first thing that he noticed was not Wei Wuxian nor Lan Wangji but the little bun hanging around Lan Wangji.

Jiang Cheng flew towards them to see if he was hallucinating, but he couldn’t escape from the truth when the little version of Lan Wangji came to his view.

“You...” Jiang Cheng’s mind was messed up badly that he almost got hit by a sword.

“Later,” Wei Wuxian interrupted the other’s interrogation. He understood Jiang Cheng’s weird look and knew what he was thinking, but those things could wait. Their main goal at the current moment was to fight and finish the battle.

Even though Jiang Cheng wanted to get answers from Wei Wuxian, he also knew that it was not the right time.

The two of them tacitly agreed that they should finish this battle first. With the new addition of Wei Wuxian’s group, it wasn’t long before they subdued the opposing faction.

Finally given a chance to breathe, Wei Wuxian started to interrogate Jiang Cheng before the man could interrogate him, “What happened, where are your people?”

The Lans are all here, but it was obvious that the majority of the Jiang Sect disciples were missing.

“Do you think I want to send them away? Those damned Wens pressured our borders. If I did not act, it wouldn’t take long before they claim one of our bases.” Jiang Cheng angrily replied as he whipped the last group of enemies.

Jiang Cheng retrieved Zidian and faced Wei Wuxian.

“What? Didn’t I ask you to wait for a week?” Wei Wuxian answered Jiang Cheng’s judging gaze like a guilty bunny.

Jiang Cheng, “Yes, but someone beat you by tipping off to the Wen Sect that you and Lan Wangji were not here.”

“Isn’t this called ‘to come in time is better than to come early?’ Right, Hanguang-jun?” Wei Wuxian asked for his husband’s support.

Lan Wangji, “Yes.”

Hearing Lan Wangji talked, Jiang Cheng finally remembered the bun that was hanging around his torso, “Whose child did you abduct?”

“...” Lan Wangji seemed as if he didn’t want to engage in a conversation with Jiang Cheng, throwing Lan Sizhui a look.

The latter felt the gaze above him and looked up. When he met his father’s eyes, he was startled for a moment before their years of tacit understanding returned to him. Afterwards, he spoke to his father in an innocent voice, “A’Die, A’Yuan is hungry.”

He’s not lying. Really, his body of a child could easily get hungry.

Lan Wangji, “Mnn, A’Die will get you food with your A’Niang.”

Wei Wuxian heard this and almost choke on his own saliva. He gawked as though he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Meanwhile, Jiang Cheng couldn’t believe his ears. He pointed to Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian disbelievingly, “A...A’Die? A’Niang?”

“...” Ignored.

Xue Yang snorted, “He is this big but he still didn’t know what A’Die and A’Niang means? Well, I’m not the worst after all!”

Elder Heiying couldn’t take his nonsense and jumped straight to his face.

“You...” Xue Yang complained while stabilizing himself from the collision.

On the other hand, Jiang Cheng badly wanted to find a channel to vent his anger after being ignored by Lan Wangji for the second time. So when he heard Xue Yang, he was ready to lash out. But when he realized that it was another child, he immediately swallowed his words.

“You...you’re not also his son, right? Jiang Cheng blurted out, rudely pointing his finger towards Lan Wangji. Somehow, he couldn’t acknowledge that the A’Niang they were talking about was Wei Wuxian.

“What if I am? What if I am not?” Xue Yang asked, finally getting Elder Heiying off his face.

Jiang Cheng scrutinized Xue Yang from his head to his feet. The boy who was now holding Wei Wuxian’s dog looked like he was about 12 years old. It was impossible for him to be Wei Wuxian nor Lan Wangji’s son.

He snorted, “Didn’t Lan Er-gongzi told you that lying is forbidden?”

“I’m not lying,” Xue Yang confidently retorted. Wei Wuxian was after all his martial mother. Consequently, Lan Wangji was his martial father.

Wei Wuxian was really having the time of his life watching Jiang Cheng being messed up. But they weren’t the only people here. Actually, the look on the Lan disciples faces right now was really hard to describe with words.

“Alright, stop messing with him. Xue Yang is my martial son (disciple),” Wei Wuxian intervened.

“And this child?” Jiang Cheng wanted to ask if he was also Wei Wuxian’s disciple but he was too young to cultivate.

Wei Wuxian, however, saw through him, “Aiya! Don’t judge his young age. My A’Yuan had already formed his core!”

Lan Sizhui had already experienced forming his core. With his talent, it was really not surprising that he formed his core early. However, it was still unprecedented in normal circumstances.

The eyes of the surrounding cultivators widened in surprise. This child was a never been heard before kind of genius! The sect that he will join in the future will surely get enough honor! Thinking about this, they couldn’t help but wonder if he was really Hanguang-jun’s son. And if he’s the father, then the mother...

It was at this moment that Lan Sizhui once again received his father’s signal.

“A’Niang, A’Yuan is really hungry... Let’s go get food with A’Die.” the child pulled Zhengye Xiangu’s robe.

Lan Sizhui thought that just a little more and he would be able to perfect the act of being a pampered young master.

“It’s time for A’Yuan’s meal,” Lan Wangji supplemented.

“...” Did they even need to ask?

Meanwhile, Jiang Cheng was already having a mental breakdown. He eyed Wei Wuxian, “We need to talk.”

“There is nothing you need to talk about.” Lan Wangji finally chose to face Jiang Cheng. In a very confident tone he instructed the child in his arms, “Sizhui, introduce yourself.”

Wei Wuxian apologized to Jiang Cheng internally, sorry but when the quiet ones decided to make mischief, he really couldn’t stop them.

Lan Sizhui felt that it was rude to greet people while being bundled around his father. With his good martial arts, he neatly jumped from Lan Wangji’s arms onto the ground, earning another look of approval from the surrounding cultivators.

He clasped his hand and saluted to Jiang Cheng, “Lan Yuan, courtesy name Sizhui, son of Lan Wangji and Zhengye Xiangu greets Sandu Shengshou.”

Sorry, mother. Introducing myself as Wei Yuan will create more complication.

“Good,” Lan Wangji approved as he picked up the child and placed him back to the sling around his torso.

“I will be taking them to eat,” Lan Wangji pulled Wei Wuxian by the waist and walked away.

Somehow, this scene was really familiar. Only this time, they could no longer deceive themselves about Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu’s relationship. Hanguang-jun taking responsibility and watching over Zhengye Xiangu suddenly made sense!

The Lan disciples exchanged knowing glances. The Cloud Recesses will be in chaos when this news broke out. They just hope that Teacher Lan would timely guard his heart.



Chapter End Notes

We are nearing to the end and I'm kinda sad and happy at the same time.

P.S. There's an artwork that I posted on wattpad. It's about the next chapter so I will post it together with it.

Wen Rouhan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Chapter Thirty

“Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu... they are in that kind of relationship?”

“What is there to be surprised about them having a relationship? Their intimate actions were there for us to see! What I didn’t expect is for them to have a son that is already old enough to cultivate a golden core!” a very unlike-Lan remarked.

“Their son is not old enough to cultivate a golden core; he’s just a never-before-seen genius!”

“Indeed, there is no doubt that he’s really a descendant of the main family!”

“But I don’t know if Teacher Lan would be happy to hear about the Little Master’s existence...”

Hanguang-jun was indeed quite a man. He was well aware of the troubles that it will give him by revealing his relationship with Lan Sizhui and Zhengye Xiangu in front of these people but he couldn’t bother himself to care, or rather, he would have if it was the original him. However, it was now his 38 years old self who was occupying his younger body.

Lan Wangji’s gaze drifted to the petite woman beside him. A rare ripple of emotion flashed in his usually tranquil eyes, a mixture of guilt and determination.

His biggest regret in their past lives was not standing up for Wei Wuxian, leaving him to face alone the conviction of the so called righteous sects, and letting him die in the end. The reason he came back was obviously to correct his mistakes. Only then would he be able to let go of his regrets.

Recognizing his relationship with Wei Wuxian and A’Yuan in front of these people was just the first step. Next would be securing Wei Wuxian’s position, not just as his Dao companion, but the Dao companion of the Second Young Master of the Gusu Lan Clan.

It was the firm decision that he made even though he knew that he would face the inevitable disapproval of his family. Lan Wangji’s heart momentarily turned cold. Getting their approval or not, only he knew if he really cared about it.

Nevertheless, the years without Wei Wuxian was already enough for him to make up his mind. This time, even if the whole world turns against them, he would make sure to fight for their destiny.

As he guided his family away from the crowd of Lan cultivators and the dumbfounded Jiang Wanyin, a side of Lan Wangji's lips raised slightly.

Wei Wuxian looked up, just in time to see the smug look on his husband's face. He raised an eyebrow, a little surprised by the other's expression.

One should know that even though many people thought that Lan Wangji was arrogant, it was only because he was quiet, stoic, and rigidly serious. In truth, his every action was measured and full of respect. It was the first time that Wei Wuxian saw him with genuine arrogance or to be more accurate, "with full of pride".

He blinked as he realized why Lan Wangji was being smug. His heart skipped a beat just by thinking that this arrogance was because of him and A'Yuan.

Truthfully, he really felt quite funny and complicated when he realized that Lan Wangji just told the world that "he" is now his wife and they even have a child as old as A'Yuan. However, seeing the man in a good mood, Wei Wuxian could only accept their situation and support his decision. He had to admit that he also felt warm inside.

These things aside, he still wanted to clarify one thing, "Are we really going to enjoy a banquet while the border is in chaos?"

"..."

"..."

Lan Wangji and A'Yuan looked at him at the same time.

Indeed, true to his worries, Lan Wangji could only grab a piece of bread for A'Yuan before they set off to the border of the Jiang Sect territory.



When their group arrived at the border, the Jiang cultivators were already in a dire situation. Most of them were seriously injured but were still fighting with all their will against the flood of unfeeling corpse puppets that Wen Rouhan sent to sow fear and chaos.

Honestly speaking, the Jiang cultivators were like ants preventing the ocean from entering their borders. No matter how hard they tried, no matter how powerful they are compared to these corpse puppets, they could not do anything to defeat their enemy's number.

Wei Wuxian was not surprise that Wen Rouhan was using his insentient corpse puppets to attack the border while his cultivators were attacking the Lotus Pier. Even though Wen Rouhan tried to cover it up, it was still becoming more and more obvious that the Wen Clan had already lost a significant amount of cultivators to fight this war.

Wei Wuxian nodded to Elder Heiying. He already learned from his past experience that showing too much power was not always a good thing. He knew that creating another artifact that could arouse the greed of certain people would be dangerous. And so, he could only bow his head and ask Elder Heiying to help him.

The Old Demon quickly understood. He closed his eyes and with the wisp of his powerful demon energy, the already exhausted Jiang cultivators one by one fell and lost their consciousness. With his remaining power, he managed to store everyone safely inside his spiritual space.

“Old Black, you are quite powerful!” Xue Yang genuinely praised the dog for the first time.

“Hmph!” Elder Heiying panned his chin to the side, obviously loving the praise but still trying to hide his happiness.

“...” This once again rendered Xue Yang speechless. But he also noticed that Elder Heiying was also doing this to hide his exhaustion. Not wanting to expose the old dog, he wordlessly picked him up and carried him into his arms.

Meanwhile, the group of corpse puppets that suddenly lost their targets looked around as though they couldn’t control their bloodlust but didn’t know where and what to attack.

Elder Heiying and Wei Wuxian cultivates the same energy as these corpse puppets and would consequently avoid their hatred. For Lan Wangji and the others, they could only hide their breath and suppress their Yang energy as they waited for Wei Wuxian to take action.

Wei Wuxian opened his hand, revealing the unholy artifact that was docilely resting on his pale palm. His eyes turned crimson as he sent an intent towards the tamer form of the Stygian Tiger Amulet. Slowly, the piece of iron seemingly gained its life and obediently floated above the battle field.

When the heaven sensed the appearance of the Stygian Tiger Amulet, the once bright sky suddenly turned dark as though a storm was brewing.

Lan Sizhui only heard about his mother’s might from the history books. Seeing it with his own eyes was really a novel experience. He tried to suppress his emotions but his eyes still showed his astonishment.

In contrast to his restraint, Wei Wuxian’s disciple, Xue Yang, didn’t shy away in showing his admiration towards his master’s ability. He opened his mouth and marveled at his master, thrilled by the power that Wei Wuxian was wielding.

Lan Wangji glanced at the recuperating old dog, shifted his gaze on the excited children, and finally, his eyes landed on the woman standing beside him.

Wei Wuxian raised his head and their eyes met. When Wei Wuxian casted a reassuring look towards him, Lan Wangji couldn’t help but stare at those crimson eyes for a moment. In the end, he nodded in understanding, his trust evident.

Upon receiving his husband’s approval, Wei Wuxian immediately took action. With a leap, he casted a spell upon himself and easily flew towards the unholy artifact. He didn’t waste any more time. He raised his hands and started to form a series of complicated hand seals.

Each set of hand seal corresponds to a certain inscription on the Stygian Tiger Amulet. For every completed hand seal, a part of the iron would light up. Wei Wuxian's hands blurred as he urged to finish the spell as soon as possible. As Wei Wuxian performed the ritual, more and more part of the iron glow in the eerie shade of crimson.

An unknown amount of time passed before the ritual was finally completed.

Lan Wangji, the others, and even the insentient corpse puppets couldn't take their eyes off the pair of human and unholy artifact.

The piece of iron was now suspended above the battle ground. Every inscription on its body was glowing with a bloody crimson hue, perfectly reflecting the color of Wei Wuxian's eyes. Even from afar, they could hear and feel its vibration which showed how abundant the power that it was containing.

Lan Wangji gripped the hilt of his sword, trying to calm his agitated spiritual weapon. He himself was feeling uncomfortable. They were clearly far enough from the Stygian Tiger Amulet, but it was as though it was gripping their hearts.

It wasn't the first time that he experienced the Stygian Tiger Amulet's power. This Stygian Tiger Amulet was even tamer than the original one. However, the perfect resonance between the artifact and Wei Wuxian gave him a more unfathomable oppression. It was like watching an army marching in complete unison. They have the same goal, they have the same trust, and they would completely execute the orders that were given to them. This loyalty and obedience towards their general was what made them so formidable. Lan Wangji couldn't help but feel relief that it was Wei Wuxian who was wielding this power. He trusted that Wei Wuxian was the best choice to be the master of the Stygian Tiger Amulet, for he was the person that would always consider the interest of the innocents.

In the last step, Wei Wuxian bit the tip of his right hand's finger. With the droplets of blood that trickled down from his wound, he smoothly drew a string of wild bloody incantations in the air. A perfect spiritual talisman lit up. Before anyone could react, he stuck his palm onto the spiritual talisman, sending it straight towards the Stygian Tiger Amulet!

The Stygian Tiger Amulet shook, the heaven and earth shaking along it. Amidst the turbulence, the Stygian Tiger Amulet started to draw resentful energy within the distance of hundred zhangs. From weapons to corpses, nothing was spared!

Everyone could finally see how powerful this new invention of Wei Wuxian was. It could not only use the resentful energy to control; it could also extract resentful energy within the resentful beings. It might be weird to hear, but it was also not wrong to say that it's another way of purification.

The group of corpse puppets could only helplessly struggle as the resentful energy within them was being sucked by the Stygian Tiger Amulet. One by one, they started to fall and returned back to being lifeless.

But before half of their numbers succumb to the Stygian Tiger Amulet's coercion, the obedient corpse puppets suddenly lost their restrictions and started to be agitated. Wei

Wuxian knitted his brows as he sensed that something was wrong.

Being the second one to sense the abnormality, Elder Heiying worriedly asked Wei Wuxian, “What happened?”

Wei Wuxian closed his eyes. He used his connection to the Stygian Tiger Amulet to probe the situation. It didn’t take long for him to finally locate the opposing force that was trying to compete with the Stygian Tiger Amulet.

Wei Wuxian opened his eyelids, revealing the pair of cold crimson eyes, “Nothing serious.”

The opposing force was not as strong as the Stygian Tiger Amulet, but they came in triad. Wei Wuxian didn’t have to think deeply to know who was competing with him. Only Wen Rouhan have the remaining three pieces of the Yin iron.

Very well. Wei Wuxian’s mouth curved upward. He seemed as though he made up his mind.

“Wei Ying?” Lan Wangji couldn’t help but to also show his worries.

Wei Wuxian glanced at Lan Wangji. Seeing his husband’s worried face, his crimson eyes momentarily flickered back to its original color.

Wei Wuxian smiled sunnily, “Don’t worry Lan Zhan. This might be a chance to send a heavy blow to Wen Rouhan.”

After saying this, Wei Wuxian quickly drew a more bizarre incantation in the air and stuck the Stygian Tiger Amulet with it.

Lan Wangji and the others quickly noticed the changed in the flow of resentful energy in their surroundings. The incantation earlier was set to draw the resentful energy within hundred zhangs. It did not discriminate and would suck the resentful energies of any sinister beings or even objects. It could only be imagined how chaotic that situation was. Even a strong cultivator like Lan Wangji could not see clearly because of the thick miasma of resentful energy coming from all over the place.

However, after Wei Wuxian changed the spell, the surroundings suddenly cleared up. Wei Wuxian pulled the flute from his waist. Holding it up against his lips, he blew into it, releasing a long note. The corpse puppets that were starting to lose control paused shortly.

“That’s more like it,” Wei Wuxian nodded to himself.

On the other side, Wen Rouhan who was confident with his three pieces of Yin Iron suddenly received a backlash, spitting a significant amount of blood. He gritted his teeth, “Zheng. Ye. Xian. Gu!”

But that was just the beginning.

“Now, let’s start the fun shall we?” Wei Wuxian adeptly whirled Chenqing between his fingers. He placed it against his lips and once again started to play, fingers shifting expertly.

Three visible red thread of energy started to come from the West where the Qishan Wen sect was located. These threads of energy merged into one and shot straight towards the Stygian Tiger Amulet.

That's right, the Stygian Tiger Amulet was drawing resentful energy from a specific source. It was now trying to draw energy from the three pieces of Yin iron in Wen Rouhan's possession!

"Impossible!" Wen Rouhan shouted as he was once again coughed up blood. He tried to stop Zhengye Xiangu from draining the Yin iron in his control but his understanding about these pieces of metal was insufficient to reverse the situation. Instead, his rush action was only causing the situation to be more out of hand.

The energy continued to be sucked away from Wen Rouhan's Yin iron. The once sinister pieces of metal slowly turned dull, until they were finally sucked dry.

Wen Rouhan kneeled to the ground with a "thud". Together with his fall, the three pieces of scrap iron also fell. But before it landed to the ground, the trauma it experienced took effect. The once frightening iron... had turned into ashes.

Wen Rouhan reached out, scooping the ashes with his bloodied hands. But the ashes slipped through his fingers and suddenly, there was no more. He raised his head, looking at the high ceiling of his Sun and Flame Palace. His eyes locked into the symbol of Qishan Wen Sect, a blazing sun.

Maybe it was because Zhengye Xiangu drew all the resentful energy from the Nightless City, but Wen Rouhan's mind had become clearer. All the evil deeds, all the loss of lives, Wen Xu, Wen Chao...their memories came flooding inside his mind. He clutched his chest but it couldn't take away the pain within his heart. Amidst the pain, a conversation he had with his father played in front of his eyes.

"Father, what is that strange thing in the Goddess' heart?"

"...Rouhan, your grandfather's biggest regret was the moment that he let Xue Chonghai and that strange thing to consume him... Promise me that you would never pull that metal from the Goddess' heart."

"Rouhan is obedient, Rouhan will follow father's order!"

At that time, he didn't completely understand his father's words but he knew that he should follow them. But what happened afterwards? Even until now, he could not understand why he broke his promise to his father. In the end, there was not even a chance to correct his mistakes. Just like his grandfather, only regret remains.

Wen Rouhan shakily reached out for his sword.

He knew he was wrong. He knew that all he did was unforgivable. The anomaly and reason why he became a monster was no longer important. What's more crucial is how dangerous he had become. After knowing everything that he did, he could no longer trust himself again.

Wen Rouhan unsheathed his sword and decisively placed it against his neck. Only with this could he atone for his crimes. As Wen Rouhan closed his eyes, a flood of memories that was not his but was him came rushing inside his mind. In that life, he lived longer. In that life, he killed more. In that life, he also died. But he knew that with his strength, there's no way that a little spy could easily kill him...

Wen Rouhan smiled before his life ended. In that life, he understood his mistakes much later, but he was glad...glad that he made the same decision.

No one is inherently evil. Wen Rouhan was not and he did not intend to be one. But he still became a monster that he never thought he would become. At the end of his life, he could only look back and regret every evil thing that he had done...

In the border of Yunmeng, Wei Wuxian was still controlling the Stygian Tiger Amulet, not knowing that he caused the awakening of the innocent man inside the body of a tyrannical ruler.

When he saw the end of the thread of energy, he knew that he succeeded in destroying the pieces of Yin iron in Wen Rouhan's possession. He heaved a sigh of relief and gathered the last trace of energy. Afterwards, he leaped beside Lan Wangji, leaving the Stygian Tiger Amulet floating above the battle ground.

Wei Wuxian leaned on Lan Wangji's shoulder, "Lan Zhan, sorry if I will make you worry again..."

"Wei Ying?" Lan Wangji did not understand at first, but he knew that it was anything but good.

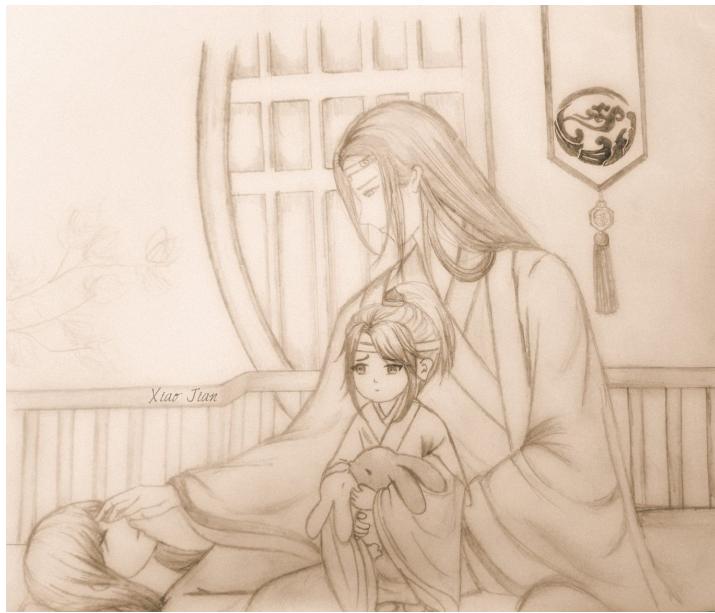
He instinctively raised his head and scrutinized the artifact that Wei Wuxian left suspended in the air. Suddenly, a hairline crack appeared on the surface of the Stygian Tiger Amulet. This small crack quickly spread like a spider web. Lan Wangji's heart leaped as he understood what was happening.

The Stygian Tiger Amulet was indeed superior, but the amount of energy within the three pieces of Yin iron in Wen Rouhan's possession was also tremendous. The Stygian Tiger Amulet couldn't possibly accommodate this huge energy. Wei Wuxian... he aimed for a mutual destruction!

Lan Wangji wanted to stop the destruction of the Stygian Tiger Amulet but it was already too late. When the Stygian Tiger Amulet shattered, he could only absorb the physical trauma that it caused Wei Wuxian. But the Stygian Tiger Amulet was Wei Wuxian's spiritual weapon; its destruction also caused a serious backlash on Wei Wuxian, injuring his spirit.

"Wei Ying... Wei Ying hold on!" Lan Wangji called out.





Within the Mountains of Cloud Recesses, inside the isolated Jingshi, a beautiful maiden was said to be peacefully sleeping. According to the rumors, she is the wife of the Clan's Second Young Master and the mother of the child that the Second Young Master suddenly brought back after the war. The Second Young Master even created a barrier so only he, the Little Young Master, a kid named Xue Yang who was always carrying a "dog" and the famous Doctor Wen could visit her!

"Father, when will mother wake up?" Lan Sizhui asked as he gloomily caressed the pair of black and white rabbits on his lap.

It was one of those days that they were idly sitting beside Wei Wuxian's bed, hoping for him to finally wake up. Even though Wen Qing already assured them that Wei Wuxian was not in a dangerous state and would eventually wake up, they still felt worried after he had not woken up after a week.

His father's eyelids droop, a trace of exhaustion was evident on his eyes as he reached out to fix the stray hair on Wei Wuxian's face. "Wei Ying is just resting... Your mother will... your mother will wake up after *she* rested enough."

No one would ever imagine that the pristine Second Jade of Lan would one day looked like this. His outer robe untied, his hair let down and the bottom of his eyes had a shadow of sleepless nights.

"You should be the one resting..." a weak voice reprimanded and for a moment, Lan Wangji thought that it was because he was not sleeping these past few days that he was already imagining things.

But a gripped on his hand woke him up. This... It was not a dream!

"Wei Ying, you are awake?" Lan Wangji's voice was soft and tentative, like someone who was trying to overcome a stutter.

“Lan Zhan, I made you suffer again...” Wei Wuxian’s mouth was a little dry. Before he could talk much, he already suffered from a series of coughing.

Lan Wangji stood up, wanting to get some water for him, but Wei Wuxian reached for his hand and didn’t want to let him go.

“I will get mother a cup of water then,” Lan Sizhui volunteered.

“Okay, be careful.” Lan Wangji agreed, caressing the child’s head before letting him go.

“A’Yuan is really sensible,” Wei Wuxian chuckled seeing the child exit the room and even carefully closing the door for them. Obviously, there was water inside the room but he chose to go out mindfully.

Hearing Wei Wuxian’s still raspy voice, Lan Wangji only sighed. This time he successfully stood up and served the patient the water that he badly needed.

Lan Wangji supported Wei Wuxian to sit, leaning his body against his chest. Wei Wuxian obediently drank the water but his hands were not obedient at all.

Lan Wangji, “You just woke up.”

“Exactly! Hanguang-jun, I missed you so much,” Wei Wuxian mumbled as he pulled Lan Wangji by the neck and expertly planted a kiss on his lips. The touch on his lips was very familiar, moist and warm.

Lan Wangji couldn’t take the other’s teasing and pressed Wei Wuxian under him. Their two sets of thin lips turned from side to side. Before Wei Wuxian could even react, his lower lip was suddenly bitten. He couldn’t help but open his mouth slightly that gave Lan Wangji a chance to intrude inside. He was suddenly powerless, he felt that it was a little bit difficult to breathe, wanting to turn his head away. But Lan Wangji, pinched his chin, holding him in place. Between the swirl of lips and tongue, Wei Wuxian suddenly felt dizzy. His vision started to turn black before he finally passed out.

Indeed, Wei Wuxian was kissed so hard by Lan Wangji; he passed out. He could not blame anyone for his own mischievousness, eh? In fact, he could blame someone...If he was shameless enough to blame the life growing inside his womb.



Chapter End Notes

Okay, I changed my mind. I thought one more chapter would really be enough for the remaining plot, but I was wrong. So I'm promising another closing chapter and maybe a

few extras if my laziness wouldn't take over me.

WangXian

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Finale

Between the Two Jades of Lan, Lan Xichen mastered the art of healing; whereas, Lan Wangji was the expert in alchemy and pill making. However, this didn't mean that Lan Wangji had no experience in healing. In fact, his art of healing was above the ability of many genuine healers.

When Wei Wuxian lost consciousness, Lan Wangji felt a little guilty; however, he did not panic. It is not unusual that a patient would need rest after shortly waking up from coma. Although, it was also rare that a patient would not voluntarily sleep and would instead just pass out.

Lan Wangji checked Wei Wuxian's breathing. He heaved a soft sigh after finding out that it was normal. To be more thorough, he also traced his meridians with his spiritual energy.

Wei Wuxian's spirit that had been damaged because of the backlash from the destruction of the Stygian Tiger Amulet had visibly recovered with Wen Qing's careful healing. His golden core was also more stable than before since he avoided using his spiritual energy.

"Father, is mother okay?" When Lan Sizhui came back, he found out that his mother once again lost consciousness. Remembering the dreadful days, he couldn't help but worry.

"Do not worry. Wei Ying is—" Lan Wanji was satisfied with his findings and was about to withdraw his cognition from Wei Wuxian's body when a foreign energy suddenly resonated to his spiritual energy.

The energy was foreign, but the connection between them felt so familiar. Lan Wangji's heart throbbed as he realized what had just happened.

A little worried, Lan Wangji once again inspected Wei Wuxian's body with his spiritual energy. This time, he focused on where the foreign energy was coming from. As his spiritual energy got nearer, the resonance between him and the foreign energy was also getting stronger.

By the time that Lan Wangji's cognition reached the place where the energy was coming from, their connection was already strong enough that it formed a visible blue ray. At the end of this blue ray was a ball of energy formed from blueish and reddish spiritual energy. And this ball of energy was currently resting in the center of Wei Wuxian's womb!

It was a surprise that Lan Wangji still managed to calm himself down after realizing where the connection had brought his cognition. He was still clear headed to carefully probed the ball of energy. But in the next moment, the two fingers pointed at Wei Wuxian's forehead suddenly shook.

When he sensed the trace of new life within the ball of energy, Lan Wangji could no longer stay calm. A rare trace of loss and confusion appeared in his normally calm face.

He once again probed the ball of energy in Wei Wuxian's womb. This time, he couldn't be more gentle. When he confirmed the same result, he could no longer contain his emotion. His mind became numb, overwhelmed by the idea of a new life growing inside Wei Wuxian. A life that was formed from their love.

Lan Wangji felt wetness on his cheeks. He wiped away the wetness with his shaky fingers. Looking at his hand, he then only realized that he had cried.

“Father, why are you crying?” Lan Sizhui panicked.

Lan Sizhui’s voice snapped Lan Wangji out from his trance. Lan Wangji reached out and patted the child on his head. A small smile appeared on his face as he said, “I am happy.”

His father’s touch calmed Lan Sizhui down, but he was more confused now. His father cried and said that it was because he’s happy?

“Sizhui, be a good brother when the time comes.” As he was pondering, Lan Wangji’s words sounded above his head.

“!!!”

Lan Sizhui’s eyes became round as realization hit him, “Father, you mean?”

“Mnn,” Lan Wangji gently put his hand on the belly of the woman lying peacefully on the bed.

“...” He’s going to be a big brother?! He’s going to be a big brother! Lan Sizhui was so shocked he couldn’t utter a word.

He finally realized why his father was crying. He also felt that at this moment, he was so happy he wanted to cry.

When Lan Sizhui occupied the body of a child, he felt that his temperament had also reverted back to that of a kid. After knowing the good news, he couldn’t wait to bragged about this to his friends.

He circled in place for a couple of times before dashing out. Running with his short legs, he wanted to look for Xue Yang and Elder Heiying resting in the side room.

Lan Wangji felt helpless as he saw how happy this little child was. Lan Sizhui, however, noticed his slip. As he was about to step out from the room, he halted his steps and anxiously looked sideways, meeting his father’s eyes.

Lan Wangji was really in a good mood. A trace of smile could be seen on his eyes as he nodded, "Go on."

Receiving his father's consent, he quickly disappeared to the side room.

"Yang-ge! Grandpa Hei!" The child's milky voice resounded even before he was seen.

"Kiddo, what's so exciting that you even broke your rigid rule of not running and shouting?" Xue Yang asked.

He was naturally caring to children. When he saw A'Yuan running towards him, he automatically lifted the black dog from his lap and opened his arms for the kid.

Lan Sizhui who believed that he should act as a child to avoid complications naturally sat on Xue Yang's lap. At first, he felt awkward being hugged by everyone like some sort of play toy, but he was used to it now. He would not admit it, but he actually started to like being cared about. He specially liked the company of his father and mother.

Meanwhile, the dog who was suddenly thrown away, scoffed. Since he exerted himself in the last battle, he was always sleepy; however, he still cared about the things that was happening around him. Elder Heiying looked at the tiny kid from his head to his toe, "The brat is still unconscious, so why are you celebrating?"

"I am going to be a big brother!" Lan Sizhui shared excitedly without further ado.

"What?!" Xue Yang and Elder Heiying simultaneously reacted but with different tone. Xue Yang who loves children was as excited as Lan Sizhui. Elder Heiying's reaction, on the other hand, was for something else. One should know that he was the one who tricked Wei Wuxian to change into a woman, but he didn't know that this miracle would be possible!

"Yes, mother is pregnant! I hope it's a sister... but a brother that I could train with is also good. What if they are twins? Twins would be great! They could be a pair of beautiful sister and an energetic brother." Lan Sizhui continued to blabber on.

When Wen Qing entered the Jingshi, the first thing she heard was Lan Sizhui's excited words.

"A'Yuan, what are you talking about?" Wen Qing asked.

Lan Sizhui saw that it was his auntie that was also a healer. He felt that he finally found someone who could give him advice. His eyes brightened as he freed himself from the still shocked Xue Yang. Then, he bolted towards Wen Qing.

Wen Qing was confused when Lan Sizhui suddenly grabbed her hands and tried to pull her towards the main room.

It was the room of a married couple so she couldn't just enter without permission. She first tried to calm Lan Sizhui down. "A'Yuan, your father and mother might be resting. We should not enter their room without announcing our arrival."

Lan Sizhui finally realized that his actions were a little rude. He lifted his short arms to scratch the back of his head. “Sizhui is sorry. I was just so excited that I’m going to be a big brother.”

“You’re going to be what?!”

Wen Qing who just taught Lan Sizhui of etiquette suddenly entered the main room unannounced.

“...” Lan Sizhui who was cheated on by his auntie could only stare wordlessly at her disappearing back.

Wen Qing, “Lan Wangji, what’s this?”

Lan Wangji calmly lifted his head to meet Wen Qing’s eyes. He understood that Wen Qing might have not sensed that Wei Ying is pregnant. The little life in Wei Wuxian’s womb was just starting to form. He could sense it easier only because of their resonance as a father and child.

“Please restrain your excitement,” Lan Wangji reminded Wen Qing as he glanced at his still sleeping wife.

Wen Qing, “I know. I apologize. It’s because I’m quite surprise. Is A’Ying really pregnant?”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn.”

Wen Qing, “But thinking about it, this is really not surprising. A’Ying just has the ability to make miracles.”

“...” Changing one’s gender opposes the natural order. It was really a miracle that the heaven allowed this to happen. Lan Wangji was afraid that there would be consequences so he asked Wen Qing, “I will trouble Lady Wen to check on them.”

“No trouble.” Wen Qing chuckled as she approached Wei Wuxian.

Wen Qing did a thorough check up on the mother and child. Indeed, the life inside Wei Wuxian’s womb were only starting to form. It was no surprise that she missed it from her last visit. However, now that she had a heads-up, she knew where to focus and successfully found them.

“!!!”

Wen Qing suddenly laughed. “You never failed to surprise me, A’Ying!”

Lan Wangji, “What is wrong?”

Wen Qing, “Congratulations! Your children are perfectly healthy.”

Lan Wangji was not familiar with pregnancy. Seeing the trace of blue and red spiritual energy inside Wei Wuxian’s womb, he thought that it was only the union of their respective spiritual

power. He didn't know that it was because there were really two of them!

“I...”

“You are so happy?” Wen Qing teased as she patted the man on his shoulder.

Lan Wangji nodded but he was still worried, “Wei Ying, will he be okay carrying a twin?”

Wen Qing, “Well, your worry is not unwarranted. Even though A’Ying’s condition already improved, his injuries still caused some complications. Now that he is carrying another lives, he should be more careful. No excessive movements. No stress. Most importantly, avoid nagging relatives. But overall, A’Ying could deliver the twins normally.”

Lan Wangji, “I understand. I will announce that Wei Ying and I will enter seclusion.”

“Sorry to interfere with your family matters, but your Uncle will surely not like that idea.”

It was only a week after the family locked themselves in Jingshi and it was said that Lan Qiren had almost Qi deviated. Wen Qing could only imagine the old man’s reaction if he hears Lan Wangji’s plan of entering seclusion.

Lan Wangji looked down, his emotion hidden behind his thick eyelashes. “Uncle is only afraid that I will follow my father’s footsteps.”

Wen Qing had heard some stories of Lan Wangji’s parents. Apparently, his mother committed a crime of killing his father’s teacher. In order to protect the woman he loved, he brought her back to the Cloud Recesses and married her. But based on the rumors, it’s more like imprisoning them in the guise of seclusion.

She did not make further comments. She knew that no matter how the Lan Elders opposes the relationship of these two, Lan Wangji would not care. If they continue to hit Lan Wangji’s limit, he will not even hesitate to cut his connection with the Lan Clan.



When Wei Wuxian regained his consciousness, he heard the soft sound of Guqin before he could even open his eyes. He lifted his eyelids. As his vision got clearer, he saw Lan Wangji sitting not far away. His Guqin was placed horizontally above his lap as his fingers expertly strummed its seven strings. Wei Wuxian looked at him in awe. He had to say that his husband looked so ethereal, he fell for him all over again.

It seemed like Lan Wangji did not notice him as he continued to play his song. Only then did Wei Wuxian realized than Lan Wangji was singing! A low yet mild voice echoed inside the Jingshi. With the Guqin as its accompaniment, the familiar song resonated to Wei Wuxian’s heart.

Wei Wuxian listened attentively. After a few moments, he finally remembered that this was the same song that Lan Wangji sang to him in the Xianwu Cave. The song that he didn’t clearly heard the title because he suddenly passed out before Lan Wangji could say it.

Because he was delirious back then, he did not remember the lyrics of this song. Listening to Lan Wangji's singing, Wei Wuxian felt something inside him suddenly lit up.

When the last note of Guqin resounded, he immediately spoke, "Isn't this the song you sang to me back then, under the Xianwu Cave in the Dusk Creek Mountain? What was its name again?"

"..." Lan Wangji retrieved his Guqin before raising his head. But he did not respond. Instead, he stood up and filled a cup of water for Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian pouted as he reached for the cup of water, "I'm sorry that I forgot." He sulkily took a sip and continued, "Actually, I didn't hear your answer clearly because I was delirious back then. So please don't bully your wife. Say it, what song is it? Who composed it?"

Lan Wangji helplessly looked at his said wife who was clutching the cup of water with two hands, perfectly showing what "being wronged" was. A few moments passed before he answered, "I did."

Wei Wuxian, "You composed it?"

Lan Wangji took the cup away from Wei Wuxian's hands, "Mnn."

"..." Wei Wuxian had thought that it was a secret song of the Gusu Lan Sect. Only after hearing the unusual lyrics did he have his doubts. Now that Lan Wangji clarified it to him, he was both surprised and overjoyed.

Wei Wuxian, "You composed it for me? You already have feelings for me back then?"

"..."

Wei Ying saw helplessness on his husband's eyes, "That's a yes, right? Then, what is it called?"

Lan Wangji, "What do you think?"

Wei Wuxian, "What do you mean by what do I think? Are you asking for my opinion? If there's really no name, I will call it *The Love Song of Lan Zhan and Wei Ying!*"

When Lan Wangji said nothing, Wei Wuxian continued to blabber on, "Or *Everday Song of Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu* also sounds great. You just know there's a story behind it."

Lan Wangji seemed like he didn't want to hear another name from Wei Wuxian's mouth that was full of nonsense, "There is."

Wei Wuxian, "There is what?"

Lan Wangji, "A name."

Wei Wuxian was surprised, “There is? Then you should have told me earlier! You made me think for so long, wasting my wisdom.”

Clearly, it was him who did not let Lan Wangji talk. After a moment of silence, Lan Wangji answered, “WangXian.”

Wei Wuxian, “Huh?”

Lan Wangji, “The song is named WangXian.”

Wei Wuxian widened his eyes.

Soon, he exploded into laughter, “Hahahahahahaha! So you gave it a name like this on your own? When did you come up with it? Hahahahahahaha!”

Lan Wangji seemed like he’d long since expected Wei Wuxian to react like this. Watching him convulse in laughter, he could only softly shake his head. His expression was that of surrender, yet a light curve had already bloomed at the corners of his lips.

When he laughed enough, Wei Wuxian spoke in all seriousness, “Wangxian, good, wonderful! I like it. Yes, that’s what it should be called.”

Lan Wangji was expressionless, “I like it too.”

Wei Ying chuckled, “It’s very GusuLan-esque indeed.”

“Wei Ying...” Lan Wangji suddenly cupped Wei Wuxian’s face with his hand.

“Hmmn?” Wei Wuxian was confused.

Lan Wangji’s lips moved but he still did not say a word. A moment later, he finally spoke, “...you are pregnant.”

Wei Wuxian’s eyes widened, “...that.”

Lan Wangji was puzzled with Wei Wuxian’s reaction. He even thought that Wei Wuxian was not happy to hear the news.

Wei Wuxian’s voice was soft as he continued, “I was also going to tell you this, but I guess there’s no need. So Lan Zhan, you don’t hate it?”

Lan Wangji frowned. Wei Ying already knew about this and was just afraid to tell him? “What made you think that I would hate it?”

Wei Wuxian, “Well...” Given how Lan Wangji treated A’Yuan, there was really no way that he would hate having his own child. “My nonsense insecure self told me.”

“...” Lan Wangji pulled the petite figure in his embrace. “I am happy that Wei Ying is carrying my children.”

“I’m also happy that I’m carrying your children,” Wei Wuxian mumbled inside Lan Wangji’s embrace.

“Lan Zhan?”

“Mnn.”

“Would you mind singing a song for us?”

After a few moments of silence, Lan Wangji’s low calming voice echoed softly above Wei Wuxian’s head. Lan Wangji really did begin to sing Wangxian.

On and on, the WangXian melody drifts; the song ceases yet the figures persist.

-Mo Xiang Tong Xiu 2016.08.12



Chapter End Notes

Yay! Finally done! Will shortly post Uncle Qiren's reaction.

PS. There will be an extra for the public reaction, Gender-changing pills, Old Black, and basically wrapping everything up regarding the deads, new leaders etc

Extra I: Granduncle

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra I

“Teacher Lan, Pavilion Master Wen is here to see Second Young Master,” a senior disciple respectfully informed Lan Qiren.

Humph! What Pavilion Master Wen? After that woman turned the Wen Sect into her Medicine Association, she became really free, always coming and going in their sect as if it was her own home. Even an elder like him could only be informed of her arrival. She would go straight to Jingshi in her own accord without greeting and giving him some face!

“Very well,” Lan Qiren calmly dismissed the senior disciple. But when he was finally alone, his true nature quickly showed up. Lan Qiren hastily stood up, rushing towards the direction of Jingshi while mumbling to himself, “Let’s see if I don’t catch you now.”

But he didn’t know that this disciple also informed his eldest nephew of the woman’s arrival. Lan Xichen knew his uncle very well. He knew that he was ‘very concerned’ with Lan Wangji’s matter. Every time, Wen Qing would visit Jingshi, his uncle was also expected to be seen in the vicinity. Lan Xichen gently shook his head as he placed down his brush. A wind blew and in a blink of an eye, he was already gone.

Lan Qiren was really agile for his age and quickly arrive in front of Jingshi in no time. Seeing the woman in green robes walking from the opposite direction, he adjusted his pace and walked in his usual speed, acting as though it was just a coincidence that they met here.

Wen Qing was surprised to see Lan Qiren also coming to Jingshi but she didn’t show it on her face and just smiled.

“Teacher Lan,” Wen Qing cupped her fist together and bended slightly to give respect as Lan Qiren’s former student.

Lan Qiren elegantly received her greeting with a nod. In the next moment, he caressed his goatee and made an allusive remark, “Pavilion Master Wen is really kind to personally come here for Zhengye Xiangu.”

Wen Qing glanced at Jingshi, a trace of affection could be seen in her expression as she started to talk about the woman inside the house, “Xiangu is my family; it is only natural for me to personally take care of her.”

“Indeed, your sect received her aid the most,” Lan Qiren said meaningfully. It was not well-spread, but talks about how the Wen rebels and the Jiang Sect relied on a demonic cultivator

to win the war was a common-secret within the cultivation sects.

Wen Qing's heart turned cold, "What do Teacher Lan mean by these words?"

Lan Qiren puffed his goatee into the air. A while later, he finally decided to talk, "Zhengye Xiangu helped you win the war, but one should not forget that she follows the path of demonic cultivation!"

"And why is that a problem?!" Wen Qing raised her voice, a little agitated.

Lan Qiren was also angered with her response, "The problem is she's reversing the natural order and ignoring ethics and morality!"

Wen Qing suddenly laughed, "Huh, I know. Was it really about Zhengye Xiangu or you just hated and couldn't accept the fact that your perfect nephew loves her so much, he could bend the rules that he once strictly followed?"

"Wangji was just being confused!" Wen Qing's words probably hit Lan Qiren's sore spot.

"So it was really the case." Wen Qing nodded understandingly. In the next moment, she looked sideways regretfully, "Sorry but I heard that your family's curse is to only love one person in a lifetime?"

"Nonsense!" Lan Qiren was so angered that his goatee was quivering.

Wen Qing sneered, "I know Teacher Lan personally hate crook people and I understand that your clan have strict rules against associating with the evil, but Teacher Lan, I have a question for you."

Her eyes were sharp and cold as she started, "The woman inside that house." She pointed towards Jingshi before she continued, "That woman that your nephew whole-heartedly loves... let me tell you, all she ever wanted was to protect the innocents, she had sacrificed a lot in this war... even her own health, her spirit was even severely injured trying to secure the safety of everyone. So now, please tell me if she's really evil!"

"..." Lan Qiren paused. Even he wanted to refute Wen Qing's words, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

At this very moment, a white figure appeared in the scene.

Lan Xichen stood at the corner and first assessed the situation. This might be funny, but he was expecting to be welcomed by such mess.

He turned to his uncle only to see that he was rendered speechless by Wen Qing's sharp words. Lan Xichen had to admit that the doctor's strong personality was really admirable.

Seeing him like this and upon noticing Lan Xichen's arrival, Wen Qing decided to end the argument. She turned around and started to walk towards the barrier. But before she passed through the barrier, she suddenly paused. Without looking back, she reminded in a calmer voice, "If it was because of her path, I just want you to remember... Who was really stealing

from the heaven? Who was occupying the spiritually abundant mountains where the now extinct spiritual beings were originally living?"

She would not blame them for prioritizing their sect's interest, but she wouldn't just remain silent seeing their hypocrisy. They could do things in their own standard, but they shouldn't just go around pointing fingers at others who was not following their set standard.

"I can accept your belief that nothing can be accomplished without standards and that your sect's foundation was built from your rules, but Teacher Lan should know that rules are not absolute. You said that one should not associate themselves with the evil, but what is truly good and what is evil?"

Lan Qiren remained silent as he watched the figure disappeared inside the barrier. What she said had shaken his cultivation, making his golden core unstable. Amidst the chaos on his spiritual energy, visions started to appear in his mind.

A set of arms supported him from behind before he heard his eldest nephew's voice, "Uncle, calm down."

"Xichen?" Lan Qiren looked behind.

"It is me," Lan Xichen answered, his tone full of worries. "Lady Wen's words..."

Lan Xichen froze. He couldn't say that Wen Qing's words were nonsense. In fact, he also gained enlightenment from her views.

"She is not wrong," Lan Qiren whispered. At this moment, it was as though he had finally gained an enlightenment. His turbulent energy also started to calm down.

"It was I who was wrong."

Lan Qiren suddenly chuckled, "Months ago, do you remember when Wangji woke up from a high fever and acted so different afterwards?"

"Mnn," Lan Xichen nodded.

"It was also the time when a voice started to appear in my dreams, asking me the same question over and over again, asking me between who's right and who's evil... Now, his words and identity had become clearer to me."

All along it was Lan Wangji. Lan Qiren lamented as he recalled the image of his injured youngest nephew from the vision.

His nephew was kneeling and receiving countless discipline whip when he asked him stubbornly, "*I dare ask uncle, who's right and who's wrong? Who's black? Who's white?*"

He knew that if it was before, he would be disappointed with Lan Wangji, but what about now? Lan Qiren sighed, "What is wrong, what is right? Who am I to tell?"

Lan Qiren pushed Lan Xichen gently and sat down in a nearby stool in front of Jingshi. “Xichen, I watched both of you and Wangji grow up since you were young. I always treated you like my own. I’ve always been strict with you because I wanted you to always stay on the righteous path. All because I didn’t want you to follow in your father’s footsteps.”

Lan Xichen stared at the tightly closed door of Jingshi. He knew that as the one who casted the barrier, his younger brother could probably hear them, “Uncle, Wangji loved mother so much. He wouldn’t want the woman he loves to experience the same thing.”

Lan Qiren nodded, “I know.”

It was like Lan Qiren had received a great blow. After he and Lan Xichen parted, he found himself reflecting at the back of the mountain. He took this chance to meditate and maybe improve his cultivation.

Amidst his meditation, he suddenly heard a ruckus nearby. Lan Qiren decided to check on what was happening. When he reached the location of the ruckus, he did not expect to see a child playing with Lan Wangji’s rabbits. The child was happily laughing to himself and did not notice his arrival.

The child looked like he was only two or three years old. He was dressed in Lan Clan robes that were surprisingly still clean and without wrinkle. The child’s sitting posture was really impeccable that Lan Qiren even had the illusion that he was seeing the young Lan Wangji.

Lan Qiren approached the child. Noticing the turbulence among his bunnies, the child stood up and turned around.

He couldn’t believe his eyes as he saw the child’s face. This child, he looked so much like Lan Wangji!

One small, one old. The two figures stood facing each other. Both of them showed evident shock on their faces.

“Who’s child are you?” Lan Qiren’s voice was shaky as he asked the child. His eyes couldn’t help but settle on the child’s forehead where the conspicuous forehead ribbon of the Lan Clan was resting.

In fact, he didn’t need to hear the child’s answer because he could clearly recognize the unique pattern sewn on the child’s forehead ribbon. This pattern was the same as his, the symbol of the main clan!

On the other hand, Lan Sizhui did not expect that he would meet Teacher Lan here. Seeing the serious face of Lan Qiren, Lan Sizhui instinctively let go of the bunny in his arms. His back straight as he seriously and respectfully gave his salute. “Teacher Lan.”

Lan Qiren was even more shocked to receive the child’s impeccable greeting. Suddenly, he felt something lit up in his heart. He watched Lan Xichen and Lan Wangji grow. Many people thought that it was because he had no choice. Only he knew that he finds great joy in molding the new generation.

Lan Qiren was happy that the small child that he raised before had now raised his own child well.

He reached out and patted the child's head. "Good child."

Lan Sizhui felt that there were goosebumps all over his body. He raised his head and cast an anxious glance at Lan Qiren.

Seeing how cautious this child was towards him, Lan Qiren frowned bewilderedly. He did not speak and just waited for the child to talk, curious as to what he would say. But Lan Sizhui confused it for Lan Qiren showing his dissatisfaction. His instinct took over him as he bowed apologetically. "Pet is forbidden. Causing noise is prohibited. Do not smile foolishly. Sizhui will copy both Virtue and Conduct as a punishment!"

"You...what did you say?" Lan Qiren couldn't believe what he just heard the young guy said.

Lan Sizhui thought if he said something wrong and remembered that he still did not answer Lan Qiren's question. "Do not disrespect your elders. Sizhui is sorry, Sizhui should have answered Teacher Lan's question first."

He then stepped back a few times before he saluted once again, "This one's name is Lan Yuan, courtesy name Sizhui. I am the child of Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu. Because of my mistake, let me copy both Virtue and Conduct two more times."

"I... You are too young to copy the sect rules." No, he was not just young to copy the sect rules, he was also too young to memorize and understand them.

"Teacher Lan?" Lan Sizhui did not expect this turn of events. However, he realized that he was indeed too young. Ay! Another slipped in his persona.

Lan Qiren held his forehead. It was the first time that he felt helpless about others taking the rules so rigidly. He looked down and met the adorable face of Sizhui. This child is really not bad, clearly one of the Lans. Lan Qiren had decided, "I'm your granduncle."

"..."

Lan Qiren, "You don't have to call me Teacher Lan. Call me granduncle instead."

"..." Lan Sizhui had become speechless for a second before he obediently followed, "Yes, Granduncle!"

Lan Qiren smiled. No one could really find fault on Lan Wangji and Zhengye Xiangu for having a child so young. Most would even praise them for bringing into this world a so-called never-before-seen genius like this child.



Chapter End Notes

There's still two more extras but I will be on a hiatus for about five months because I'm going to be busy with something. Actually the drafts are almost finished but I don't have time to finalize it. Lovelots. Fret not for I shall return.

Extra II: Old Friend

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra 2

Five months after the death of Wen Rouhan.

The former glorious Wen Sect was already gone, while the victors had returned to their respective sects to rebuild their homes. It is the same for the Wen rebels and the four major cultivation sects who led the Sunshot Campaign.

Wen Qing decided to turn the Wen Sect into a Medicine Association, converting the Nightless City into a huge Medicine Pavilion that is accessible for all and the land surrounding it as a large span of herb garden and crops farm. She then generously gave back to other sects what the former oppressor had taken from them.

Even though they aren't strong cultivators, no one could underestimate the influence of healers and even need to show respect to them. History could attest that no matter how strong a cultivator is, one wouldn't know if there will come a time that they would need the assistance of a healer. Consequently, as more and more strong cultivators received such great favor from these healers, the more invisible protection will be given to their Medicine Association. By this, everyone could see how ingenious is the woman leading them.

During this healing time, the Gusu Lan Sect gave their utmost effort to rebuild their collection of knowledge. Wen Qing, as compensation, had given their sect numerous amount of books and scrolls. It was enough to recover if not expand the Lan Sect's famous Library Pavilion.

On the other hand, the Qinghe Nie Sect had closed their fortress after the war. Rumors said that a problem with their saber spirit had arises because of the bloodbath during the previous war and they were focusing on resolving it. During this time, Chifeng-zun's younger brother was seen travelling back and forth Qinghe and Gusu. Everyone thought that he was asking for Lan Xichen's help, but no one would expect that he was asking for that someone's help.

The Lanling Jin Sect suffered the least during the war, but they were the most laughable and controversial. At the same time that the news of Wen Rouhan's death reached the ears of the various cultivation sect, the disgraceful death of Jin Guangshan had already spread in the whole Wulin like a wild fire. The sect heir, Jin Zixuan, could only assume his father's position with the help of his mother. It was agreed upon by many that it was not an unfortunate event. At the very least, Jin Zixuan is not like his father when it comes to his romantic life. In fact, he had been trying to mend his previous betrothal with the young maiden of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect.

Unfortunately, the Yunmeng Jiang Sect had refused to talk about their young lady's marriage with the excuse of focusing on rebuilding the Lotus Pier. It was not all lie for Jiang Cheng really needed his sister's help to manage their sect now that their head disciple is still missing.

However, what everyone was most curious about was the news concerning the famous heroes of the war, Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu.

Wen Rouhan's suicide had been a mystery. It was more so when Hanguan-jun and Zhengye Xiangu also disappeared during the period that Wen Rouhan died.

It wasn't hard to connect their absence to the death of Wen Rouhan. Some even thought that they also died in exchange for Wen Rouhan's life. However, the Gusu Lan Sect had kept their mouth close regarding this issue and so, no one really knew the current situation of the famous couple.

Little did they know that the reason why these two went missing was because they were making sure that the ball in Zhengye Xiangu's womb would be safe from harm.

"The little ones are finally stable," Wen Qing said reassuringly to the pregnant woman sitting on the reclining chair and to her husband who was standing beside her.

Babies with cultivator parents are relatively strong compared to common babies. Especially in the twins' case where both parents were strong cultivators.

Wei Wuxian had received injuries from the last battle and had to enter seclusion to avoid complication. Fortunately after five months, the twins could already hold on their own and finally became stable.

Wen Qing, "Since the twins are already stable, you can now leave seclusion."

"Finally!" Wei Wuxian exclaimed, receiving a look from his husband.

"...Of course, I am happy to be with you," Wei Wuxian appeased the man's heart before mumbling to himself, "...but it's really hard not to want to visit the Caiyi Town sometimes."

Lan Wangji, "I will accompany you."

"Well that's a promise!" Wei Wuxian beamed. He then suddenly twisted his body to the side to hug his husband's waist.

"Mnn," the corner of Lan Wangji's lips lifted ever so slightly as he patted the head of his wife.

"Ahem! You do realize that I'm still here, no?" Wen Qing rolled her eyes at the very much in-loved couple. "By the way, are you going to attend the Discussion Conference then?"

Wei Wuxian raised his head to ask the man he was hugging, "Jin peacock's first Discussion Conference?"

Lan Wangji nodded, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian, "Then Shijie will also come. That peacock would for sure bother her again. Lan Zhan, should we join the fun?"

Lan Wangji, "If Wei Ying wants to."

Wei Wuxian, "Of course!"

Lan Wangji, "I will confirm it to the Jin Sect."

Wen Qing, "..."

Watching this scene, Wen Qing could only feel amazed at how easily the respected Hanguang-jun would agree to any of Wei Wuxian's requests. Truly. Admirable. Without a doubt. A henpecked man.

And just like that, news that the missing heroes had agreed to attend the upcoming Discussion Conference had circulated across Wulin in no time.



Few days before the discussion conference, some representatives of the various sects were already starting to depart for the first big event after the war. The Gusu Lan sect known for their discipline was unsurprisingly one of them.

Early in the morning, the young disciples of the Gusu Lan Sect had gathered ahead of time in front of their sect entrance, waiting for their elders and seniors.

When Lan Qiren arrived, together with his eldest nephew, Lan Xichen, the only ones missing were Lan Wangji's family.

Lan Qiren's face was not good, but he didn't say anything. Lan Xichen glanced at his uncle and a smile appeared on his handsome face. There was indeed a big change in his uncle's attitude after the heroic Lady Wen reprimanded him. Lan Xichen had to admit that his uncle changed for the better. He reminded himself to repay the maiden's help if given a chance.

If Lan Qiren could hear his nephews thoughts, he would surely say that Lan Xichen had misunderstood him. He would of course tolerate such unpunctuality given that the other party was with an inconvenience.

Even though the Lan Sect was very strict when it comes to time, they still gave leeway for the pregnant women. Pregnant... When Lan Qiren heard the news of Zhengye Xiangu's second pregnancy, he was really speechless. Thankfully, Shizui was there to appease his soul. At that time, he thought that another Sizhui or two wouldn't be bad.

His mind distracted with such thought, he didn't notice that the said nephew and his wife and son had already arrived.

Lan Qiren was suddenly pulled out from his thoughts as he heard the gasp of the surrounding disciples. He instinctively wanted to reprimand them, but when he shifted his head to the focus of the ruckus, his lips couldn't utter what he was supposed to say.

In front of them was Lan Wangji's family. The kid Xue Yang was standing at the back with the black dog that Lan Qiren really hated so much. In front of the brat was his youngest nephew who was holding Lan Sizhui's hand with his left hand, whilst his right hand was supporting the back of a woman.

This woman was indeed worthy of the attention that she had received earlier for her face was that of a unique beauty, exquisite to the point of being unreal. Standing beside Lan Wangji, the two could really be mistaken as immortal dao companions. But the problem was this woman was familiar to Lan Qiren, very familiar that it seemed to him the she had never aged a bit since the last time he saw her.

“You!” Lan Qiren could only point his finger towards the pregnant woman.

“Uncle?” Lan Wangji and Lan Xichen asked simultaneously. Even the younger disciples were surprised with their teacher's outburst. Didn't they already informed him that Zhengye Xiangu would be attending the Discussion Conference with them?

“Me?” Wei Wuxian also bewilderedly pointed towards himself. He tilted his head on the side, trying to understand what was wrong with him. Noticing that Lan Qiren was staring at his face with mixed disbelief and agitation, Wei Wuxian realized that this has something to do with his appearance. Is there something wrong with his face?

Wei Wuxian instinctively touched his face. Well today, he indeed forgone wearing a veil.

Zhengye Xiangu had always been seen wearing a veil in the lower part of her face, only revealing her beautiful peach blossom eyes. There are many speculations why she was covering her supposed beautiful face. Some even said that behind her veil was a hideous monster. Only Wei Wuxian knew that the reason he had covered his face was very simple.

Even though he still looked like his old self, he had changed his gender. No one would recognize him as Wei Wuxian except for Lan Wangji. Even Jiang Cheng could be fooled by his disguise. However, after going around with his new identity, Wei Wuxian realized a big problem. He was too beautiful! He wanted to attract the least attention as possible and his face wouldn't let him to do that. This is the only reason why he decided to wear a veil.

But he had to admit that it was really not comfortable blocking his mouth and nose. It was also challenging to play flute with this attire.

In the five months of their seclusion, Wei Wuxian saw no reason to still wear a veil. After leaving seclusion, he no longer remembered wearing a veil or where he threw that piece of fabric away.

But he didn't expect that such decision would receive such big of a reaction from the old man.

Was it really a sin to have a beautiful face? Wei Wuxian asked himself.

If Lan Qiren could hear this shameless thought, he might get into Qi Deviation. Only him and his generation would know why he was acting like this.

It was all because of that familiar face. He was so focus on that familiar face that he didn't even noticed the other details. He didn't even notice how close was this woman was with his youngest nephew. Most of all, he didn't even see her very evident bulging stomach.

“You are alive?” Lan Qiren continued to question in disbelief.

“...Old Man, I know that you hate me, but don't you think that it's a little too much to wish me death?” Wei Wuxian couldn't help but say.

But it seemed to him that Lan Qiren had not heard his words, “Where have you been all this time? You even left your son alone...”

Wei Wuxian “????”

By this time, everyone had noticed that Lan Qiren was seeing Zhengye Xiangu for someone else. Some even speculated that these two were really acquainted in the past.

Wei Wuxian, “I mean... you are the one who asked for my son's company, didn't you?

He could not even see Lan Sizhui's face for the past few weeks since Lan Qiren was always asking for the child's company.

Lan Qiren, “What are you talking about Cangse? Had you become insane?”

“I'm not...” a few seconds later, Lan Qiren's words had finally sank into his head, “What did you just call me?!”

Lan Qiren became agitated by the other's reply, “Cangse, don't play your tricks on me! I have long since been immune from your charm!”

Eh? Wait! Wait! Wait! Old Man just admitted that he to his mother... He was charmed by his mother before?!

Everyone's mind was in chaos. This could be the biggest news of the century!

Wei Wuxian and the others were still in shock for this revelation, but Lan Wangji could no longer let his wife be confused with someone else, especially, if that someone else was his uncle's first love. Everyone should know that the Lan Clan's men will only love one person in every lifetime!

Lan Wangji pulled Wei Wuxian closer to himself as he bravely looked into his uncle's eyes, “Uncle, she is not Senior Cangse. This is my wife, Zhengye Xiangu.”

“Indeed, Uncle, I think you confused her for an old *friend*,” Lan Xichen added with a hidden teasing on his tone. No wonder his uncle had been single all this time!

With his two nephews' words, Lan Qiren finally realized that he had let himself be eaten by his emotions. You cannot blame him; two decades had passed since he last saw that woman. He did not expect that she still had this great effect on him.

Lan Qiren calmed himself down and tried to assess the situation. "But she looks exactly like that woman," he mumbled to himself and then turned to Zhengye Xiangu, "Are you somehow related to the late Cangse Sanren?"

Wei Wuxian had expected this, but he was still surprised when Lan Qiren called his mother's whole name. He thought for a while, given the old man's reaction, he could deduce that his appearance as Zhengye Xiangu was so much similar to his mother's look. These uncanny similarities will be unusual for those unrelated with blood.

His parents are rouge cultivators. No one could really confirm if they only have him. A sibling or two suddenly introducing themselves would be surprising but not impossible. He decided, "I am her daughter."

"Her daughter, you say?" Lan Qiren mumbled as his eyes looked at Wei Wuxian with astonishment. It's amazing that two generation could look so much alike!

"Uncle, she is also my wife," Lan Wangji had really need to repeat that because it seemed to him that his uncle didn't hear it when he first announced it.

"Your wife? You mean she is Zhengye Xiangu?" Lan Qiren finally understood the two people's relationship. His old face showed evident embarrassment despite him trying to hide it. Mistaking your nephew's wife with someone you had an affection before wasn't right no matter what angle you look at it.

Lan Wangji, "Yes."

He also said that earlier, it was uncle who was not listening was left unsaid.

"Ahem! Yes, she's sister-in-law, isn't she? It's really a delight to finally meet your wife!" Lan Xichen once again supported his brother.

He then cupped his fist in front of Wei Wuxian, showing his respect to the woman as a fellow cultivator and not just his brother's wife, "This one's name is Lan Huan, courtesy name Xichen. I am Wangji's older brother."

Wei Wuxian smiled at Lan Xichen as he received his greeting with the same degree of respect. He cupped his fist and bent his body slightly, "Xiangu is also thrilled to meet you, Sect Leader Lan."

Not forgetting the Old man who made a scene earlier, Wei Wuxian turned to the side to pay respect, "Xiangu is also blessed to finally meet Teacher Lan."

Wei Wuxian was really proud of himself for being so proper today. Maybe he woke up at the right side of the bed earlier.

Actually, the past and present Wei Wuxian could really act as what other people believed as proper. Only he thought before that it was too boring to do so. Now, he understood his husband's intentions to introduce him to the world as his rightful wife and decided to play along a little.

Don't misunderstand him, being a commonly seen obedient wife of a sect heir was not part of his plan. Playing along means, being a borderline nuisance, not troublesome enough but also not pleasing enough.

Thankfully, Lan Qiren could not read his thoughts or all the good evaluation he had about him will be thrown away.

Lan Qiren was still embarrassed for what happened earlier, but his duty as an uncle still took over him. He looked at the woman with sharp eyes as he received her greeting. Her posture was respectful but still befitting to her status as one of the great contributor during the war.

“Not bad,” he said almost as silent as a whisper but the strong cultivators still heard it.

Wei Wuxian turned to his husband, “Did I just received your uncle's approval?”

Lan Wangji, “Mnn”

Lan Qiren heard them and his face turned sour, “We are already delayed, let us depart!”

Lan Qiren turned around and started to walk. The other disciples were about to follow him when he suddenly halted his steps, “Wangji...”

“Uncle?” Lan Wangji emotionlessly responded.

A long silence descended before Lan Qiren continued with difficulty, “I apologized if I somehow offended you and your wife.”

Everyone was surprised with what they just heard. One should know that it was the first time that they saw the respected Teacher Lan apologizing! But now he was doing it in public!

When they thought that it was the end, Lan Qiren continued, “It was because Maide-Madam Zhengye look so much like an old friend of mine.”

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Old friend you say? Wei Wuxian could only snicker. No wonder the old man was always targeting him before even when he still didn't do anything wrong! It turned out that this goat had a crush on his mother!

Not only Wei Wuxian, everyone in the scene didn't believe that the late Cangse Sanren was only an old friend to Lan Qiren. Lan Qiren should see his face earlier before he decides to say such blatant lie!

Noticing everyone's weird look, Lan Qiren turned to his most proper youngest nephew only to see that there was an evident twinkling on his usually emotionless eyes. Failing to get the

reaction that he expected, Lan Qiren then turned to his most respectful Eldest nephew. When Lan Xichen noticed his uncle's stare, he smiled at him. But his eyes were laced with teasing intent. Lan Qiren looked down as his last resort. A young child wouldn't have such despicable side, yes? But Lan Sizhui could only apologize for he really couldn't contain his laugh.

“Let's depart!” Lan Qiren angrily went off with a flick of his sleeves.

“His skin is too thin for an old face,” Elder Heiying distastefully commented at the departing back.

“Aren't you so much alike?” Xue Yang laughed.



Chapter End Notes

Hello da jia hao! 5 months I said, 5 months it is! I miss you so much guys!

If you are an old reader, you sure experienced the same hiatus before and every time I would return with an empty hand. Well, I can only blame Covid since it was the reason that my examination got postponed many times.

Getting tired of being disappointed I decided not to announce the reason of my hiatus and guess what? I successfully took my exam! After two years of earning a degree, I was able to take not just one but two licensure exams!

Three days ago, I received the results. I'm still crying right now huhuhu... I'm now a licensed Engineer and Technician. The feeling was really surreal. You have no idea how delighted I am. Sorry so much drama. I just really couldn't contain my emotions.

As a thanks giving, I push for an update. I hope you enjoy it!

Extra III Part 1: Discussion Conference

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra 3 Part 1

It was autumn on the hunting grounds of Phoenix Mountain.

Hundreds of thousands cultivators had gathered in the vast square of the Phoenix mountain to join in the very first hunting that would be held after the war. Around the square were ten watchtowers. Beautiful maidens from cultivation families that couldn't join the hunt peeked shyly from the top of the towers, searching for the most outstanding ones from the group of young cultivators below.

Nie Huaisang smiled innocently as he surveyed the top of the watch towers, but his words weren't as innocent as his face, "I'm really not sure if we are hunting prey or if we are the prey to those ladies' hawk eyes."

Hearing his brother's complaint, Nie Mingjue glanced at Nie Huaisang but did not reprimand him. It was clear that his opinion was the same.

"Da-ge, since everyone knows that you just recovered from the problem with your saber spirit, we should have taken this opportunity to skip this flower throwing event," Nie Huaisang mumbled with a pout.

"Stop spouting nonsense!" Nie Mingjue reproached.

Nie Huaisang hid behind his fan with a laugh. Some might think that Nie Mingjue was once again mad at his brother, but if they really tried to pay attention to his tone, they would notice that there was really no pressure in his words. In fact, it even contained a little fondness. Nie Huaisang, himself, wasn't aware of this before. It was only after being reborn that he could now fully understand his brother. His brother was tough on him, but all he really wanted was Nie Huaisang's well-being.

Nie Mingjue helplessly glared at his little brother. After the war, it was as though Nie Huaisang had been reborn as a new person that he, himself, couldn't fully read, surprising him time and time again.

Who would have thought that this infamous dandy is well-versed in formations, single-handedly drawing a complex array that can actually extract resentments from their sabers? He said that a friend helped him in formulating this array, but isn't that friend the one and only Zhengye Xiangu? When did this little kid get himself acquainted with such an illusive figure?

Disregarding all of these, why did his little brother sometimes look at him as if he was seeing a person that should have been dead? And where are those resentful eyes that were always present when he was nagging him? Nie Mingjue could even feel that his brother loved hearing his reproaches!!! If he didn't check it himself, he would really think that his brother was possessed!

Nie Mingjue sighed. No matter, it was good that his little brother had found his strength... even though it wasn't through a saber.

"We will be the next to enter. Fix your posture," as Nie Mingjue said this, a Jin disciple's voice rang above the square.

"The Qinghe Nie Sect's riding formation enters!"

Their horse formation started to move. Following behind Nie Mingjue, Nie Huaisang suddenly looked at his side.

He remembered that it was the person beside him who used to announce these kinds of things in their past lives. The past... a glint suddenly flashed in Nie Huaisang's eyes.

Riding a horse beside him was Meng Yao, but at the same time, he wasn't sure if it was really Meng Yao. As a great pretender himself, he couldn't help but doubt this person.

Except for Huanguang-jun, Wei Wuxian, and Lan Sizhui, everyone was following their designed characters like in their past lives. It was only Meng Yao who was the odd one. How could someone change so much? How could a stubborn person suddenly let go of his obsession with the affection of his father? This could be because of Sisi, but his heart told him otherwise.

"A'sang?" Receiving such a weird look, Meng Yao had a concerned frown on his face.

Nie Huaisang opened his fan to cover his face before talking in a mysterious tone, "Will you be angry if I told you that the person standing there should have been you?"

Nie Huaisang didn't tell who he was talking about or where that person was standing, but Meng Yao suddenly laughed. Looking at Meng Yao's face, which was currently full of amazement, Nie Huaisang felt that something wasn't right.

A moment later, Meng Yao leaned toward Nie Huaisang as he opened his mouth.

Meng Yao's voice suddenly rang beside Nie Huaisang's ear, "Isn't it more comfortable to ride a horse with you than to stand alone to please everyone?"

After saying so, Meng Yao sped up his pace, leaving Nie Huaisang dumbfounded.

Nie Huaisang stared at the mysterious back as realization hit him. All his suspicions about Meng Yao's sudden change and how lightly he accepted his father's death now made sense!

Suddenly, a shiver ran down Nie Huaisang's back. Nie Huaisang gritted his teeth as he mumbled in a low voice, "Jin Guangyao!"

Hearing the irritation in the other's voice, Meng Yao turned his head and smiled meaningfully, "A'sang should not say that name recklessly to prevent misunderstanding."

Nie Huaisang glared at him, "You!"

Meng Yao smiled kindly, "Jin Guangyao was a fool, and I am not. Rest assured that I will not do things that will hurt you."

He then glanced at the person in front of them as he shook his head in regret.

Nie Huaisang also looked at his brother, but Nie Mingjue and the surrounding cultivators didn't seem to hear their conversion. He knew that Jin Guangyao was also well-versed in talismans and spells and must've done something to prevent others from hearing their conversation.

Nie Huaisang's smile turned grim. Meng Yao or Jin Guangyao—he could not underestimate this person. With a storm brewing inside him, Nie Huiasang sped up his pace to catch up to Meng Yao.

The procession wasn't that long. They only need to circle around the square to allow those at the top of the watch tower to see them. After that, they could take a rest in their designated areas.

Nie Huaisang knew that he could not recklessly interrogate Meng Yao in front of so many cultivators with high cultivation bases. And even if they couldn't hear their conversation, it is not impossible that some would have doubts about their actions. So after the procession, Nie Huaisang found an excuse to get the two of them into a secluded place.

Pulling a suspicious man into his room wasn't a great choice. But lying to his brother that the heat had made him dizzy and that Yao-ge could do him the favor of bringing him to his room was the best excuse that he could think of.

Now he was left with this man whose way of looking at him wasn't right, sending goosebumps all over his body! However, Nie Huaisang knew that things should be done. He gritted his teeth as he raised his head to meet Meng Yao's eyes and asked, "Who are you really?"

Meng Yao could only laugh at the other's question, "A'sang, your dizziness was indeed severe. You couldn't even recognize your Yao-ge?"

His tone was light with a hint of laughter, his teasing intent evident.

Nie Huaisang knitted his brows in anger. "Jin Guangyao!"

Meng Yao, "Didn't I tell you not to say that name recklessly? Why are you so adamant about calling me by that name? I'm not a Jin and will never be one in this lifetime."

"Huh, you sure are confident with your glib tongue." Nie Huaisang stared at the person who was still denying what was clearly obvious! Ah, he couldn't understand this person at all!

Seeing the other's mocking look, Meng Yao could only sigh in defeat and explain. "Alright, I will no longer joke around. A'sang, I know that you don't belong here, but I am different."

Hearing his words, Nie Huaisang became alert. "Then what are you?"

Meng Yao helplessly looked at the younger guy. It seemed that it would really be impossible to repair their relationship. All he could only do was to tell the truth and come out clean. "I'm not from the future, nor am I an impersonator. I had visions... and in that vision..."

They stare at each other's eyes with tacit understanding. Both of them knew how badly they messed up in that alternate future.

"A'sang, I repeatedly refused to admit that Jin Guangyao is me, but I know that in your eyes, I am the same man who killed your brother. I know that if I had not met you earlier, I would also be like him. A'sang... to you I could only say two things. Thank you and sorry."

The ever so present curl on the corner of Meng Yao's lips was no longer present. What replaced it were lips that were bloodied from being bitten. Meng Yao bowed his head and continued in a weak voice, "I selfishly wanted to stay by your side. But now I know that it is no longer possible."

He tentatively stared at Nie Huaisang with a little hope in his heart, hoping that the younger guy would suddenly smile and refute his words. But Nie Huaisang just bowed his head in silence while gripping his fan tightly. Meng Yao took it as the other's refusal to even look at him.

Meng Yao, "Thank you for everything, Young Master Nie. I promise that this will be the last time that you will see me."

And with that, Meng Yao turned around and walked towards the door with a heavy heart. But before he could step outside, Nie Huaisang's voice echoed inside the room, "You are wrong."

Meng Yao's heart skipped a bit. His face was full of disbelief as he turned around. "A'sang?"

Nie Huaisang smiled, his eyes no longer laced with suspicion. "Yao-ge is wrong. You told me that you aren't Jin Guangyao, so shouldn't you play as Yao-ge until the end? Aren't you still the Yao-ge that I met earlier? Yao-ge, those are only visions. The person that you are now is not Jin Guangyao."

Yes, it was only natural that he would be vigilant against Meng Yao but deep down in his heart, he was really hoping that his suspicions were wrong. Meng Yao had helped him a lot in this war, and he would admit that a certain bond had been formed between the two of them. So when he heard that Meng Yao only saw visions of the past, it was as though a thorn had been pulled out of his heart. He was so elated that he couldn't speak, which led to Meng Yao misunderstanding him.

It was he who decided to give Xue Yang and Meng Yao a second chance. Seeing how these two villains had changed so much, he knew that he wasn't wrong in doing so.



Next to enter was the riding formation of the Gusu Lan Sect. The maidens at the top of the watch towers could not throw their flowers when the Nie Sect riding formation arrived for fear of irritating Nie Mingjue. Now that the handsome gentlemen of Gusu arrived, their reservation can't be seen anymore.

Lan Xichen sat in an upright posture on a snowy steed as he led the Gusu Lan Sect's riding formation. He wore a sword at his waist and an arrow on his back. With his white robe and forehead ribbon flying in the air, he seemed like a deity that had graced the mortal world with a visit. The maidens were so enthusiastic, not stingy in showering the first jade with flowers. But it wasn't long before they found something wrong.

Where is Hanguang-jun? Murmurs started to echo in the square as everyone looked for the Second Jade of Lan.

The situation at the top of the tallest tower was no different. Those who could sit here were mostly elder cultivators, sect leaders, and their families. They have firsthand information and knew that the news regarding Hanguang-Jun and Zhengye Xiangu's attendance was true.

"Didn't Hanguang-Jun and Zhengye Xiangu confirm their presence in this discussion conference?" A sect leader who was sitting near Lan Qiren asked on purpose.

"I heard rumors that Hanguang-jun already has a son. Could it be the reason why he didn't join the parade?" One must know that only single female and male cultivators are allowed to join the parade. But still, it wasn't as though he and Zhengye Xiangu were wedded during the short time of their disappearance, right?

Amidst these speculations, Lan Qiren was strangely calm. He lifted his cup of tea and took a sip as he glanced at the entrance of the viewing room.

Coincidentally, someone really entered the room. It was an old woman holding a three- or four-year-old boy who was dressed in Gusu Lan Sect's cultivation robes.

At first no one paid attention to the newcomers, but the woman approached Lan Qiren without hesitation, gaining everyone's attention.

"Master, sorry for the delay." A woman bowed down, her action and appearance showed her status as the momo of the child.

"Mnn, Sizhui is here?" Lan Qiren, whose face's grimness was only second to Lan Wangji's, suddenly smiled at the child!

"This?" An epiphany struck everyone like lightning. The person who mentioned the rumor about Hanguang-jun's son even dropped his jaw. After all, he himself wasn't sure about the rumor's authenticity.

Those who saw the family at Lotus Pier were mostly Lan cultivators, and based on their discipline, no one would really confirm the rumors. It wasn't clear who mentioned it on the outside, but not many really believed it.

However, a child who looked like a younger version of Hanguang-jun was here before them. He was completely donned in Lan cultivator robes with a forehead ribbon that they could only see the Lan Clan's main family wearing. Even an idiot could guess the child's identity.

Everyone in the room watched in awe as the small child jumped from the momo's arms and performed a perfect salute to Lan Qiren, "Sizhui greets Granduncle!"

Lan Qiren nodded with satisfaction. The next second, he opened his arms, and a miracle happened. The child familiarly climbed on Lan Qiren's lap and Lan Qiren smiled!!!

"Master Lan, this is?" Sect Leader Yao sacrificed himself.

Lan Qiren raised a brow at everyone's ridiculous reactions. He tapped the shoulder of the child and told the child in the fond tone of an elder, "Sizhui, greet your elders."

Lan Sizhui, whose heart of mischief had been influenced by his mother, smiled innocently as he saluted, "Lan Yuan, courtesy name Sizhui, son of Lan Wangji and Zhengye Xiangu, greets the elders."

"!!!!" Confirmed! It was really the child of Hanguang-jun and Zhengye Xiangu!

At the corner of the viewing room, a fair maiden who was sitting elegantly lifted the corners of her mouth as she watched the ruckus created by the small child. This person was precisely the aunt of the child, Wen Qing.

Wen Qing sighed in her heart. Lan Sizhui was really influenced heavily by Wei Wuxian, he even gave stress to his words while mentioning his parents' names.

Speaking of his parents, Wen Qing knew where they were. Those two should have no idea what ruckus their son had created because they were busy flirting staying inside their room, and didn't plan to attend the night hunt.

She did not advise Wei Wuxian to join, and Hanguang-jun would rather accompany his wife instead of competing with the juniors. They said that they will walk around later, after the participants have dispersed, and look for Jiang Yanli and maybe join the banquet afterwards to join in the fun.

Lan Qiren and Lan Xichen were aware of their decision and had no comment about it. But Lan Qiren still requested that Lan Sizhui attend. They all knew that he was doing this to introduce the child as the second in line heir after Lan Wangji.

Lan Qiren still didn't know that Lan Sizhui was a Wen, and everyone had seemingly forgotten to explain it. Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian treats Lan Sizhui as their own child and didn't feel like running around, announcing and explaining to everyone that he was only adopted. This led to others assuming that he was really their own child, especially since Lan

Sizhui looked so much like Lan Wangji and the color of his eyes was even like Wei Wuxian's. This beautiful misunderstanding, even Wen Qing didn't give a damn about correcting it.

Wen Qing was getting bored of everyone's nonsense when she noticed a familiar figure below. She lazily threw a piece of flower at him.

Below, Lan Xichen noticed a flower accurately flying towards his face, which he effortlessly caught. Lan Xichen looked up and happened to see the face of the culprit. It was the woman who had been pestering his mind for the past few months, the master of the newly created medicine pavilion, Wen Qing!

A charming smile, different from his usual smile, suddenly blossomed in his ever so amiable face as he lifted the red china rose against his nose.

Wen Qing was surprised by his smile. Her heart rate suddenly rose, and she instinctively hid. Later, she realized that it was unbecoming for someone in her position to act like that and once again look down like nothing had happened.

Seeing this adorable reaction from the usually fierce Maiden Wen, Lan Xichen's smile became brighter with a hint of teasing.

Wen Qing glared at the man, who only laughed at her meaningfully before continuing to move forward. Wen Qing sneered. These Jade brothers were really wolves in sheep's clothing. One was so rigid but already has a child, one was so amiable but the motive is clearly not pure.

Never mind; the eldest sheep looks quite cute. Even if he's a wolf, she could try to tame him.



Chapter End Notes

Nie Huaisang ah. With your naivety, you will be eaten clean.

P.S. Thanks for all your congratulatory words!

P.S. Huhuhu why is this fic getting longer and longer? Why can't I write one arc in a single extra huhuhu? Anyways after this discussion conf arc. There's only one arc left which will be about a glimpse to the twins and Wei Wuxian's gender changing pills.

Extra III Part 2: Discussion Conference

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra 3 Part 2

After the flower-throwing event, an archery competition was held. This time, there were no Wen remnants inhumanely set as targets. Unsurprisingly, Zhengye Xiangu and Hanguang-jun still refused to face the public and participate.

With two of the top archers absent, there were a few more slots freed in the top five. But several strong figures stepped up to fill their spaces.

Commonly, a sect leader such as Lan Xichen would voluntarily withdraw from this competition. However, since Lan Wangji wasn't there, Sect Leader Lan could only represent their sect. This was the same for Jiang Cheng, caused by the absence of his head disciple. Instead of letting Jin Zixun make a fool of himself, Jin Zixuan decided to follow along and volunteer himself. And since three sect leaders were participating, Nie Mingjue also joined the fun, substituting for his younger brother.

Lan Xichen won first place. Nie Mingjue was in second, closely followed by Jin Zixuan and Jiang Cheng, consecutively. The most surprising part of the event was the participation of Pavilion Master Wen's younger brother, who even took a place in the top five along with the four sect leaders.

Shortly after the archery competition came the night hunt. This night hunt was not as sophisticated as what the time travelers remembered from their past lives. Of course, the biggest reason was that there was no Jin Guangyao to arrange it. Nevertheless, it was still worthy of a night hunt arranged by a major sect.

As everyone was busy hunting for prey, two figures made their way deep into the Phoenix Mountain.

"Here it is!" Wei Wuxian walked towards the familiar tree. This tree was very unique, so he managed to recognize it easily. It has a weird branch growing out of its trunk, which was lowered to the ground. This very same branch was the one that he had rested on before.

Smiling playfully towards Lan Wangji, he slapped the dry, wrinkled bark before him a couple of times and easily hopped up.

"Be careful," Lan Wangji reminded as he reached out and supported Wei Wuxian by the waist.

Since it was Wei Wuxian's first pregnancy, his belly was still not so big even though he was already halfway through his pregnancy and was even carrying a twin. His body had also not gained too much fat. Overall, it wasn't hard for him to move, but Lan Wangji was still overly protecting him.

"Wait! wait! wait! Let me lie down first." Wei Wuxian leaned against the tree branch in a more comfortable position. "Now, let me borrow your forehead ribbon?"

"..." Lan Wangji thought that Wei Wuxian only wanted to come here because of Jiang Yanli, but now he knew that it was also to tease him.

Wei Wuxian saw the other's realization and laughed, "Lan Zhan, I remember I told you during my confession that I know it was you who kissed me in the Phoenix Mountain. Actually, Elder Heiying made me see it in my dream. Now that I think about it, will it be wrong if I want to realize my dream?"

Lan Wangji didn't say a word, but his hand holding Wei Wuxian's waist twitched slightly. Wei Wuxian sat up as though he realized something. He pulled Lan Wangji by the arms and pressed his ear against his chest. As expected, he heard thundering throbs.

"Hanguang-jun, I thought you were shameless enough, but it seems that you are still thin-skinned. What? Ashamed to talk about your dark history?" Wei Wuxian chuckled.

Lan Wangji's adam's apple bobbed, "I..."

Wei Wuxian smirked, "Lan Zhan, If I didn't understand how Elder Heiying's power works, I would really think that he was giving me false illusions. Because who would have known that you'd do such a thing?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "You know, I've always thought some shy girl did it because she had a secret crush on me."

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "I knew it; you had dirty thoughts about me behind your angry façade."

"..." Lan Wangji's voice sounded muffled, "I, back then, I knew I was wrong. Very wrong."

Wei Wuxian suddenly sighed. Looking far away, he said in a lamenting voice, "Yes... how could you? Just like that my..." Midway through, he turned his head and blamefully eyed the culprit. Seeing how low Lan Wangji's head was buried, almost as if he was reflecting upon his mistakes again, Wei Wuxian sighed again, "Well, I'm beyond happy that it was you. Congratulations, Hanguang-Jun, for taking my first kiss that I protected for 20 years!"

Lan Wangji froze, "First kiss?"

Wei Wuxian, "Yeah, or else what did you think?! Am I that loose of a person in your eyes?"

Lan Wangji stared straight at him. Something strange glowed in his eyes. "Then..."

Wei Wuxian, "Then what? Stopping in the middle of the sentence isn't your style."

Lan Wangji's lips moved, "...Why did you not resist?"

Wei Wuxian paused. Why did he not resist, indeed?

Lan Wangji continued, "You... Clearly, you did not know who the person was, so why did you not resist? Afterward, why did you tell me..."

Tell him what?

Wei Wuxian's eyes widened in realization. That's right! Later on, he flaunted his experience in the area to Lan Wangji and even insulted the other man!

All of a sudden, he broke into a roaring laughter, "Hahahahahahaha..."

Lan Wangji, "..."

Laughing, Wei Wuxian hugged him and gave him a peck on the corner of his lips, "Are you an idiot Lan Zhan?! You fucking believed all that nonsense and got jealous, didn't you? Only a lil' fuddy-duddy like you would believe me hahahaha..."

His laughter was too loud, too unbridled. Finally, out of patience, Lan Wangji held the back of his head and pressed him against the branch. Things escalated to this point, but he was still afraid that Wei Wuxian would hit his head against the tree. This was way different from his aggressive act in their previous lives, filling Wei Wuxian's heart with warmth.

"Don't move," Lan Wangji raised his one hand to remove his forehead ribbon.

"Let me help you!" Wei Wuxian sat up and pulled Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon in quick succession. He was really quite nimble for someone carrying a big watermelon.

Wei Wuxian knew that Lan Wangji wanted to use his forehead ribbon for something else, but it was now in Wei Wuxian's hands, so what can he do?

"Lan Zhan, we are going to realize my dream, remember?" There was a triumphant smile on his face as he covered his eyes with Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon. It was about a finger's width wide and was really not enough for Wei Wuxian to cover his eyes. Still, he felt a weird satisfaction doing this.

After doing so, he obediently leaned back against the tree branch, perfectly imitating his posture when Lan Wangji found him in their previous lives. Even though now, he was in a pregnant woman's body.

"You're here for the hunt?" Wei Wuxian started, anticipation brewing inside him. It's really different when you know what will happen next!

Like before, Lan Wangji still didn't answer.

Curling his lips, Wei Wuxian continued, "You won't be able to get anything good from around me."

Lan Wangji was still silent, and it was as though he wasn't planning to do anything. Just as Wei Wuxian was about to complain, he suddenly felt Lan Wangji move. Lan Wangji locked one hand on his waist, and the other reached out to gently touch the side of his face.

Wei Wuxian was still faithful to his role, even though he really liked what was happening. He kept his eyes closed and acted as though he was reaching out to pull off the ribbon tied around his eyes. As expected, a hand caught both of his wrists and pinned them above his head.

"You! What are you trying to do? Do you know who I am?"

Lan Wangji's breath paused for a moment. When he did this act before, he did not let Wei Wuxian talk and immediately kissed him. Now, Wei Wuxian was accusing him of planning to do something, and it was quite shameful. Lan Wangji's hand that was pinning Wei Wuxian loosened a bit.

Wei Wuxian knew very well what was running in Lan Wangji's mind. During his inattentiveness, Wei Wuxian suddenly sat up. He quickly reached his newly freed hands out, circling it around Lan Wangji's neck, and pulling him down towards him.

Their faces were just a few inches away. With such proximity, Wei Wuxian could feel Lan Wangji's warm breath in front of his face and could even smell the faint scent of sandalwood coming from the other man.

Lan Wangji had always been carrying this scent because of the incense that he frequently used. It was really a wonder why he had not noticed these clues before. Maybe because he didn't expect for Lan Wangji to do such shameless act in a broad daylight or rather, he didn't expect that the man would actually develop such thoughts towards him. But Wei Wuxian no longer had time to ponder the past as he felt a familiar warmth on his lips.

Wei Wuxian couldn't see anything, making every bit of his other senses heightened. He could clearly feel the soft and moist touch against his lips, while his ears were filled with their erratic heartbeats.

"This gentleman..." Wei Wuxian pulled away, wanting to tease the other man.

Lan Wangji grunted as he gently pushed Wei Wuxian back against the tree branch. His one hand was firmly locked around Wei Wuxian's shoulder, while his other hand was used by Wei Wuxian as a pillow, perfectly encircling him. Lan Wangji's hands were so hot, Wei Wuxian could feel it through his clothes.

Lan Wangji leaned down. A few strands of his hair fell down onto Wei Wuxian's face, tickling him. Not long after, Wei Wuxian once again felt the other's soft lips pressed on his lips. Lan Wangji moved more aggressively, his kiss hotter than before.

Wei Wuxian familiarly responded to Lan Wangji's kiss, encouraging him to deepen it. He could feel his blood boiling, heat spreading all over his body, and making his knees weak. Doing it outside, where someone could see them anytime, was really a novel experience.

Both of them were full of excitement. With intimacy, they kissed wantonly, turning their heads side to side. Wei Wuxian pressed the back of Lan Wangji's neck with his left hand, not letting him open up a single sliver of space between them, biting and rubbing his lips. With his right hand, he traced the center of Lan Wangji's powerful back, from his tailbone up to his nape. His unscrupulous hand didn't stop there for too long. Tugging the other man's collar, he slid his hand inside, caressing and feeling the smooth and powerful muscles that his hand could reach. The skin against his palm was scorching hot; it burned his skin, heat traveling through his veins towards his heart.

Being teased by Wei Wuxian so much, Lan Wangji seemed like he couldn't take it any longer. He reached to grab Wei Wuxian's unruly hand, but Wei Wuxian caught his wrist instead. Wei Wuxian's hand that was placed on Lan Wangji's neck moved, reaching onto Lan Wangji's robe as though he was going to tug it open.

Just when things were really getting out of hand, they heard someone arguing nearby.

Lan Wangji's aggressive kissing suddenly stopped, while Wei Wuxian's unscrupulous hand froze, still holding the ribbon of Lan Wangji's robe, unfortunately just one step away from untying it.

Wei Wuxian abruptly opened his eyes. Lan Wangji's forehead ribbon had been loosened long ago and was now above his head, looking like a hair ornament.

He looked at the disheveled respected man before him weirdly and tried hard to stop his laugh. Still short of breath from the previous kiss, Wei Wuxian whispered, "This little brother, Big Sis has bullied you so much. Later, I will give you compensation. For now, let's see what's happening?"

"Remember your words," Lan Wangji calmly straightened his disheveled clothes and then reached out his hands to support Big Sis by the waist.

Somehow, Wei Wuxian had an ominous feeling as he heard these words. He couldn't help but nervously chuckle as he jumped off. Obediently standing in front of Lan Wangji, he let him take care of him.

Lan Wangji first took his forehead ribbon from Wei Wuxian and tied his self-restraint back to his forehead. Feeling calmer, he then proceeded to fix the robe and hair of Wei Wuxian.

When Lan Wangji finished making themselves presentable, Wei Wuxian immediately pulled him towards the main path. The argument became louder as they got closer. The familiar, pompous voice of Jin Zixuan could be heard shouting Jiang Yanli's name.

Wei Wuxian, "It seemed that we lost track of time and were a little late."

Lan Wangji saw Wei Wuxian staring in a certain direction. Following his gaze, he saw Jiang Yanli walking in front as Jin Zixuan chased after her. He remembered that Wei Wuxian had stopped Jin Zixuan from grabbing Jiang Yanli before, but now Wei Wuxian had yet to make a move.

Wei Wuxian felt Lan Wangji's gaze and looked up. Understanding his confusion, he said, "Jin Zixuan is a jerk, that is a fact, but Shijie loves him."

And he also knew that Jin Zixuan now likes Jiang Yanli. Well, maybe not before, but now he's starting to like her. And in the future, he would love and cherish her as the only woman in his life.

As they were having a conversation, Jin Zixuan had already grabbed Jiang Yanli's wrist.

Jiang Yanli's voice was still soft, "Young Master Jin, please let go."

Jin Zixuan was enraged, thinking that Jiang Yanli hated his touch. "And what? Should I let you walk randomly around the mountain alone?! Do you want my mother to disown me?"

Jiang Yanli's entire body froze. It seemed that she had heard something that she feared the most. Her eyes became moist, and a teardrop slowly fell from them.

Jiang Yanli had an easy temper; she wouldn't cry except in front of her brothers. Since the war ended earlier than the original timeline, the incident in Langya where Jin Zixuan made Jian Yanli burst into tears because of a mere soup did not happen.

Who would have thought that Jin Zixuan would still make her cry this time? Wei Wuxian clenched his hand into a fist. He wanted to dash out and start a fight, but then he remembered how this man died in front of his eyes and halted.

On the other side, Jin Zixuan had not expected Jiang Yanli to cry. He unconsciously loosened his hand that was holding Jiang Yanli's wrist. He felt ashamed and guilty, but he couldn't find the right words to say, "I..."

But before he could even utter a word, Jiang Yanli suddenly looked up. Her lips trembled as she said in a low voice, "If Young Master Jin is being forced into this, Yanli didn't want to trouble you any longer. My sibling will take me back so you don't have to worry about me."

Finishing her words, she suddenly glanced at the place behind Jin Zixuan before once again walking away.

Wei Wuxian was surprised at being suddenly called out. Indeed, despite her low cultivation, Jiang Yanli had a keen sense and excellent observation skills. This is the reason why she managed to appear so calm in every situation.

Look, even Jin Zixuan had yet to notice their presence, but Jiang Yanli already did.

After being dismissed so many times, Jin Zixuan's pampered ego couldn't take it any longer. His anger flared up once again. Whether his mother would nag him or not, he doesn't care

anymore! Jiang Yanli badly wanted to be away from him? Then, let her go! "Fine! You trust your siblings so much? Let them protect you!"

"I...I will take my leave." Jiang Yanli sighed helplessly before turning around.

"..." Jin Zixuan watched as Jiang Yanli really walked away.

Eh?! Wei Wuxian watched this scene and didn't know if he would be angry first or surprised. What's happening? The Jin Zixuan he knew would not let Jiang Yanli be in danger, no matter how angry he was. By this time, shouldn't he be angrily, yet concernedly, striding and grabbing Jiang Yanli?

As for Jin Zixuan, whom Wei Wuxian thought so highly of, his ideas were very far from Wei Wuxian's expectations. He just thought that Jiang Yanli was so timid and couldn't really walk too far alone. She must be faking it, wanting him to feel guilty, and then expecting him to coax her. Jin Zixuan scoffed. Is he that easy to fool? See if she didn't run back to him later on her own. Her brother? She's very proud of her brother, is he here now?

My sibling will take me back, so you don't have to worry about me.

"!!!" Jin Zixuan finally realized that something was wrong with Jiang Yanli's words earlier as he felt hostile intent coming his way.

Something told Jin Zixuan that it had something to do with the place where Jiang Yanli glanced a while ago. He looked up and was met with the sight of a man and a woman standing at the elevated part of the mountain, proving that his instinct was correct.

The woman had no insignia of any cultivation clan on her clothes, but the man was wearing cultivation robes of the Lan Clan. Nevertheless, Jin Zixuan couldn't clearly identify their identities at such a distance.

Still, it seemed that they had been there for a long time and had seen everything. Jin Zixuan's complexion was so bad, it was as though he had eaten something spoiled.

Because of the shame of being seen by unknown outsiders, Jin Zixuan was even more enraged. He caught up to Jiang Yanli in just a few strides and was about to grab her hand when a shadow suddenly flashed before his eyes.

With his battle instinct that had yet to cool down after the war, Jin Zixuan unknowingly swung his sword across and backed away.

However, his attack was quickly parried by another sword. Their sword glares crashed, shooting towards the sky with a boom.

The owner of the sword was evidently stronger than him, causing his hands to tremble as he received his countermove. Recognizing the familiar sword, he already knew who its owner was even before fully seeing his face. Jin Zixuan was shocked, "Hanguang-Jun?!"

Lan Wangji maintained his silence. Standing in front of Jiang Yanli with Wei Wuxian still in his arms, he unsheathed Bichen in case of a fight breaking out. He couldn't afford even a

slight wound on his wife after all.

Jin Zixuan's reaction was quite funny as he stared at his old classmate. The two of them had not seen each other during the war, and it was indeed true that some people are like phoenixes. Phoenix rises from the ashes and is reborn, while a man will encounter hardships and become stronger than before.

Lan Wangji was no longer the injured teenager that they had rescued from Dusk Creek Mountain. He was now more mature, more majestic, and more unfathomable, like a sheathed, dangerous sword.

But Jin Zixuan was more amazed at how Lan Wangji could still maintain his emotionless face even while holding a beauty in his arms.

The said beauty glared at him as she pulled away from Lan Wangji's embrace. A few seconds later, she grabbed Jiang Yanli's hand and placed her behind her protectively while calling her affectionately, "Shijie, are you alright?!" which was answered by Jiang Yanli with a nod and an assuring smile.

With Lan Wangji's presence, Jin Zixuan could easily guess the identity of this unfamiliar maiden. Seeing her and Jiang Yanli's sisterly love, he was quite curious.

This woman helped the Jiang Clan during the war, but was this enough for her to be this close to Jiang Yanli and call her a senior sister?

And why does he feel that this beautiful maiden resembles someone which naturally made him irritated?

Noticing his stare, Wei Wuxian spoke, "Young Master Jin, that was quite a scene that you made us see in our first meeting."

Jin Zixuan's face turned dark as he glanced at Jiang Yanli as though he was blaming her for making him appear as a joke, "I apologize."

When Wei Wuxian saw the way he looked at Jiang Yanli, he was suddenly struck with a realization. His heart felt cold as he finally realized that he was wrong.

This Jin Zixuan didn't like Jiang Yanli, nor was he starting to like her.

Jin Zixuan had never understood Jiang Yanli and hadn't ever wanted to understand her either. And now, because he did not experience the incident in Langya, he was still clueless about Jiang Yanli's good sides. It seemed like all the talks about his effort in trying to reinstate their betrothal was also all done by his mother. No wonder Jiang Cheng refused. Without Jin Guangshan pressuring him, Jiang Cheng would indeed dismiss such an insincere offer.

After this realization, Wei Wuxian was enraged, "Jin Zixuan, we only watched earlier in the hopes that you would clear things out with my Shijie, but now you still have the guts to blame her for what happened. Who do you think you are?!"



Chapter End Notes

Part three will be posted shortly. Happy Holidays everyone!

Extra III Part 3: Discussion Conference

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra 3 Part 3

Jin Zixuan had also fought on the frontlines. As a fellow warrior, he recognized Zhengye Xiangu's strength and respected her greatly. And even without her merits, the fact that she was related to Lan Wangji was enough for him to avoid having a conflict with her.

He did not expect, however, that their first meeting would immediately result in a disagreement.

This is because of that woman!

Zhengye Xiangu was right, he was blaming Jiang Yanli for what happened, for testing his limits, for angering him, and for making him appear as a rotten bully!

He had no idea why, yet everything that had to do with that woman could somehow make him irrationally enraged and lose control.

Just like this moment, his mind knew that he should not offend Zhengye Xiangu, but he couldn't take it when outsiders were giving opinions about his and Jiang Yanli's relationship.

Jin Zixuan, "Maiden Zhengye, this is between me and Maiden Jiang. I would appreciate it if you wouldn't meddle with our matter."

"It is because this matter involves my sister that I care!" The other was obviously angry for Jiang Yanli.

With Zhengye Xiangu's response, something inside Jin Zixuan snapped. Yes, this should be the main reason why he hated Jiang Yanli.

It's because it concerned her that other people couldn't help but care.

With low cultivation and no merit, just because she came from a powerful sect, she could get anything that she wants. She was loved and adored by many, protected in the hands of her family, and could even force someone to marry her.

Who could assure him that behind her kind and virtuous front was not a vicious woman? From the beginning, Jin Zixuan had never believed that she was as kind as what the others see. For this reason, he didn't want to get involved with her, yet his mother was forcing him to. One could easily guess how he would feel about this.

Jin Zixuan chuckled angrily as he turned to Jiang Yanli, "Fine. Many people really held you in high regard."

Hearing his words, Zhengye Xiangu's face turned dark. Wei Wuxian was unaware of the internal conflict Jin Zixuan was going through. He just knew that seeing Jin Zixuan disrespect Jiang Yanli had angered him to his limit.

What's wrong with his shijie being highly regarded? Wei Wuxian exclaimed, "That's because my shijie deserves to be highly regarded!"

Jin Zixuan didn't make a comment and just smiled unsmilingly. He clearly disagreed with Wei Wuxian's opinion.

Wei Wuxian, "It seems like nothing can change your impression of my shijie. Okay, then I will take her away."

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Wei Wuxian huffed as he turned around, pulling Jiang Yanli with him. "Lan Zhan, let's go!"

Lan Wangji sheathed his sword and obediently followed his fuming wife. A mixture of helplessness and pride could be faintly seen in his eyes.

Seeing that they were really taking Jiang Yanli away, Jin Zixuan suddenly shouted, "Stop!"

Wei Wuxian snapped, "What now?"

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Actually, he also didn't know what had gotten into him. He just... well, he just saw Jiang Yanli's drooping shoulder, and his mouth suddenly opened on its own. Ah, he's going crazy! He couldn't stop himself from saying harsh words towards her, but the moment she wanted to leave, he would chase after her. It's always like this with this woman!

Wei Wuxian, "If there is nothing else, please excuse us!"

Jin Zixuan panicked. He ran over and shouted loudly, "No!!! I... It was I who brought Maiden Jiang here."

Wei Wuxian felt that this atmosphere was somewhat familiar, but what he only cared about right now was taking his shijie away from this fake Jin Zixuan.

"Then you want me to leave her in your care? Based on what I had seen earlier, with you, my sister would be bullied until she cried a bucket of tears." Wei Wuxian tugged at Jiang Yanli, "Shijie, quickly, let's go."

But Jin Zixuan managed to grab Jiang Yanli's other hand, and their group of three was forced to stop.

Fine, this fake Jin Zixuan was really asking for a beating! Wei Wuxian turned around and struck with his palm, forcing Jin Zixuan to let go and stagger a few steps back. Just as Wei Wuxian was about to follow him, Jiang Yanli grabbed his arms. She looked up at Wei Wuxian, shaking her head pleadingly.

Wei Wuxian, "No, Shijie! He's asking for it."

Wei Wuxian walked forward and stood face-to-face with Jin Zixuan. As they were guessing what he would do, they saw him raise his hand.

"!!!!" A loud sound of skin hitting skin echoed through the vast forest of Phoenix Mountain. Wei Wuxian slapped Jin Zixuan on the face, surprising the hell out of them. One would shudder just by imagining themselves to be hit on the face by such force.

Not to mention Jin Zixuan. He was so shocked that his soul almost left his body. "What—" Before he could even finish his words, another palm hit the other side of his face.

Wei Wuxian, "That slap was for making my sister cry. This second one is for being a total jerk!"

"..." This... why his face?

"A'xian!" Jiang Yanli ran over, hugging Wei Wuxian's arm. Even Lan Wangji furrowed his eyebrows together as he grabbed Wei Wuxian's hand, which he used to slap Jin Zixuan. No, they were not concerned with Jin Zixuan. They were concerned that the pregnant woman would be too agitated. See? His hand was now beet red from the impact!

Seeing that they were treating Zhengye Xiangu as though she was the one who was injured, Jin Zixuan was very confused. He even scanned her from top to bottom to look for a wound. What he found out, however, was the bump on Zhengye Xiangu's stomach.

"!!!!" He couldn't be more stunned after realizing that he had been slapped by a pregnant woman!

Wei Wuxian, "Shijie, this man should wake up."

Jiang Yanli, "Okay okay, he's awake now."

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Jin Zixuan was already awake? Then, this marked the start of Wei Wuxian's endless nagging. Wei Wuxian pointed his finger at Jin Zixuan's red face. "You, scoundrel, I don't know if it is because you hate the idea of arrange marriage, but couldn't you try to understand my shijie first?"

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "If you didn't like the fact that you were arranged to marry her, then why don't you take your anger to your mother? Instead, you're blaming my shijie and telling her words after words of harshness. Are you still a man?"

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "To me you're like a spoiled young miss! Yes, Young Mistress Jin suits you more than Peacock!"

Jin Zixuan raged, "Who are you calling Young Mistress Jin? Be careful what you say!"

He was angry with Jiang Yanli for being the young mistress of a powerful sect, and now someone is saying that he is acting like a spoiled young mistress. Isn't this the hardest slap on the face? Aww! His face ached badly just at the thought of the word slap! Jin Zixuan raised his hand, touching his aching face.

Seeing this, Wei Wuxian almost laughed. His anger had relatively simmered down, and so was his tone, "Who am I calling Young Mistress Jin? Isn't it obvious? If you don't want to be called a young mistress, then don't act like one!"

"When did I act as a young mistress?" Just a little bit more, and Wei Wuxian will make Jin Zixuan explode in rage.

"You let my shijie go, and now you don't want her to leave." Wei Wuxian waved his hand in front of Jin Zixuan's face, making the other step back out of trauma. "With such a hot-and-cold temper, aren't you the perfect embodiment of how a young mistress would act?"

Jin Zixuan had never been treated like this in his whole life. His face was slapped-swollen on both sides, he was called a spoilt young mistress, and then, his faults were all pointed out. The cruellest part, still, was that he knew that Zhengye Xiangu was right.

Slapped by the truth, Jin Zixuan's emotions surged up. Anger flared inside him, until his heart can take it no more, and finally, it all exploded, "You wouldn't understand because you are not the one being forced into this! Tell me, how should I treat a woman who would do anything to approach me and even use the power of her sect to reinstate our betrothal. Some people, even if they came from poor backgrounds, their character is much better than her!"

"Young Master Jin?" Jiang Yanli's voice trembled. She received countless harsh words from Jin Zixuan, but these were by far the most ruthless, piercing her heart and breaking it into pieces. "I... I didn't know that you see it like that."

Seeing her reaction, Jin Zixuan knew that he had gone overboard. But the words were already said, and he could no longer take them back. On the other thought, it is good that he could finally say the words that he had been suppressing all this time. He glanced at the woman beside Jiang Yanli. Even if he would be bitten once again, it's worth it.

Wei Wuxian, on the contrary, did not raise hell. He was now calm because he could finally understand why Jin Zixuan had treated his shijie so badly before. "Are you done? If you're done, then listen to me."

"When you thought that you were being forced to accompany my shijie here, your mother had also spent a great effort to invite her. If not, she wouldn't have come."

Jin Zixuan's expression was quite unsightly as he turned to Jiang Yanli, "Is that true?"

Jiang Yanli couldn't admit such a thing. She remained silent, her head drooping down.

Wei Wuxian knew that Jin Zixuan wasn't convinced. "How could that be, right? It's because she knew that inviting her was only your mother's intention, so she didn't wish to trouble you. She wouldn't have come, not because she didn't want to, but because she knew that you didn't want her to."

Jin Zixuan, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "Most of all, my shijie was not the one who wanted to reinstate your betrothal, it was your mother. Were you not aware that the Jiang Sect had already refused it a couple of times already? Or were you just conveniently ignoring this fact?"

Jin Zixuan looked to his side. He gripped his sword, a sign that he was guilty.

Wei Wuxian, "As I can see it, you are harboring a prejudice towards my shijie. Try to treat my sister better—no, just treat her fairly, and you will see that she doesn't deserve your hatred."

No one knows if it was because the two mind-shaking slaps of Wei Wuxian aligned something in Jin Zixuan's mind, but he didn't react violently this time.

Jin Zixuan remained silent for quite some time. He glanced at Jiang Yanli, just in time to catch her also looking at him. And in that moment, for the first time, he was compelled to stare at her eyes. Jin Zixuan was shaken. He always imagined that her eyes would be laced with hidden viciousness, but what he saw in them was compassion and kindness. They weren't hiding any viciousness; instead, he could see that behind her kindness was courage.

Jin Zixuan realized that he had been staring for too long when Jiang Yanli blinked her eyes confusedly. When she blinked, Jin Zixuan noticed that the corners of her eyes were stained with tears. He didn't know if it was the residue of earlier or if his words once again sent her on the verge of crying. He felt a pang in his heart. He was very very guilty.

Did he really not treat her fairly? He thought that she was not playing her cards fairly, but was he even worse for not even having the courage to play?

Wei Wuxian saw the fake Jin Zixuan's expression. He heaved a sigh of relief and smiled contentedly as he looked up at Lan Wangji. Lan Wangji seemed to get his message clearly as he nodded.

Jin Zixuan was not a bad person, but he had prejudice against arranged marriage and consequently, against Jian Yanli. If he wouldn't see Jiang Yanli aside from a daughter of an affluent clan, there's no way that he would like her. In their previous lives, the soup incident had forced him to understand her out of guilt. After gradually getting to know her, he had also unknowingly developed feelings towards her. Seeing the same expression that he had when he misunderstood Jiang Yanli during the soup incident in their past lives. Wei Wuxian

knew that they had successfully saved Jin Ling's future. Sigh! Some people are really meant to be together.

Amidst the silence of the four of them, scattered footsteps came over. Lan Wangji pulled Wei Wuxian and placed him behind his back protectively.

Wei Wuxian peeked from behind Lan Wangji and saw a massive crowd gushing into the forest. The person at the head was a familiar not so pleasant face. No wonder why Lan Wangji was agitated. It's someone who has a bad history with them—nobody but Jin Zixun.

Just like before, Lan Wangji's and Jin Zixuan's sword glares had alerted the cultivators nearby. Jin Zixun's group was the closest, and so they arrived first.

Seeing the state of his cousin, Jin Zixun was worried. "What happened? Zixuan, why is your face like that?"

Jin Zixuan's recovering face turned red again. "None of your business. Don't worry about it for now!"

With the redness back, the mark of Wei Wuxian's hand could be faintly seen on Jin Zixuan's cheeks. Jin Zixun was amazed. Who dared to slap his cousin? He eyed the three people present. Jiang Yanli was too timid, and he couldn't imagine that Lan Wangji would do it. Then, it could only be... Jin Zixun's eyes landed on Wei Wuxian's small face, which was peeking from Lan Wangji's back.

Jin Zixun spoke, "You! Did you do this to my cousin?"

"Zixun!" If Jin Zixuan could shove Jin Zixun back into his mother's womb, he would gladly do so.

Wei Wuxian looked at Jin Zixun and asked, "Who are you?"

Jin Zixun paused in surprise before fuming, "You don't know who I am?!"

Wei Wuxian turned to Lan Wangji as though he couldn't even look at Jin Zixun. He mused, "Lan Zhan, why should I know who he is?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "It couldn't be that I was wrong and Jin Zixuan is not the sect leader of the Jin Clan but this guy?!"

Lan Wangji, "Not wrong."

In front of everyone, this pair were discussing who he was, causing him to lose so much face. The more he listened to them, the more irritated he felt. Just as he was about to speak, Jin Zixuan blocked him with his sword, signaling for him to stay silent.

Jin Zixuan glared at his cousin, "Zhengye Xiangu must be joking. This is my cousin, Jin Zixun."

It was one thing that a sect leader like him would have a dispute with Zhengye Xiangu, and another if a junior in his sect tried to disrespect her. With this woman's complicated connection with other sects, he didn't know if he could still protect his cousin if Zhengye Xiangu wants to deal with him.

But Jin Zixun had no idea about his worries. He stared at Wei Wuxian impolitely. He heard rumors that Zhengye Xiangu had a beauty that any mortal under the heavens would praise. Seeing it with his own eyes, he couldn't help but covet her for himself. "So you are Zhengye Xiangu?"

Jin Zixuan knew his cousin very well, "Zixun, shut up!"

Jin Zixun shrugged and didn't try to hide his intention. "So what if she's Zhengye Xiangu? A demonic cultivator with an unknown origin like her just insulted us, the Jin Clan; shouldn't she pay for it?"

Lan Wangji, "Watch your words!"

Jin Zixun laughed. If Lan Wangji asked him to watch his words, must he do so? Well, he would take Lan Wangji's background into consideration, but that only limits to him. Did Lan Wangji think that his clan would protect a demonic cultivator just because he asked them to? Everyone knew how Lan Qiren hated crooked people. No matter how much Lan Wangji loves Zhengye Xiangu, the old man will surely oppose their relationship.

Jin Zixuan was having a headache while watching how his cousin continued to rush to his own death. He wasn't sure if he could still settle things down after seeing how enraged Lan Wangji was. Just when he was going to sacrifice himself, a savior stepped up.

"This gentleman, I really admire his courage." Wei Wuxian walked forward and stood beside Lan Wangji. "Lan Zhan, don't get yourself agitated. Maybe he just thought that his life was too long!"

Jin Zixuan, "..." He shouldn't have expected something from Zhengye Xiangu. She indeed calmed Lan Wangji down, but why did he feel like she was also encouraging him to kill his cousin?

"You!" Even if he was stupid, Jin Zixun could still understand Zhengye Xiangu's words. He glared at the woman beside Lan Wangji. Suddenly, his eyes lit up as though he noticed something.

Earlier, Lan Wangji's tall figure was hiding almost half of Zhengye Xiangu's body. Now that she had stepped forward, Jin Zixun could finally see her bulging stomach. Following his gaze, the others also noticed it.

Whispers slowly started until the whole place bustled like a market on a busy day.

You're also seeing this, right?

Zhengye Xiangu's stomach was too big to only be bloated; she must be pregnant ah!

Then their gazes soon fell on the man beside her.

Hanguang-Jun, you're too fast!

Many of them were not honorable enough to join the tallest watch tower and see Lan Sizhui and so, still weren't sure with the rumors about the couple's genius son, but this one, they could see it themselves.

Hanguang-Jun and Zhengye Xiangu's relationship, it's at this level ah!

On the side, Jin Zixun laughed with a 'ha', as though he found it ridiculous, "I really admire Hanguang-Jun's decisiveness. It was indeed wise to celebrate your child's full-month celebration and your wedding together!"

He was saying this, but what he wanted was to insult the pair for having a child out of wedlock. As he finished his words, blue and purple sword lights glimmered in the sky above them. A second batch of people had arrived.

Two groups of people descended on their swords and swiftly landed on the ground. The ones leading them were none other than Lan Qiren and Jiang Cheng. Seeing Lan Qiren, Jin Zixun's eyes were gleaming with excitement. Let's see how Lan Wangji could still protect his beloved demonic cultivator in front of his uncle! Too bad he was bound to be disappointed.

Lan Wangji, "Uncle."

Hearing his words, the others followed his gaze. As they looked at Lan Qiren, they couldn't help but also notice the child in his arms. They stared at the child's jade-like face and glanced at Lan Wangji's equally exquisite face. Some stared at his gray eyes and glanced at Wei Wuxian's beautiful peach blossom eyes, which were in the same shade as the child's.

"..." They saw Zhengye Xiangu's stomach, so they believe that she's pregnant. Now, they saw this child with the couple's split image. Shouldn't they start believing the rumors about the couple's genius son?

Lan Qiren walked towards their group and handed Lan Sizhui to Lan Wangji with practiced movements. "Wangji, how can you let your wife be wronged?"

Lan Wangji took his son into his arms as he answered his uncle, "Wangji was careless and will reflect upon my wrong."

Lan Qiren nodded and was somehow appeased. Wei Wuxian, who was watching their exchange, was quite speechless. What medicine did this old man drink today?

On the other side, Jin Zixun finally felt that things weren't going according to his expectations. He stepped back, wanting to run away. As he was withdrawing, he stepped into a dry wood, creating a relatively loud noise and successfully grabbing everyone's attention.

A harsh cough suddenly came from Lan Qiren, "And you, how dare you disrespect the daughter-in-law of our family?!"

Lan Wangji, ..."

Wei Wuxian and the others, "!!!!" What daughter-in-law?!

"...I" Jin Zixun thought that he heard it wrong. Did the old man just call Zhengye Xiangu daughter-in-law?

Lan Qiren continued, "Celebrate their child's full-month celebration and wedding together? Do you think we in the Lan Clan allow our disciples to have a child out of wedlock?"

The Jin Clan's face turned dark. It was clear that Lan Qiren was referring to their former sect leader. But Jin Zixun was the most infuriated. Damn it! Why is Lan Qiren helping Zhengye Xiangu out? He was brazen because he thought that Lan Qiren hates Zhengye Xiangu, but that doesn't appear to be the case!

Jin Zixun gritted his teeth, "Teacher Lan, I must have misspoken."

Suddenly, more sword glares arrived. They are the Elders who were with Lan Qiren in the watch tower. The old man suddenly flew out as soon as he saw his nephew's sword glare. They had no choice but to follow him, together with Madam Jin.

The newcomers curiously observed the situation in the center of the commotion. Seeing the unfamiliar pregnant woman beside Lan Wangji, they were quite shocked.

Madam Jin walked towards the fuming Lan Qiren. She glanced at his son and Jiang Yanli with disappointment before taking a look at the face of the woman before her. A trace of shock flashed in her eyes before she calmed down.

Jin Zixun happily called out, "Aunt!"

Madam Jin flattened her thin lips, glaring at her late husband's troublesome nephew.

Jin Zixun thought that he finally had a backer, but was instead glared at. Indignant, Jin Zixun unwillingly closed his mouth.

"Elder Lan, forgive my nephew. It was because none of us had heard the news of their marriage and was confused." Madam Jin would have let these young people quarrel if it were up to her; after all, Jiang Yanli is more important. But Lan Qiren had taken his stance, so she had to speak up.

Lan Qiren, "Are you saying that I am lying?"

Wei Wuxian wanted to roll his eyes. Technically, you're not lying, since your nephew and I were truly married. But, old man, you didn't witness that eh? Teacher Lan really is a hypocrite.

"Teacher Lan should not get angry. It's really hard to believe since their marriage was done in secrecy." Searching for the owner of this voice, they saw Jiang Cheng, who had unknowingly made his way beside his sister.

The people present thought that he was making comments against the couple. They had heard that Sect Leader Jiang and Hanguang-Jun had disputes because of Zhengye Xiangu, and it really seemed to be the case!

His next words, however, rendered them speechless. "If I wasn't there myself, I would also doubt it."

"..." Aren't you indirectly providing a statement as a witness?

Jin Zixun was cornered by the seniors and couldn't chip in, making him very irritated. Now that someone from his generation had interjected, he could finally speak. He scoffed, "All of us heard how Sect Leader Jiang admires Zhengye Xiangu. It was indeed true, seeing how protective you are towards her."

Madam Jin's brows stiffened, though her voice was indifferent as she scolded, "Zixun, that's enough."

Hearing his words, Jiang Cheng's face turned purple. People thought he was angry, but Wei Wuxian knew that he was angry and wanted to vomit.

Jiang Cheng, "Of course, we'd be there. Couldn't you tell who she was with her familiar face?!"

Jiang Yanli held her brother's arm. Afraid that he would spill everything out of anger, she hurriedly added, "She's our Meimei. The birth sister of A'xian."

Hearing Jiang Yanli's words, everyone was surprised. Jin Zixuan's eyes widened in realization. So this was why he was annoyed with her. She's, after all, the sister of Wei Wuxian. Her nickname-giving skills must also have come from that idiot!

While Jin Zixuan was thinking how similar the siblings were, some cultivators present only cared for gossip.

What a weird turn of events!

So are you telling them that Zhengye Xiangu is the Jiang siblings' martial sister?

Instead of Sect Leader Jiang and Hanguang-Jun having a dispute over Zhengye Xiangu, could it be that it was the martial brother and sister having a dispute over Hanguang-Jun?! They remembered that there's really a version of the story like this!

But the elders who came with Lan Qiren were disturbed about another thing. Even Sect Leader Yao couldn't help but comment, "So it was like that. Here I was doubting my old eyes. You really are as beautiful as your mother."

The other elders nodded in agreement. The first time they saw the woman beside Lan Wangji, the first thing they noticed was not her stomach but her beautiful face, which greatly resembled her mother.

Wei Wuxian laughed awkwardly, "Sect Leader Yao, you flatter me."

He really didn't get why these old dogs were obsessed with his mother. Looking up at his husband, he seemed like he wasn't liking these old dogs' fanatical look either. Maybe it's time that they get out of here.

However, it would be rude if they will just leave these people with uncertainty.

"Regarding the matter with our marriage, since it was already mentioned, we wouldn't hide it any longer. Lan Zhan and I were indeed married in secret a long time ago." Wei Wuxian reached out his hand to poke Lan Sizhui's cheeks. He did not mean anything with his action, but many thought that he was hinting at how long she had been married to Lan Wangji. Maybe before this child was born? However, some still refused to believe it. Wei Wuxian actually didn't care, he just wanted to see how they would react when given no choice but to believe.

Wei Wuxian whispered, "Lan Zhan, what do you think?"

Lan Wangji immediately understood his meaning, "Whatever your decision is."

Wei Wuxian smiled mirthfully at his husband. He grabbed Lan Wangji's right hand and generously raised their hands together for others to see.

Just as everyone was confused at their actions, the family was suddenly surrounded by a soft heavenly glow. This light was so pure that those with weaker cultivation could feel their knees bending on their own.

"Look at their wrists!!!" A cultivator exclaimed. Looking up, they also noticed the reddish and blueish light coming from the two people's raised wrists.

Within these lights, symbols could be seen. At first, the symbols were faint, but once they solidified, they revealed the marks of beautiful daffodil and spider lily flowers.

Marriage, heavenly light, daffodil, and spider lily flowers. Once they successfully connected the dots, the crowd was immediately sent in uproar!

This was the scene that the latecomers witnessed as they landed from their swords. By this time, almost all of the known figures were present. Lan Xichen, Nie Mingjue, Wen Qing, name it all. Even Xue Yang and Elder Heiying arrived with Nie Huaisang.

Wen Qing sighed, "They really love making a scene."

Lan Xichen, "Hmnn?"

At this moment, someone coincidentally shouted excitedly, "The Eternal Blood Oath! I could actually see a Dao companion marked with the Eternal Blood Oath before I die!"

"Eternal Blood Oath? Isn't that a long dead ritual? How sure are you that this was the genuine one?"

" It was exactly how it was described in the books!"

As everyone was losing their minds, they heard a loud cough coming from Lan Qiren.

Lan Xichen went to his uncle, "Uncle? Are you alright?"

"Excuse me, Teacher Lan." Wen Qing quickly held the old man's wrist. But upon checking his pulse, Wen Qing didn't find anything wrong.

"I am okay," Lan Qiren also assured. He was just shocked by what he saw. Lan Wangji had considerably informed him that he had already taken his three bows with Zhengye Xiangu. He just did not expect that it would be through the Eternal Blood Oath. If he told him earlier, would he and the other elders still oppose their relationship?

"Who would oppose a union that was blessed by the gods?" Lan Qiren whispered.

Lan Xichen had heard his uncle, and his curiosity was suddenly piqued. "Uncle, is this really the long dead marriage ritual? The Eternal Blood Oath?"

Lan Qiren sighed, "Yes. Your brother is really smart for choosing this ritual. Now, who could say something against their marriage?"

Lan Xichen smiled, glancing at the woman beside him, "Wangji was indeed wise."

Wen Qing looked up and so happened to catch the big wolf's predatory look. She glared at him, fully understanding the meaning behind his words. When she looked back, the family in the center of the commotion was already gone.

"Please excuse us!" Zhengye Xiangu's voice was heard above, though the person could no longer be seen.

"Master has abandoned us yet again," Xue Yang sighed as he also mounted his sword. Seeing that there was no more show to watch, the rest of the people began to scatter as well.

The people she was with had gone back with their swords, but Wen Qing refused to go with them. Staying in the watch tower was boring. Instead of going back, she prefers to walk around and have her time alone. A certain sect leader, however, wouldn't let her have her peace.

"How many months do you think the Wulin will discuss this?" Lan Xichen whispered to Wen Qing.

"Sect Leader Lan, gambling is prohibited in your sect," she reminded him. And as though she realized something, she snapped, "Why are you being like this? Should I borrow Sect Leader Jiang's Zidian?"

Lan Xichen was alarmed, "Why would you do that?"

Wen Qing, "See, you are really possessed! I should find Sect Leader Jiang as soon as possible."

Lan Xichen, "Don't!"

Wen Qing was just joking around, but Lan Xichen's reaction was quite abnormal. "You're not really possessed, are you?"

"No!" Lan Xichen thought she was really planning to look for Jiang Cheng.

Wen Qing, "Then, why do you not want me to borrow Zidian from Sect Leader Jiang?"

"It's not that I don't want you to borrow Zidian," Lan Xichen looked away and said guiltily. His voice was muffled and low as he did his best to continue, "I just don't want you to look for Sect Leader Jiang."

Wen Qing was confused, "What?!"

Lan Xichen raised his fist against his lips and coughed awkwardly. It seemed like he was still hiding something. It's nothing important, just the fact that Jiang Cheng had a crush on Wen Qing during their study in Gusu. It's not his fault that he was actually unconsciously observing Wen Qing even before. He kept it to himself because it was none of his business. He is not, however, stupid enough to reveal it now. Why would he say something that has the potential of being counterproductive? Instead, he would be willing to lower some pride. "I'm jealous."

Wen Qing, "..."



Chapter End Notes

Hooray! Extra III done! Now, let's proceed to the last extra...Let's give ending to elder Heiying hmmn? How about that gender changing pills? The kids? All will be answered in Extra 4 so stay tuned.

Extra IV: Immortal-grade Pills

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)



Extra 4

Four years had passed, yet stories about the Sunshot Campaign were still frequently narrated within the teahouses and restaurants of Wulin. Storytellers spoke of the heroes' struggles and great victories. Some were more interested in the controversies during the war, such as Wen Rouhan's suspicious suicide and Jin Guangshan's shameful death. Naturally, when it comes to the stories regarding the Sunshot Campaign, no one would forget the enviable love story of Zhengye Xiangu and Hanguang-Jun.

When their Eternal Blood Oath was revealed during the Discussion Conference that happened four years ago, everyone was awed by the couple's affection for each other. More so when they welcomed a pair of dragon-phoenix twins that clearly showed how the heavens adored them. From then on, Zhengye Xiangu was the source of envy for many maidens within the Wulin. While men hated the reality that they couldn't be Hanguang-jun.

Regrettably, this couple was rarely seen night hunting during these past years. It wasn't even certain if Zhengye Xiangu would attend the Discussion Conference that the Lan Clan will be hosting in the succeeding days.

At the Back Mountain of Cloud Recesses, a silhouette of a woman sitting on the grass could be seen amidst the mist. A man unhurriedly approached the silhouette, splitting the mist along the way and revealing the beauty behind the cover of the clouds.

She's a very beautiful lady with a small face, fair skin, and a well-proportioned body. Wearing the Gusu Lan Clan's white and blue motif robes, and sitting among the heard of snowy white rabbits, she was akin to a goddess that no mortal could compare. This fairy was none other than the other half of Wulin's enviable couple, Zhengye Xiangu. Truly, the talks about her incomparable beauty isn't a lie.

Wei Wuxian heard the familiar pace approaching and looked up, "Lan Zhan, the guest has arrived?"

Lan Wangji, "Mnn."

Lan Wangji's appearance had matured over the years, befitting his bearing that had been sharpened by two lifetimes. Wei Wuxian felt lucky that such a man was now his and couldn't help but smile. However, his smile had a trace of melancholy that couldn't be hidden from Lan Wangji's eyes.

Lan Wangji frowned as he saw the thing on his wife's hand. His tranquil face was disturbed for a second before he spoke, "Wei Ying?"

Wei Wuxian followed Lan Wangji's gaze. His eyelashes drooped as he lamented, "Time really passed by like flowing water. I feel like it was only yesterday that Old Black tricked me into drinking the Yin pill."

Wei Wuxian shook the medicinal bottle in his hand. He became a little absentminded as he watched the white pill shake along inside it.

Wei Wuxian had been a female for so long that he almost forgot the antidote that would bring his body back to its original form. When he first became a woman, he planned to drink the Yang pill immediately after the war, go back to being the head disciple of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect, and assist Jiang Cheng. However, many things happened that changed his original intention. If not for the old dog's sudden departure, he might not think of bringing the Yang Pill out.

That's right, a few days ago, Old Black had bid them goodbye, saying that his disciple had allowed him to go back to their realm. This might be the reason why Wei Wuxian was being melancholic, but he wouldn't admit it.

However, Lan Wangji had misunderstood his mood as he suddenly spoke some strange words, "Wei Ying should follow his heart."

"Huh?" Wei Wuxian looked up, a little confused.

Lan Wangji stared at his eyes and said seriously, "No matter what you are, our children and I will still love you the same."

Wei Wuxian finally understood what Lan Wangji meant, sending him into fits of laughter, "Lan Zhan, you're thinking too much!"

Lan Wangji frowned, "Wei Ying does not want to change back?"

Wei Wuxian raised a brow, his intention to tease Lan Wangji was very obvious, "You want me to change?"

Lan Wangji was sincere, "Wei Ying is Wei Ying."

Hearing his words, Wei Wuxian once again broke into a mirthful laughter, "Seems like Hanguang-jun is not a picky eater?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Laughing, Wei Wuxian thought that his husband was too adorable, so he stood up and pecked him on the cheeks. "It's not because of the pill. I was just not used to not having the old dog around."

"..." With red ears, Lan Wangji finally understood. All along, his wife was missing the black dog, but was not willing to admit it.

Wei Wuxian didn't care if he was exposed. He continued, "As for the matter of changing back... the Head Disciple of the Yunmeng Jiang Sect had already been missing for so many years, it will not matter if he comes back now or later."

Wei Wuxian wiggled his eyebrows as he eyed Lan Wangji teasingly, "If Lan Zhan is not in a hurry, let me play for a few more years with this Yin body?"

Lan Wangji, "Mnn."

Wei Wuxian chuckled, "So obedient? Is it not because Hanguang-jun doted on his wife so much that he will support the so called wife's any decision?"

Lan Wangji, "Mnn."

"Really... Lan Zhan... you!" Wei Wuxian sighed helplessly.

This conversation might look like it was concluded casually, but the couple both knew that under Wei Wuxian's seemingly playful attitude in deciding to maintain his Yin body was actually in consideration of their children's feelings. In truth, Wei Wuxian wanted to wait until the twins were old enough to understand why their mother would suddenly become another father.

Sadly, their daughter, whose mischief was taken from him, wouldn't let Wei Wuxian play for a few more years. It happened just a day after his conversation with his husband.

"Good morning, Tongtong! Have you seen your sister?" Wei Wuxian familiarly rubbed the top of his son's head.

Since it was the first day of the Discussion Conference, Lan Wangji had left early after having a breakfast with the family. Wei Wuxian didn't want to attend so he had to find his daughter with the same mind to have some fun instead.

"Wanwan," the child mumbled.

Wei Wuxian couldn't help but smile, looking at the child's puffy cheeks. "Yes, where's Wan'er?"

"Here!" the child beamed.

"Huh?" Wei Wuxian looked around but failed to see his daughter.

"Me!" 'Tongtong' pulled his sleeves to get his attention.

Eh? Wei Wuxian looked down, intently looking at his child's face and trying to see if he had mistaken.

Being a pair of dragon-phoenix, the twins looked so much alike. Even so, it was still easy to tell them apart. Apart from their different personalities, which they got from each of their parents, they also have some distinct physical features. The little girl, Wanwan, had a rounder face, larger eyes, a smaller nose and lips, totally a soft and soft jade girl! The little boy,

Tongtong, on the other hand, had a sharper feature, with eyes that reflected his rigidity even at a young age.

Since they could easily be taken apart, Wei Wuxian had no worries about dressing them the same in standard Lan Clan attire. Also, from the time they turned three, he never once mistook them for each other.

Looking at the child in front of him, apart from his unusually livelier attitude, it was indeed Tongtong. But the child insisted that she was Wanwan.

"Me Wanwan!" The child proudly patted her chest.

Wei Wuxian chuckled, "You're Wanwan?"

"Mnn!" The child's head nodded like a little duckling.

Wei Wuxian thought that the usually rigid Tongtong acting like this was so hilarious. "Hahahaha! Tongtong, you couldn't be Wanwan just because you tried to act like her- "

At this moment, a milky yet serious voice sounded behind him, "A'Niang, are you looking for Tongtong?"

Wei Wuxian froze as though he had been suddenly submerged in a freezing river. His face showed evident shock and confusion as he slowly turned around, only to be met by another Tongtong.

"Tongtong? If you are Tongtong..." Wei Wuxian started to panic, turning around and pointing at the livelier 'Tongtong' "Then this is?"

The livelier Tongtong happily smiled at him, showing a set of teeth that were snowy white but unfortunately had one tooth missing.

"!!!" Wei Wuxian's mouth gaped open.

Didn't his daughter recently lose her teeth from secretly eating a Tanghulu? He couldn't be mistaken because he secretly ate it with her.

"..." So this livelier Tongtong is really his daughter, Wanwan?

Then why did she look like Tongtong? Wei Wuxian chuckled at this absurdity. Facial features couldn't change that easily unless you were like him, who drank a magical pill.

"!!!" Wei Wuxian's eye widened. Suddenly, his heart started to drum with nervousness. It couldn't be what he was thinking, yes? But his shaky hands still reached towards his daughter's pants to confirm his dreadful assumption. And what he saw had crumbled all his hopes.

In an instant, Wei Wuxian ran back inside Jingshi. He flipped the significantly different wooden floor board below the incense stand and reached his hand inside. Sweat started to form on his forehead when his hand touched nothing. Wei Wuxian did not give up. Maybe he

misplaced it? Turning everything over, the Jingshi quickly became a mess, but in the end, he failed to find the medicinal bottle that he was looking for.

If the Yin Pill could change him into a woman, it's not hard to tell what the Yang Pill could do. He could no longer deny it, "Lan Zhan! Your daughter made trouble again!"



It was the first day of the Discussion Conference. The Cloud Recesses had maintained its order, but it was still obvious that the addition of many cultivators from various sects had given it some liveliness. Each sect was given their own courtyard, where there was enough space for them to practice. Each also had a kitchen where they could cook their own food so as not to be tortured by the Lan Sect's bitter dishes. One could imagine the excitement as everyone tried to settle down.

However, no one noticed that after the opening ceremony, Hanguang-Jun had never been seen again throughout the day.

At this time, Hanguang-Jun had snuck out of Gusu Lan territory with Wei Wuxian and had already arrived at the Burial Mounds.

"Still none!" Wei Wuxian helplessly uttered as he turned another stone yet again, hoping to find at least one pouch that the old dog's ghost friend had left behind.

Lan Wangji was also flipping stones in the other corner of the Bloody Cold Pond Cave. Seeing Wei Wuxian like this, he wanted to reassure him, but he couldn't find the right words to say. Because he himself became more and more worried as time passed by that they couldn't find any clue regarding the Yin-Yang pills.

When they confirmed that Elder Heiying was indeed completely gone, their last resort was to see if his friend had left anything else in the cave. However, they both knew that this possibility was actually so little. But they had to try. For their daughter, they at least had to try.

They didn't mind whether Wei Wuxian could get his chiseled body back, but they will not allow their daughter to be raised as a boy. So even if they had to overturn the whole cave or even the Burial Mounds, they would.

"Those pills..." Wei Wuxian suddenly stopped moving.

Lan Wangji lifted his head and saw Wei Wuxian standing with drooped shoulders. Wei Wuxian's chin almost touches his chest as he glared at his clenched fists that were quivering from anger. Lan Wangji knew that his wife's anger was due to self-blame for what had happened.

Indeed, Wei Wuxian was blaming himself for being an incompetent mother to Wanwan. How could he be careless? How did he not notice that his daughter was watching when he hid the Yang Pill inside Lan Wangji's secret place?

Wei Wuxian looked fiercely at the hard cave wall in front of him, intending to punch the wall to release his frustration. But when he was just about to raise his hand, a cold hand firmly held his fist, caressing his knuckles reassuringly while he was suddenly enveloped by a warm body.

Wei Wuxian raised his head and spoke weakly, "Lan Zhan, did you know? Those pills were created by a god."

Immortal grade pills! Not to mention not knowing the recipe for those pills, they couldn't even find the right alchemist to refine it. Baoshan Sanren was the only living immortal in their realm. However, until now, no one knows where is that mountain she was embracing.

"Wei Ying," Lan Wangji's voice resounded beside his ear. "Do not blame yourself. There will be a solution."

Wei Wuxian, "But..."

Lan Wangji was firm, "Immortality is not an impossible thing."

"You!" Wei Wuxian was astonished. His husband could really be arrogant! Suddenly, a smile started to creep into his face until his mirthful laugh echoed inside the cave. "That's right! So what if the Yin-Yang pills are immortal-grade pills? With Lan Er-gege's talent, he can be the immortal alchemist himself!"

Lan Wangji had no way to comment at Wei Wuxian's boasting and could only change the topic, "So even if we could not find anything, Wei Ying should not lose hope. Our children would be sad if they saw that you hurt yourself."

Hearing that Lan Wangji had even said so much, Wei Wuxian knew that he had really lost hold of his emotions.

Wei Wuxian wrapped his arms around Lan Wangji's waist, "I know. Lan Zhan, I was wrong."

Lan Wangji did not speak anymore, but he pulled Wei Wuxian's head closer to his chest.

"Only a few days after I was gone, and you're already in a mess? I knew it, you really have this master in your heart." Amidst their comfortable silence, an arrogant voice suddenly resounded inside Wei Wuxian's head, breaking the harmonious atmosphere.

"Old Black?!" Wei Wuxian pulled himself away from Lan Wangji's embrace.

His head scanned the whole cave, looking for the small black dog. Unfortunately, he failed to find him even after searching numerous times. Was he just being delirious? But he was sure he heard the old dog's voice loud and clear!

Wei Wuxian turned to Lan Wangji, "Lan Zhan, did you also hear it? It was Old Black's voice just now, no?"

However, Lan Wangji shook his head. He really didn't hear anything and was even surprised when Wei Wuxian suddenly pulled away from him.

Wei Wuxian chuckled helplessly, "It couldn't be that I'm really losing it?"

"Really a hopeless case." The voice said mockingly. The elderly voice echoed throughout the whole cave, and this time, Lan Wangji also heard it.

"It was Elder Heiying," Lan Wangji assured Wei Wuxian.

As soon as Lan Wangji finished his words, the platform at the center of the cave suddenly lit up with a crimson hue. A mixture of black and red miasma engulfed the platform, making it hard to see if there were people there.

At this moment, a ripping sound was heard. The time seemed to stop as a small tear appeared in the field above the platform. The tear slowly grew larger until it was large as the cave entrance. The tremendous power of space and time could be clearly felt coming from the hole, which was very familiar to time-travelers like Lan Wangji and Wei Wuxian.

Wei Wuxian squinted his eyes as he was trying to digest what he had just witnessed. Then he saw a small figure coming out of the rift in space and time.

"Old Black, it's really you?!" Wei Wuxian exclaimed.

The familiar black dog before him opened his mouth and said nonchalantly, "Guess I'm back."

"It's good that you're back!" Before he could react, the black dog suddenly found himself in the bosom of a woman.

Elder Heiying was about to jump away from Wei Wuxian when he suddenly heard the other sobbing incessantly.

Elder Heiying, "You!"

Wei Wuxian felt like he was suddenly rescued from drowning. It was like a stone was lifted from his heart, enabling him to breathe again. He didn't know if Elder Heiying could really help them. All he cared about was that the only link to the Yin-Yang pill was already in his arm. Lan Zhan was right; there will be a solution.

After some time, Wei Wuxian finally put the dog down. Wiping away his tears, he couldn't help but laugh. "I can't believe it. Why do you always appear when I'm losing all my hopes?"

Elder Heiying was a very proud person, but receiving Wei Wuxian's very warm welcome was quite overwhelming, especially when they were being stared at by Lan Wangji.

Elder Heiying, "Alright, cry no more. I will no longer leave again."

"You will stay here?" Wei Wuxian asked in disbelief. He thought that the dog was only here for a visit.

The black dog shrugged, "At least your family has little monkeys that I can entertain myself with. Unlike living with my ungrateful student who only has his Shizun in his eyes-

At this moment, a loud cough was timely heard from the still open passage. Wei Wuxian didn't know, but he somehow felt that Elder Heiying's body instantly froze when he heard it, as though he would be sentenced to death at any moment.

"I remember telling you to wait for my Shizun to drink the Yin pill to see if we can also miraculously produce some little monkeys, but you just wouldn't listen and continued to pester me to send you back." The person sighed as a pair of black boots stepped out of the passage.

Elder Heiying remained silent, refusing to even look at the newcomer. However, Wei Wuxian was not like him. Right now, the words of the majestic voice was like a beautiful song in his ears, giving him immense excitement.

Wei Wuxian, "Yin pill? You have a yin pill with you?"

"Huh?" There was a confusion in the other's voice as he turned his head towards Wei Wuxian.

In front of time and space crack was a very tall man. He was wearing black, which made his skin shine translucently pale in comparison. When he turned his head towards Wei Wuxian, an equally extraordinary handsome face was revealed.

He had a pair of starry dark eyes, a tall nose, and naturally red lips. His face was definitely exquisite, yet the natural demonic air around him could strike others with fearful unrest.

But this man, Wei Wuxian realized... he had met him before. To be honest, he did not expect that he would be the disciple that Elder Heiying was complaining about.

"Have we met before?" The other party was apparently thinking the same, but he was not as certain as Wei Wuxian. Maybe because he had met Wei Wuxian when he was still in a male form.

As soon as he heard this, Lan Wangji's eyes suddenly took on a dangerous light. He huffed and shot an ice-cold glance at the stranger before he turned to his husband, "Wei Ying?"

Wei Wuxian knew clearly what his adorable husband was concerned about. He laughed, "Lan Zhan, no worries. He's just some drunkard that I met before."

The man turned a blind eye to Lan Wangji's provocation. "So we really knew each other. How come I couldn't remember you?"

Wei Wuxian smiled weirdly, "Of course you wouldn't. Give me a few pairs of Yin-Yang pills and you will see."

"Those weird pills, you say?" The man clicked his tongue. There was a taste of annoyance in his tone, as though he recalled something upsetting.

Wei Wuxian was surprised that the other party was indeed considering it. Really a pure soul, even until now. As he was shaking his head helplessly, the so-called pure soul had already thrown him a vial full of white and black pills. "Take it as a meeting gift."

"..." Wei Wuxian was speechless. He was only asking for a few pills; why give him so many? And based on the other party's attitude, it seemed like this vial was only his spare?

"What are you waiting for? I'm really interested to see to what extent Ying-Yang pills could change one's appearance," the man admitted.

"And imagine how your Shizun would look like as a woman," Elder Heiying muttered on the side.

"No one is asking for your opinion," The man in black smiled at the old dog before turning back to Wei Wuxian. "Now, if you may?"

Wei Wuxian sighed as he accepted his faith. Never mind; there are so many pills, and he also needed to test them before giving them to his daughter. The most efficient way is to test it on himself.

Wei Wuxian opened the vial, drawing out a single white pill, and raised it against his nose. The familiar, strong stench assaulted his nose as he smelled the white pill. It smells awfully the same, which was a good sign. He decided to proceed, but when he was about to put it in his mouth, Lan Wangji suddenly grabbed his wrist.

Wei Wuxian, "Lan Zhan?"

Lan Wangji shook his head, showing his objection.

Wei Wuxian laughed, "The Yin-Yang pills only have an awful smell, but they don't have a side effect."

Lan Wangji was not convinced, "Wei Ying..."

Seeing him like this, Wei Wuxian had to lean over and whisper, "Aiyo Lan Zhan, this man only has his Shizun inside his head and would not think of harming me"

He didn't doubt that the other party would poison him. Even though they only shared a couple of drinks, he could clearly see his character.

"I dislike using poison," the man said mildly. Apparently, he heard Wei Wuxian's words.

This was the truth. In terms of strength, he held the complete upper hand. He had no need to use underhanded means and could just use his sword. On the top of that, it was Wei Wuxian who asked for the pills.

"Right. Now now, I'm going to swallow this pill." Wei Wuxian didn't wait for anyone's reply and finally threw the pill inside his mouth, immediately pinching his nose in the hopes of lessening the awful taste of the medicine.

He felt the familiar heat inside his stomach, spreading to every part of his body, causing a mind numbing pain on his joints and bones, muscles and skin, destroying and reshaping it. Beads of sweat dripped down the side of his face as he clenched his teeth in pain.

"Wei Ying!" Wei Wuxian last heard his husband's call before his vision turned black. He was not a fan of passing out, believe him.

Wei Wuxian woke up feeling refreshed. There was a sense of vigor that he had not felt since he turned into a frail woman. Wei Wuxian excitedly touched his chiseled body. Tracing his sharp jaw, feeling his tight muscles, and savoring his original body.

After loving himself enough, he finally had time to look at his surroundings. Black bed, black walls. This was his room in the Demon Slaughtering Cave. He remembered that he passed out while changing back. Lan Wangji must have been worried about him.

At this moment, Lan Wangji seemingly heard his thoughts, magically appearing at the entrance of his room.

"Wei Ying," Lan Wangji called out.

"Lan Zhan," Wei Wuxian smiled sunnily, not knowing how much impact his new appearance had on the other man. Seeing Lan Wangji still standing foolishly at the entrance of his room, Wei Wuxian frowned, "Quickly come here. Why are you still staring at me like that? Did my handsomeness have you rendered stupid?"

"..." Lan Wangji could not say that it was indeed the case, so he could only enter the room. However, his eyes were still fixated on Wei Wuxian's face. Wei Ying is Wei Ying, but the one Lan Wangji first fell in love with was this face in front of him. Seeing the appearance of clear and unabashed love in this face had brought back those unhappy memories of Lan Wangji's unrequited love. Somehow, he felt like a neglected part of his heart was being repaired, healing it, and making it whole.

"Lan Zhan?" Wei Wuxian noticed that something was wrong.

Lan Wangji, "Wei Ying is very handsome."

"You!" Wei Wuxian suddenly held his chest dramatically, breaking his manly appearance. "Didn't I tell you to warn me before saying words that are too good for my heart?"

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian, "I know you love me so much, but you have to restrain yourself, or else I won't be able to take it."

Lan Wangji, "..."

Wei Wuxian noticed that Lan Wangji's ears were already red, so he decided to stop teasing him. "By the way, where is that mei-mei?"

Lan Wangji, "Mei-me?"

Before Wei Wuxian could answer, the person himself had already chimed in, "Who is your younger sister?!"

"Oh Lou Bing-me!" Wei Wuxian greeted nonchalantly. Seeing the person beside the man, Wei Wuxian's lips curled up playfully. "Is it not what we used to call you?"

"Wei Wuxian!" Luo Binghe glared at Wei Wuxian before turning to the handsome man beside him. His harsh tone suddenly became two points coaxing, three points aggrieved as he called out, "Shizun, this man is clearly talking nonsense. You should not believe him."

"Oh?" The man was particularly elegant and gentle-looking, with long black hair and clear eyes. But when he raised his brow towards Luo Binghe, a scholarly air of a master could clearly be felt coming from him.

Wei Wuxian was surprised when the elegant man turned to him. "This one is called Shen Qingqiu, the Shizun of this brat. Binghe firmly said that I should not believe you, but I still had not heard what I should not believe in. If fellow Daoist may entertain me?"

Wei Wuxian couldn't stop his laughter. This Shen Qingqiu is really interesting. "Wei Wuxian is pleased to meet fellow Daoist Shen. Actually, it's not really that interesting. It's just that we call him Bing-me! because he wouldn't stop crying when drunk, complaining that his heartless Shizun left him."

Shen Qingqiu covered half of his face with a fan, but his eyes showed a trace of laughter.

"Didn't I say that you should not believe him?" Luo Binghe's face was covered in gloom. "How could I call Shizun heartless?"

His tone was rather like that of a petulant young woman, one who was always clinging onto her partner, asking, "Do you really love me? Do you believe an outsider more than me?"

Shen Qingqiu waved his hand and scolded Luo Binghe heartlessly. "What? Ashamed? You dare get drunk? What did this master tell you about drinking? Tell me the truth."

After a moment of silence, Luo Binghe muttered, "Since Shizun asked, I only remembered saying one sentence."

Shen Qingqiu waited until he heard Luo Binghe open his mouth again. "...Why are you leaving me?"

Seeing his expression like he was about to cry, Shen Qingqiu really couldn't scold him anymore. Shen Qingqiu raised his hand and patted his head. "Alright, Master will never leave you again."

Luo Binghe's breath froze. Just when Shen Qingqiu thought that he would break down crying tears of joy, Luo Binghe suddenly grasped his waist, leaned over, and buried his face deep in the crook of Shen Qingqiu's neck. "Shizun, you also saw that Wuxian successfully changed back. When we comeback..."

Shen Qingqiu was cornered and didn't have a way out. "Okay."

"Okay?" Luo Binghe's dark and moist eyes stared at him. Shen Qingqiu had the illusion that this big dog would devour him right here and there.

Right at this moment, Wei Wuxian's words mercilessly broke the two people's romantic atmosphere. "You two do realize that we are still here, no?"

Shen Qingqiu flushed as he remembered that there were indeed other people in the room. He immediately raised his foot and mercilessly kicked his disciple. "Making a scene!"

Then he turned to the couple on the other side, trying to maintain his cold appearance behind his embarrassment. "We will no longer occupy your time. Binghe and I still had something to do in our realm."

Wei Wuxian readily nodded and said meaningfully, "Of course you have something to do back home."

Shen Qingqiu turned a deaf ear to his teasing. Pulling his injured disciple, they both exited the room. "

Wei Wuxian chuckled, "Lan Zhan, we also have so many Ying-Yang pills. What do you think?"

Lan Wangji, "...As long as Wei Ying like it."

Lan Wangji didn't know that he would one day regret not having the heart to refuse Wei Wuxian's mischief. While the whole world could only wonder why Hanguang-jun was roaming around with Zhengye Xiangu's brother or who that beautiful female Lan cultivator that Wei Wuxian was sometimes with is.

[End of text]

Chapter End Notes

I'm very thankful for all of you who joined me in finishing this fanfic. I hope you enjoyed reading JFXB as much as I enjoyed writing it. For now, I will continue to write, but for another fandom. If you are a fan of Zhou-Ye couple like me, please support my King's Avatar fic My Betrothed. <https://archiveofourown.org/works/31066049>.
Lovelots!

PS: I can't remember where I read this: no one knows where is that mountain she was embracing.

I thought it was funny so I added it. Please forgive me 😊

Small Theatre

Small theatre:

Wei Wuxian: Xue yang, you brat! Don't just feed the kids with sweets!

Xue Yang: They clearly like it old woman. Why would you want to stop a child from getting what he wants?

Lan Wangji: Greed is forbidden. Occasional is okay, too much will harm your health.

Xue Yang: Okay okay ice-face, you are the master.

Wei Wuxian: Why would he listen to you but not me?

Lan Wangji: Wei Ying is too kind.

Wei Wuxian: Should I show some toughness so they will follow what I say?

Lan Wangji didn't say that Wei Wuxian only need to be serious so others would take him seriously.

Lan Wangji: Just be yourself.

Wei Wuxian: Er-gege~

Xue Yang: We're going out, you two get a bed.

Wei Wuxian: Brat!!!!

Lan Wangji: Don't wander too far.

Wei Wuxian: Er-gege, should we go to bed?

Lan Wangji: Let's have our breakfast first.

Wei Wuxian: We can eat something else.

Lan Wangji: ...Wei ying

Wei Wuxian : Er-gege, you're too adorable, you know that? (Put his arms around Lan Wangji's neck and peck him on the lips with a grin.)

Lan Wangji: (Was successfully provoked)

Wei Wuxian: Wait! Lan Wangji, are you a dog? Please be gentle!

Outside, the children met a fuming Lan Qiren. He looked like he wanted to immediately destroy the door but he was also not ready to see the scene inside.

Lan Xichen, who didn't want his uncle to undergo qi deviation had to save the situation.

Lan Xichen: Oh look uncle it's Wan'er, your favorite grandniece!

Lan Wanwan: Uncle Xichen! Granduncle! (Nervously looked behind) Do...do not disturb Niang and Die die."

Lan Qiren: Did your mother told you that?

The children and Xue Yang:....

Lan Qiren: Zhengye you come out now!

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